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THE

LIVES

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS:

AND

A CRITICISM

ON THEIR

WORKS.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR R. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

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CONTENTS.

	Page
A Dvertiſement	1
Cowley	3
Waller	79
Milton	137
Butler	231
Dryden	249
Denham	395
Sprat	407
Roſcommon	413
Rocheſter	425
Yalden	435
Otway	441
Duke	447
Dorſet	449
Halifax	455
Stepney	459
Walſh	463
Garth	467
King	473
J. Philips	479
Smith	499
Pomfret	529
Hughes	531

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Bookſellers having determined to publiſh a Body of Engliſh Poetry, I was perſuaded to promiſe them a Preface to the Works of each Author; an undertaking, as it was then preſented to my mind, not very tedious or difficult.

My purpoſe was only to have allotted to every Poet an Advertiſement, like thoſe which we find in the French Miſcellanies, containing a few dates and a general character; but I have been led beyond my intention, I hope, by the honeſt deſire of giving uſeful pleaſure.

In this minute kind of Hiſtory, the ſucceſſion of facts is not eaſily diſcovered; and I am not without ſuſpicion that I have placed ſome of Dryden's works in wrong years. I have followed Langbaine, as the beſt authority for his plays; and if I ſhall hereafter obtain a more correct chronology, will publiſh it; but I do not yet know that my account is erroneous.

I had been told, that in the College of Phyſicians there is ſome memorial of Dryden's funeral, but my intelligence was not true; the ſtory therefore wants the credit which ſuch a teſtimony would have given it. There is in Farquhar's Letters an indiſtinct mention of

it, as irregular and diſorderly, and of the oration which was then ſpoken. More than this I have not diſcovered.

I have been told that Dryden's Remarks on Rymer have been printed before. The former edition I have not ſeen. This was tranſcribed for the preſs from his own manuſcript.

March 15, 1779.

COWLEY.

THE life of Cowley, notwithſtanding the penury of Engliſh biography, has been written by Dr. Sprat, an author whoſe pregnancy of imagination and elegance of language have deſervedly ſet him high in the ranks of literature; but his zeal of friendſhip, or ambition of eloquence, has produced a funeral oration rather than an hiſtory: he has given the character, not the life of Cowley; for he writes with ſo little detail, that ſcarcely any thing is diſtinctly known, but all is ſhown confuſed and enlarged through the miſt of panegyric.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in the year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighteen. His father was a grocer, whoſe condition Dr. Sprat conceals under the general appellation of a citizen; and, what would probably not have been leſs carefully ſuppreſſed, the omiſſion of his name in the regiſter of St. Dunſtan's pariſh, gives reaſon to ſuſpect that his father was a ſectary. Whoever he was, he died before the birth of his ſon, and conſequently left him to the care of his mother; whom Wood repreſents as ſtruggling earneſtly to procure him a literary education, and who, as ſhe lived to the age of eighty,

had her ſolicitude rewarded by ſeeing her ſon eminent, and, I hope, by ſeeing him fortunate, and partaking his poſterity. We know at leaſt, from Sprat's account, that he always acknowledged her care, and juſtly paid the dues of filial gratitude.

In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenſer's Fairy Queen; in which he very early took delight to read, till, by feeling the charms of verſe, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a Poet. Such are the accidents, which, ſometimes remembered, and perhaps ſometimes forgotten, produce that particular deſignation of mind, and propenſity for ſome certain ſcience or employment, which is commonly called Genius. The true Genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to ſome particular direction. The great painter of the preſent age had the firſt fondneſs for his art excited by the peruſal of Richardſon's treatiſe.

By his mother's ſolicitation he was admitted into Weſtminſter-ſchool, where he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed. He was wont, ſays Sprat, to relate, "That he had this defect in his "memory at that time, that his teachers "never could bring it to retain the ordina-"ry rules of grammar."

This is an inſtance of the natural deſire of man to propagate a wonder. It is ſurely very difficult to tell any thing as it was heard, when Sprat could not refrain from amplifying a commodious incident, though the book to which he prefixed his narrative contained its confutation. A memory admitting ſome things, and rejecting others, an intellectual digeſtion

digeſtion that concocted the pulp of learning, but refuſed the huſks, had the appearance of an inſtinctive elegance, of a particular proviſion made by Nature for literary politeneſs. But in the author's own honeſt relation, the marvel vaniſhes: he was, he ſays, ſuch "an enemy to all conſtraint, that his "maſter never could prevail on him to learn "the rules without book." He does not tell that he could not learn the rules, but that being able to perform his exerciſes without them, and being an "enemy to conſtraint," he ſpared himſelf the labour.

Among the Engliſh poets, Cowley, Milton, and Pope, might be ſaid "to liſp in num-"bers;" and have given ſuch early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehenſion of things, as to more tardy minds ſeems ſcarcely credible. But of the learned puerilities of Cowley there is no doubt, ſince a volume of his poems was not only written but printed in his thirteenth year; containing, with other poetical compoſitions, "The tragi-"cal Hiſtory of Pyramus and Thiſbe," written when he was ten years old; and "Conſtantia and Philetus," written two years after.

While he was yet at ſchool he produced a comedy called "Love's Riddle," though it was not publiſhed till he had been ſome time at Cambridge. This comedy is of the paſtoral kind, which requires no acquaintance with the living world, and therefore the time at which it was compoſed adds little to the wonders of Cowley's minority.

In 1636, he was removed to Cambridge, where he continued his ſtudies with great intenſeneſs;

tenſeneſs; for he is ſaid to have written, while he was yet a young ſtudent, the greater part of his Davideis; a work of which the materials could not have been collected without the ſtudy of many years, but by a mind of the greateſt vigour and activity.

Two years after his ſettlement at Cambridge he publiſhed "Love's Riddle," with a poetical dedication to Sir Kenelm Digby; of whoſe acquaintance all his contemporaries ſeem to have been ambitious; and "Naufragium Joculare;" a comedy written in Latin, but without due attention to the ancient models; for it is not looſe verſe, but mere proſe. It was printed, with a dedication in verſe to Dr. Comber, maſter of the college; but having neither the facility of a popular nor the accuracy of a learned work, it ſeems to be now univerſally neglected.

At the beginning of the civil war, as the Prince paſſed through Cambridge in his way to York, he was entertained with the repreſentation of the "Guardian," a comedy, which Cowley ſays was neither written nor acted, but roughdrawn by him, and repeated by the ſcholars. That this comedy was printed during his abſence from his country, he appears to have conſidered as injurious to his reputation; though, during the ſuppreſſion of the theatres, it was ſometimes privately acted with ſufficient approbation.

In 1643, being now maſter of arts, he was by the prevalence of the parliament, ejected from Cambridge, and ſheltered himſelf at St. John's College in Oxford; where, as is ſaid by Wood, he publiſhed a ſatire called "The Puritan

" ritan and Papiſt," which was never inſerted in any collection of his works; and ſo diſtinguiſhed himſelf by the warmth of his loyalty, and the elegance of his converſation, that he gained the kindneſs and confidence of thoſe who attended the king, and amongſt others of lord Falkland, whoſe notice caſt a luſtre on all to whom it was extended.

About the time when Oxford was ſurrendered to the parliament, he followed the Queen to Paris, where he became ſecretary to the lord Jermin, afterwards earl of St. Albans, and was employed in ſuch correſpondence as the royal cauſe required, and particularly in ciphering and deciphering the letters that paſſed between the king and queen; an employment of the higheſt confidence and honour. So wide was his province of intelligence, that, for ſeveral years, it filled all his days and two or three nights in the week.

In the year 1647, his " Miſtreſs" was publiſhed; for he imagined, as he declared in his preface to a ſubſequent edition, that " poets " are ſcarce thought freemen of their compa- " ny without paying ſome duties, or oblig- " ing themſelves to be true to Love."

This obligation to amorous ditties owes, I believe, its original to the fame of Petrarch, who, in an age rude and uncultivated, by his tuneful homage to his Laura, refined the manners of the lettered world, and filled Europe with love and poetry. But the baſis of all excellence is truth: he that profeſſes love ought to feel its power. Petrarch was a real lover, and Laura doubtleſs deſerved his tenderneſs. Of Cowley, we are told by Barnes, who

who had means enough of information, that, whatever he may talk of his own inflammability, and the variety of characters by which his heart was divided, he in reality was in love but once, and then never had reſolution to tell his paſſion.

This conſideration cannot but abate, in ſome meaſure, the reader's eſteem for the work and the author. To love excellence, is natural; it is natural likewiſe for the lover to ſolicit reciprocal regard by an elaborate diſplay of his own qualifications. The deſire of pleaſing has in different men produced actions of heroiſm, and effuſions of wit; but it ſeems as reaſonable to appear the champion as the poet of an "airy nothing," and to quarrel as to write for what Cowley might have learned from his maſter Pindar to call the "dream of a ſhadow."

It is ſurely not difficult, in the ſolitude of a college, or in the buſtle of the world, to find uſeful ſtudies and ſerious employment. No man needs to be ſo burthened with life as to ſquander it in voluntary dreams of fictitious occurrences. The man that ſits down to ſuppoſe himſelf charged with treaſon or peculation, and heats his mind to an elaborate purgation of his character from crimes which he was never within the poſſibility of committing, differs only by the infrequency of his folly from him who praiſes beauty which he never ſaw, complains of jealouſy which he never felt; ſuppoſes himſelf ſometimes invited, and ſometimes forſaken; fatigues his fancy, and ranſacks his memory, for images which may exhibit the gaiety of hope, or the gloomineſs of

deſpair, and dreſſes his imaginary Chloris or Phyllis ſometimes in flowers fading as her beauty, and ſometimes in gems laſting as her virtues.

At Paris, as ſecretary to lord Jermin, he was engaged in tranſacting things of real importance with real men and real women, and at that time did not much employ his thoughts upon phantoms of gallantry. Some of his letters to Mr. Bennet, afterwards earl of Arlington, from April to December in 1650, are preſerved in "Miſcellanea Aulica," a collection of papers publiſhed by Brown. Theſe letters being written like thoſe of other men whoſe mind is more on things than words, contribute no otherwiſe to his reputation than as they ſhew him to have been above the affectation of unſeaſonable elegance, and to have known that the buſineſs of a ſtateſman can be little forwarded by flowers of rhetorick.

One paſſage, however, ſeems not unworthy of ſome notice. Speaking of the Scotch treaty then in agitation:

"The Scotch treaty," ſays he, "is the "only thing now in which we are vitally con- "cerned; I am one of the laſt hopers, and "yet cannot now abſtain from believing, "that an agreement will be made: all people "upon the place incline to that of union. "The Scotch will moderate ſomething of the "rigour of their demands, the mutual neceſſi- "ty of an accord is viſible, the King is per- "ſuaded of it. And to tell you the truth "(which I take to be an argument above all "the reſt) Virgil has told the ſame thing to "that purpoſe."

This

This expreſſion from a ſecretary of the preſent time, would be conſidered as merely ludicrous, or at moſt as an oſtentatious diſplay of ſcholarſhip; but the manners of that time were ſo tinged with ſuperſtition, that I cannot but ſuſpect Cowley of having conſulted on this great occaſion the Virgilian lots, and to have given ſome credit to the anſwer of his oracle.

Some years afterwards, "buſineſs," ſays Sprat, "paſſed of courſe into other hands;" and Cowley being no longer uſeful at Paris, was in 1656 ſent back into England, that "under pretence of privacy and retirement, he "might take occaſion of giving notice of the "poſture of things in this nation."

Soon after his return to London, he was ſeized by ſome meſſengers of the uſurping powers, who were ſent out in queſt of another man; and being examined, was put into confinement, from which he was not diſmiſſed without the ſecurity of a thouſand pounds given by Dr. Scarborow.

This year he publiſhed his poems, with a preface, in which he ſeems to have inſerted ſomething, ſuppreſſed in ſubſequent editions, which was interpreted to denote ſome relaxation of his loyalty. In this preface he declares, that "his deſire had been for ſome days paſt, "and did ſtill very vehemently continue, to "retire himſelf to ſome of the the American "plantations, and to forſake this world for "ever."

From the obloquy which the appearance of ſubmiſſion to the uſurpers brought upon him, his biographer has been very diligent to clear him, and indeed it does not ſeem to have leſ-

ſened his reputation. His wiſh for retirement we can eaſily believe to be undiſſembled; a man harraſſed in one kingdom, and perſecuted in another, who, after a courſe of buſineſs that employed all his nights in cypher-ing and decypher-ing, comes to his own country and ſteps into a priſon, will be willing enough to retire to ſome place of quiet, and of ſafety. Yet let neither our reverence for a genius, nor our pity for a ſufferer, diſpoſe us to forget that, if his activity was virtue, his retreat was cowardice.

He then took upon himſelf the character of Phyſician, ſtill, according to Sprat, with intention "to diſſemble the main deſign of his "coming over," and, as Mr. Wood relates, "complying with the men then in power, "(which was much taken notice of by the "royal party) he obtained an order to be creat-"ed Doctor of Phyſick, which being done "to his mind (whereby he gained the ill-"will of ſome of his friends), he went into "France again, having made a copy of verſes "on Oliver's death."

This is no favourable repreſentation, yet even in this not much wrong can be diſcovered. How far he complied with the men in power, is to be enquired before he can be blamed. It is not ſaid that he told them any ſecrets, or aſſiſted them by intelligence, or any other act. If he only promiſed to be quiet, that they in whoſe hands he was might free him from confinement, he did what no law of ſociety prohibits.

The man whoſe miſcarriage in a juſt cauſe has put him in the power of his enemy may, without

without any violation of his integrity, regain his liberty, or preſerve his life by a promiſe of neutrality: for the ſtipulation gives the enemy nothing which he had not before; the neutrality of a captive may be always ſecured by his impriſonment or death. He that is at the diſpoſal of another, may not promiſe to aid him in any injurious act, becauſe no power can compel active obedience. He may engage to do nothing, but not to do ill.

There is reaſon to think that Cowley promiſed little. It does not appear that his compliance gained him confidence enough to be truſted without ſecurity, for the bond of his bail was never cancelled; not that it made him think himſelf ſecure, for at that diſſolution of government, which followed the death of Oliver, he returned into France, where he reſumed his former ſtation, and ſtaid till the Reſtoration.

"He continued, ſays his biographer, under theſe bonds till the general deliverance;" it is therefore to be ſuppoſed, that he did not go to France, and act again for the King without the conſent of his bondſmen; that he did not ſhew his loyalty at the hazard of his friend, but by his friend's permiſſion.

Of the verſes on Oliver's death, in which Wood's narrative ſeems to imply ſomething encomiaſtick, there has been no appearance. There is a diſcourſe concerning his government, indeed, with verſes intermixed, but ſuch as certainly gained its author no friends among the abettors of uſurpation.

A doctor of phyſick however he was made at Oxford, in December 1657; and in the com-

commencement of the Royal Society, of which an account has been publiſhed by Dr. Birch, he appears among the experimental philoſophers with the title of Doctor Cowley.

There is no reaſon for ſuppoſing that he ever attempted practice; but his preparatory ſtudies have contributed ſomething to the honour of his country. Conſidering Botany as neceſſary to a phyſician, he retired into Kent to gather plants, and as the predominance of a favourite ſtudy affects all ſubordinate operations of the intellect, Botany in the mind of Cowley turned into poetry. He compoſed in Latin ſeveral books on Plants, of which the firſt and ſecond diſplay the qualities of Herbs, in elegiac verſe; the third and fourth the beauties of Flowers in various meaſures; and in the fifth and ſixth, the uſes of Trees in heroick numbers.

At the ſame time were produced from the ſame univerſity, the two great Poets, Cowley and Milton, of diſſimilar genius, of oppoſite principles; but concurring in the cultivation of Latin poetry, in which the Engliſh, till their works and May's poem appeared, ſeemed unable to conteſt the palm with any other of the lettered nations.

If the Latin performances of Cowley and Milton be compared, for May I hold to be ſuperior to both, the advantage ſeems to lie on the ſide of Cowley. Milton is generally content to expreſs the thoughts of the ancients in their language; Cowley, without much loſs of purity or elegance, accommodates the diction of Rome to his own conceptions.

At the Reſtoration, after all the diligence of his long ſervice, and with conſciouſneſs not only of the merit of fidelity, but of the dignity of great abilities, he naturally expected ample preferments; and, that he might not be forgotten by his own fault, wrote a Song of Triumph. But this was a time of ſuch general hope, that great numbers were inevitably diſappointed; and Cowley found his reward very tediouſly delayed. He had been promiſed by both Charles the firſt and ſecond the Maſterſhip of the Savoy, but "he loſt it," ſays Wood, "by certain perſons, enemies to "the Muſes."

The neglect of the court was not his only mortification; having by ſuch alteration, as he thought proper, fitted his old Comedy of the Guardian for the ſtage, he produced it to the public under the title of the "Cutter of "Coleman-ſtreet." It was treated on the ſtage with great ſeverity, and was afterwards cenſured as a ſatire on the king's party.

Mr. Dryden, who went with Mr. Sprat to the firſt exhibition, related to Mr. Dennis, "that when they told Cowley how little fav-"our had been ſhewn him, he received the "news of his ill ſucceſs, not with ſo much "firmneſs as might have been expected from "ſo great a man."

What firmneſs they expected, or what weakneſs Cowley diſcovered, cannot be known. He that miſſes his end will never be as much pleaſed as he that attains it, even when he can impute no part of his failure to himſelf; and when the end is to pleaſe the multitude, no man perhaps has a right, in things admitting of

of gradation and compariſon, to throw the whole blame upon his judges, and totally to exclude diffidence and ſhame by a haughty conſciouſneſs of his own excellence.

For the rejection of this play, it is difficult now to find the reaſon: it certainly has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention and exciting merriment. From the charge of diſaffection he exculpates himſelf in his preface, by obſerving how unlikely it is that, having followed the royal family through all their diſtreſſes, "he ſhould chuſe the time of "their reſtoration to begin a quarrel with "them." It appears, however, from the Theatrical Regiſter of Downes the prompter, to have been popularly conſidered as a ſatire on the royaliſts.

That he might ſhorten this tedious ſuſpenſe, he publiſhed his pretenſions and his diſcontent, in an ode called "The Complaint;" in which he ſtiles himſelf the *melancholy* Cowley. This met with the uſual fortune of complaint, and ſeems to have excited more contempt than pity.

Theſe unlucky incidents are brought, maliciouſly enough, together in ſome ſtanzas, written about that time, on the choice of a laureat; a mode of ſatire, by which, ſince it was firſt introduced by Suckling, perhaps every generation of poets has been teazed.

Savoy-miſſing Cowley came into the court,
Making apologies for his bad play;
Every one gave him ſo good a report,
That Apollo gave heed to all he could ſay:

Nor

Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unleſs he had done ſome notable folly;
Writ verſes unjuſtly in praiſe of Sam Tuke,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

His vehement deſire of retirement now came again upon him. "Not finding," ſays the moroſe Wood, "that preferment conferred "upon him which he expected, while others "for their money carried away moſt places, "he retired diſcontented into Surrey."

"He was now," ſays the courtly Sprat, "weary of the vexations and formalities of "an active condition. He had been per-"plexed with a long compliance to foreign "manners. He was ſatiated with the arts of "a court; which ſort of life, though his vir-"tue made it innocent to him, yet nothing "could make it quiet. Thoſe were the rea-"ſons that moved him to follow the violent "inclination of his own mind, which, in "the greateſt throng of his former buſineſs, "had ſtill called upon him, and repreſented "to him the true delights of ſolitary ſtudies, "of temperate pleaſure, and a moderate re-"venue below the malice and flatteries of "fortune."

So differently are things ſeen, and ſo differently are they ſhown; but actions are viſible, though motives are ſecret. Cowley certainly retired; firſt to Barnelms, and afterwards to Chertſey, in Surrey. He ſeems, however, to have loſt part of his dread of the *hum of men*. He thought himſelf now ſafe enough

enough from intruſion, without the defence of mountains and oceans; and inſtead of ſeeking ſhelter in America, wiſely went only ſo far from the buſtle of life as that he might eaſily find his way back, when ſolitude ſhould grow tedious. His retreat was at firſt but ſlenderly accommodated; yet he ſoon obtained, by the intereſt of the earl of St. Albans and the duke of Buckingham, ſuch a leaſe of the Queen's lands as afforded him an ample income.

By the lover of virtue and of wit it will be ſolicitouſly aſked, if he now was happy. Let them peruſe one of his letters accidentally preſerved by Peck, which I recommend to the conſideration of all that may hereafter pant for ſolitude.

"To Dr. Thomas Sprat.

"Chertſey, 21 May, 1665.

"The firſt night that I came hither I "caught ſo great a cold, with a defluxion of "rheum, as made me keep my chamber ten "days. And, two after, had ſuch a bruiſe "on my ribs with a fall, that I am yet un-"able to move or turn myſelf in my bed. "This is my perſonal fortune here to begin "with. And beſides, I can get no money "from my tenants, and have my meadows "eaten up every night by cattle put in by "my neighbours. What this ſignifies, or "may come to in time, God knows; if it "be ominous, it can end in nothing leſs "than hanging. Another misfortune has "been, and ſtranger than all the reſt, that you

" have broke your word with me, and failed " to come, even though you told Mr. Bois " that you would. This is what they call " *Monſtri ſimile.* I do hope to recover my late " hurt ſo farre within five or ſix days (though " it be uncertain yet whether I ſhall ever re- " cover it) as to walk about again. And " then, methinks, you and I and *the Dean* " might be very merry upon St. Anne's Hill. " You might very conveniently come hither " the way of Hampton Town, lying there one " night. I write this in pain, and can ſay no " more: *Verbum ſapienti.*"

He did not long enjoy the pleaſure or ſuffer the uneaſineſs of ſolitude: for he died at the Porch-houſe * in Chertſey in 1667, in the 49th year of his age.

He was buried with great pomp near Chaucer and Spenſer; and king Charles pronounced, " That Mr. Cowley had not left a better " man behind him in England." He is repreſented by Dr. Sprat as the moſt amiable of mankind; and this poſthumous praiſe may be ſafely credited, as it has never been contradicted by envy or by faction.

Such are the remarks and memorials which I have been able to add to the narrative of Dr. Sprat; who, writing when the feuds of the civil war were yet recent, and the minds of either party eaſily irritated, was obliged to paſs over many tranſactions in general expreſſions, and to leave curioſity often unſatisfied. What he did

* Now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Clarke, Alderman of London.

did not tell, cannot however now be known. I muſt therefore recommend the peruſal of his work, to which my narration can be conſidered only as a ſlender ſupplement.

COWLEY, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and inſtead of tracing intellectual pleaſure to its natural ſources in the mind of man, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praiſed, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things ſubject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and faſhions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the ſeventeenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphyſical poets; of whom, in a criticiſm on the works of Cowley, the laſt of the race, it is not improper to give ſome account.

The metaphyſical poets were men of learning, and to ſhew their learning, was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily reſolving to ſhew it in rhyme, inſtead of writing poetry, they only wrote verſes, and very often ſuch verſes as ſtood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was ſo imperfect, that they were only found to be verſes by counting the ſyllables.

If the father of criticiſm has rightly denominated poetry τέχνη μιμητική, *an imitative art*, theſe writers will, without great wrong, loſe their right to the name of poets; for they

cannot be ſaid to have imitated any thing; they neither copied nature nor life; neither painted the forms of matter, nor repreſented the operations of intellect.

Thoſe however who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confeſſes of himſelf and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit, but maintains that they ſurpaſs him in poetry.

If Wit be well deſcribed by Pope, as being "that which has been often thought, "but was never before ſo well expreſſed," they certainly never attained, nor ever ſought it; for they endeavoured to be ſingular in their thoughts, and were careleſs of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous: he depreſſes it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from ſtrength of thought to happineſs of language.

If by a more noble and more adequate conception that be conſidered as Wit, which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its firſt production, acknowledged to be juſt; if it be that, which he that never found it, wonders how he miſſed; to wit of this kind the metaphyſical poets have ſeldom riſen. Their thoughts are often new, but ſeldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they juſt; and the reader, far from wondering that he miſſed them, wonders more frequently by what perverſeneſs of induſtry they were ever found.

But Wit, abſtracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorouſly and philoſophically conſidered as a kind of *diſcordia concors*; a combination of diſſimilar images, or

or diſcovery of occult reſemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The moſt heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ranſacked for illuſtrations, compariſons, and alluſions; their learning inſtructs, and their ſubtilty ſurpriſes; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and though he ſometimes admires is ſeldom pleaſed.

From this account of their compoſitions it will be readily inferred, that they were not ſucceſsful in repreſenting or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on ſomething unexpected and ſurprizing, they had no regard to that uniformity of ſentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleaſure of other minds: they never enquired what, on any occaſion, they ſhould have ſaid or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as Beings looking upon good and evil, impaſſive and at leiſure; as Epicurean deities making remarks on the actions of men, and the viciſſitudes of life, without intereſt and without emotion. Their courtſhip was void of fondneſs, and their lamentation of ſorrow. Their wiſh was only to ſay what they hoped had been never ſaid before.

Nor was the Sublime more within their reach than the pathetick; for they never attempted that comprehenſion and expanſe of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the firſt effect is ſudden aſtoniſhment, and the ſecond rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleneſs

tleneſs by diſperſion. Great thoughts are always general, and conſiſt in poſitions not limited by exceptions, and in deſcriptions not deſcending to minuteneſs. It is with great propriety that Subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of diſtinction. Thoſe writers who lay on the watch for novelty could have little hope of greatneſs; for great things cannot have eſcaped former obſervation. Their attempts were always analytick; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more repreſent, by their ſlender conceits and laboured particularities, the proſpect of nature, or the ſcenes of life, than he, who diſſects a ſun-beam with a priſm, can exhibit the wide effulgence of a ſummer noon.

What they wanted however of the ſublime, they endeavoured to ſupply by hyperbole; their amplification had no limits; they left not only reaſon but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confuſed magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly loſt: if they frequently threw away their wit upon falſe conceits, they likewiſe ſometimes ſtruck out unexpected truth: if their conceits were far fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at leaſt neceſſary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphyſical poet, nor aſſume the dignity of a writer, by deſcriptions copied from deſcriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional

tional imagery, and hereditary ſimilies, by readineſs of rhyme, and volubility of ſyllables.

In peruſing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exerciſed either by recollection or inquiry; either ſomething already learned is to be retrieved, or ſomething new is to be examined. If their greatneſs ſeldom elevates, their acuteneſs often ſurpriſes; if the imagination is not always gratified, at leaſt the powers of reflection and compariſon are employed; and in the maſs of materials which ingenious abſurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and uſeful knowledge may be ſometimes found, buried perhaps in groſſneſs of expreſſion, but uſeful to thoſe who know their value; and ſuch as, when they are expanded to perſpicuity, and poliſhed to elegance, may give luſtre to works which have more propriety, though leſs copiouſneſs of ſentiment.

This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extenſive and various knowledge, and by Jonſon, whoſe manner reſembled that of Donne more in the ruggedneſs of his lines than in the caſt of his ſentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators, than time has left behind. Their immediate ſucceſſors, of whom any remembrance can be ſaid to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller ſought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our numbers. Milton tried the metaphyſic ſtile only in his lines upon

upon Hobſon the Carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predeceſſors, having as much ſentiment, and more muſick. Suckling neither improved verſification, nor abounded in conceits. The faſhionable ſtile remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton diſdained it.

Critical remarks are not eaſily underſtood without examples; and I have therefore collected inſtances of the modes of writing by which this ſpecies of poets, for poets they were called by themſelves and their admirers, was eminently diſtinguiſhed.

AS the authors of this race were perhaps more deſirous of being admired than underſtood, they ſometimes drew their conceits from receſſes of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus Cowley on *Knowledge:*

The ſacred tree midſt the fair orchard grew;
  The phœnix Truth did on it reſt,
  And built his perfum'd neſt,
That right Porphyrian tree which did true
    Logick ſhew.
  Each leaf did learned notions give,
  And th' apples were demonſtrative:
  So clear their colour and divine,
The very ſhade they caſt did other lights outſhine.

On Anacreon continuing a lover in his old age:

Love

Love was with thy life entwin'd,
Cloſe as heat with fire is join'd,
A powerful brand preſcrib'd the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperiſtaſis of age
More enflam'd thy amorous rage.

In the following verſes we have an alluſion to a Rabbinical opinion concerning Manna:

Variety I aſk not: give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The perſon Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taſte of all in it.

Thus *Donne* ſhews his medicinal knowledge in ſome encomiaſtick verſes:

In every thing there naturally grows
A Balſamum to keep it freſh and new,
If 'twere not injur'd by extrinſique blows;
Your youth and beauty are this balm in you.
But, you of learning and religion,
And virtue and ſuch ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whoſe operation
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or ſaid.

Though the following lines of Donne, on the laſt night of the year, have ſomething in them too ſcholaſtick, they are not inelegant:

This twilight of two years, not paſt nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who meteor-like, of ſtuff and form perplext,
Whoſe what and where, in diſputation is,
If I ſhould call me any thing, ſhould miſs.
I ſum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new,

That cannot ſay, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor truſt I this with hopes; and yet ſcarce true
This bravery is, ſince theſe times ſhew'd me you.

DONNE.

Yet more abſtruſe and profound is *Donne's* reflection upon Man as a Microcoſm:

If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to anſwer in ſome proportion
All the world's riches: and in good men, this
Virtue, our form's form, and our ſoul's ſoul is.

OF thoughts ſo far-fetched, as to be not only unexpected, but unnatural, all their books are full.

To a Lady, who wrote poeſies for rings.

They, who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' æquator heaven does bind.
When heaven ſhall be adorn'd by thee,
(Which then more heav'n than 'tis, will be)
'Tis thou muſt write the poeſy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Tho' the ſun paſs through't twice a year,
The ſun, which is eſteem'd the god of Wit.

COWLEY.

The difficulties which have been raiſed about identity in philoſophy, are by Cowley with ſtill more perplexity applied to Love:

Five

Five years ago (ſays ſtory) I lov'd you,
For which you call me moſt inconſtant now;
Pardon me, madam, you miſtake the man:
For I am not the ſame that I was then;
No fleſh is now the ſame 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is chang'd yourſelf may ſee.
The ſame thoughts to retain ſtill, and intents
Were more inconſtant far; for accidents
Muſt of all things moſt ſtrangely inconſtant prove,
If from one ſubject they t'another move:
My members then, the father members were
From whence theſe take their birth, which now are here.
If then this body love what th'other did,
'Twere inceſt, which by nature is forbid.

The love of different women is, in geographical poetry, compared to travel through different countries:

Haſt thou not found, each woman's breaſt
(The lands where thou haſt travelled)
Either by ſavages poſſeſt,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy could'ſt take, or what repoſe
In countries ſo uncivilis'd as thoſe?
Luſt, the ſcorching dog-ſtar, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilſt Pride, the rugged Northern Bear,
In others makes the cold too great.

And

And where theſe are temp'rate known,
The ſoil's all barren ſand, or rocky ſtone.
COWLEY.

A lover, burnt up by his affection, is compared to Egypt:

The fate of Egypt I ſuſtain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too much moiſture owe,
To overflowings of the heart below.
COWLEY.

The lover ſuppoſes his lady acquainted with the ancient laws of augury and rites of ſacrifice:

And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear:
When ſound in every other part,
Her ſacrifice is found without an heart.
For the laſt tempeſt of my death
Shall ſigh out that too, with my breath.

That the chaos was harmoniſed has been recited of old; but whence the different ſounds aroſe, remained for a modern to diſcover:

Th' ungovern'd parts no correſpondence knew,
An artleſs war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fixt rules were brought.

Water

Water and air he for the tenor choſe,
Earth made the Baſe, the Treble flame
aroſe. COWLEY.

The tears of lovers are always of great poetical account; but Donne has extended them into worlds. If the lines are not eaſily underſtood, they may be read again.

On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Aſia,
And quickly make that, which was nothing, all.
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impreſſion grow,
Till thy tears mixt with mine do overflow
This world, by waters ſent from thee my heaven diſſolved ſo.

On reading the following lines the reader may perhaps cry out—*Confuſion worſe confounded.*

Here lies a ſhe ſun, and a he moon here,
She gives the beſt light to his ſphere,
Or each is both, and all, and ſo
They unto one another nothing owe.
DONNE.

Who but Donne would have thought that a good man is a teleſcope?

Tho' God be our true glaſs, thro' which we ſee
All, ſince the being of all things is he,

Yet

Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things, in proportion fit, by perſpective
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
Virtues, indeed remote, ſeem to be near.

Who would imagine it poſſible that in a very few lines ſo many remote ideas could be brought together:

Since 'tis my doom, Love's underſhrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my She Advowſon fly
Incumbency?
To ſell thyſelf doſt thou intend
By candle's end,
And hold the contraſt thus in doubt,
Life's taper out?
Think but how ſoon the market fails,
Your ſex lives faſter than the males;
As if to meaſure age's ſpan,
The ſober Julian were th' account of man,
Whilſt you live by the fleet Gregorian.

CLEVELAND.

OF enormous and diſguſting hyperboles, theſe may be examples:

By every wind, that comes this way,
Send me at leaſt a ſigh or two,
Such and ſo many I'll repay
As ſhall themſelves make winds to get to you.

COWLEY.

In

In tears I'll waſte theſe eyes
By love ſo vainly fed;
So luſt of old the Deluge puniſhed.

COWLEY.

All arm'd in braſs, the richeſt dreſs of war,
(A diſmal glorious ſight) he ſhone afar.
The ſun himſelf ſtarted with ſudden fright,
To ſee his beams return ſo diſmal bright.

COWLEY.

An univerſal conſternation:
His bloody eyes he hurls round, his ſharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Laſhing his angry tail and roaring out.
Beaſts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, tho' no wind is ſtirring, ſhake with fear;
Silence and horrour fill the place around:
Echo itſelf dares ſcarce repeat the ſound.

COWLEY.

THEIR fictions were often violent and unnatural.

Of his Miſtreſs bathing:
The fiſh around her crouded, as they do
To the falſe light that treach'rous fiſhers ſhew,
And all with as much eaſe might taken be,
As ſhe at firſt took me:
For ne'er did light ſo clear
Among the waves appear,
Tho' ev'ry night the ſun himſelf ſet there

COWLEY.

The

The poetical effect of a Lover's name upon glaſs:

My name engrav'd herein,
Doth contribute my firmneſs to this glaſs;
Which, ever ſince that charm, hath been
As hard, as that which grav'd it, was.

DONNE.

THEIR conceits were ſometimes ſlight and trifling:

On an inconſtant woman.

He enjoys thy calmy ſunſhine now,
And no breath ſtirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow,
No ſmalleſt cloud appears.
He ſees thee gentle, fair and gay,
And truſts the faithleſs April of thy May.

COWLEY.

Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon, and read by the fire:

Nothing yet in thee is ſeen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an L, and there a B,
Here ſprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flouriſhing letters ſtand in rows.

COWLEY.

AS they ſought only for novelty, they did not much enquire whether their alluſions were to things high or low, elegant or groſs; whether they compared the little to the great, or the great to the little.

Phyſick

Phyſick and Chirurgery for a Lover.

Gently, ah gently, madam, touch
The wound, which you yourſelf have made;
That pain muſt needs be very much,
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purgings grow.

COWLEY.

The World and a Clock.

Mahol, th' inferior world's fantaſtic face,
Thro' all the turns of matter's maze did trace;
Great Nature's well-ſet clock in pieces took;
On all the ſprings and ſmalleſt wheels did look
Of life and motion; and with equal art
Made up again the whole of every part.

COWLEY.

A coal-pit has not often found its poet; but that it may not want its due honour, Cleveland has paralleled it with the Sun:

The mod'rate value of our guiltleſs ore,
Makes no man atheiſt, nor no woman whore.
Yet why ſhould hallow'd veſtals ſacred ſhrine,
Deſerve more honour than a flaming mine?
Theſe pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be
Than a few embers for a deity.
Had he our pits, the Perſian would admire
No ſun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
He'd leave the trotting whipſter, and prefer
Our profound Vulcan 'bove that waggoner.
For wants he heat? or light? or would have ſtore?
Or both? 'tis here: and what can ſuns give more?

Nay, what's the ſun, but in a different name,
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame!
Then let this truth reciprocally run,
The ſun's heaven's coalery, and coals our ſun.

Death, a Voyage:

No family

Ere rigg'd a ſoul for heaven's diſcovery,
With whom more venturers might boldly dare
Venture their ſtakes, with him in joy to ſhare.
DONNE.

THEIR thoughts and expreſſions were ſometimes groſsly abſurd, and ſuch as no figures or licence can reconcile to the underſtanding.

A lover neither dead nor alive:
Then down I laid my head,
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed ſoul to a ſtrange ſomewhere fled:
Ah ſottiſh ſoul, ſaid I,
When back to its cage again I ſaw it fly:
Fool to reſume her broken chain!
And row her galley here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemn'd and deſtin'd is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be,
Death ſhould a thing ſo pleaſant ſeem to thee,
That thou ſhouldſt come to live it o'er again in me?
COWLEY.

A lover's

A lover's heart, a hand grenado.

Wo to her ſtubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the ſelf-ſame room,
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado ſhot into a magazin.
Then ſhall love keep the aſhes, and torn part,
Of both our broken hearts:
Shall out of both one new one make;
From her's th' allay; from mine, the metal take.
COWLEY.

The poetical Propagation of Light.

The Prince's favour is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names and natures fall;
Then from thoſe wombs of ſtars, the Bride's bright eyes,
At every glance, a conſtellation flies,
And ſowes the court with ſtars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament;
Firſt her eye kindles other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels luſtres riſe;
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good deſire.
DONNE.

THEY were in very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dreſs, and therefore miſs the notice and the praiſe which are often gained by thoſe, who think leſs, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts.

That a miſtreſs beloved is fairer in idea than in reality, is by Cowley thus expreſſed:

Thou in my fancy doſt much higher ſtand,
Than women can be plac'd by Nature's hand;
And I muſt needs, I'm ſure, a loſer be,
To change thee, as thou'rt there, for very thee.

That prayer and labour ſhould co-operate, are thus taught by Donne;

In none but us, are ſuch mixt engines found,
As hands of double office: for the ground
We till with them; and them to heav'n we raiſe;
Who prayerleſs labours, or without this, prays,
Doth but one half, that's none.

By the ſame author, a common topick, the danger of procraſtination, is thus illuſtrated:

—That which I ſhould have begun
In my youth's morning, now late muſt be done;
And I, as giddy travellers muſt do,
Which ſtray or ſleep all day, and having loſt
Light and ſtrength, dark and tir'd muſt then ride poſt.

All that Man has to do is to live and die; the ſum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the following lines:

Think

Think in how poor a priſon thou didſt lie,
After, enabled but to ſuck and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to moſt, 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of ſkin,
And that uſurp'd, or threaten'd with a rage
Of ſickneſſes, or their true mother, age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee;
Thou haſt thy expanſion now, and liberty;
Think, that a ruſty piece diſcharg'd is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy ſoul allow,
Think thy ſhell broke, think thy ſoul hatch'd but now.

THEY were ſometimes indelicate and diſguſting. Cowley thus apoſtrophiſes beauty:

—Thou tyrant, which leav'ſt no man free!
Thou ſubtle thief, from whom nought ſafe can be!
Thou murth'rer, which haſt killed, and devil, which would'ſt damn me.

Thus he addreſſes his Miſtreſs:

Thou, who in many a propriety,
So truly art the ſun to me,
Add one more likeneſs, which I'm ſure you can,
And let me and my ſun beget a man.

Thus

Thus he repreſents the meditations of a Lover;

Tho' in thy thoughts ſcarce any tracts have been
So much as of original ſin,
Such charms thy beauty wears as might
Deſires in dying confeſt ſaints excite.
Thou with ſtrange adultery
Doſt in each breaſt a brothel keep;
Awake, all men do luſt for thee,
And ſome enjoy thee when they ſleep.

The true taſte of tears.

Hither with cryſtal vials, lovers, come,
And take my tears, which are love's wine,
And try your miſtreſs' tears at home,
For all are falſe, that taſte not juſt like mine.
DONNE.

This is yet more indelicate:

As the ſweet ſweat of roſes in a ſtill,
As that which from chaf'd muſk-cat's pores doth trill,
As the almighty balm of th' early Eaſt,
Such are the ſweet drops of my miſtreſs' breaſt.
And on her neck her ſkin ſuch luſtre ſets,
They ſeem to ſweat drops, but pearl coronets:
Rank ſweaty froth thy miſtreſs' brow defiles.
DONNE.

THEIR expreſſions ſometimes raiſe horror, when they intend perhaps to be pathetic:

As men in hell are from diſeaſes free,
So from all other ills am I,

Free

Free from their known formality:
But all pains eminently lie in thee.

COWLEY.

THEY were not always ſtrictly curious, whether the opinions from which they drew their illuſtrations were true; it was enough that they were popular. Bacon remarks, that ſome falſehoods are continued by tradition, becauſe they ſupply commodious alluſions.

It gave a piteous groan, and ſo it broke;
In vain it ſomething would have ſpoke:
The love within too ſtrong for't was,
Like poiſon put into a Venice-glaſs.

COWLEY.

IN forming deſcriptions they looked out not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common ſubject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden's Night is well known; Donne's is as follows:

Thou ſeeſt me here at midnight, now all reſt:
Time's dead low-water; when all minds diveſt
To-morrow's buſineſs, when the labourers have
Such reſt in bed, that their laſt church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will ſcarce be a type of this,
Now when the client, whoſe laſt hearing is

To-

To-morrow, ſleeps; when the condemned man,
Who when he opes his eyes, muſt ſhut them then
Again by death, altho' ſad watch he keep,
Doth practiſe dying by a little ſleep,
Thou at this midnight ſeeſt me.

IT muſt be however confeſſed of theſe writers, that if they are upon common ſubjects often unneceſſarily and unpoetically ſubtle; yet where ſcholaſtick ſpeculation can be properly admitted, their copiouſneſs and acuteneſs may juſtly be admired. What Cowley has written upon Hope, ſhews an unequalled fertility of invention:

Hope, whoſe weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it ſucceeds, and if it miſs;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of Fate's dilemma wound.
Vain ſhadow, which doſt vaniſh quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The ſtars have not a poſſibility
Of bleſſing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the moſt hopeleſs thing of all.

Hope, thou bold taſter of delight,
Who, whilſt thou ſhould'ſt but taſte, devour'ſt it quite!
Thou bring'ſt us an eſtate, yet leav'ſt us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!

The

The joys which we entire ſhould wed,
Come deflow'r'd virgins to our bed;
Good fortunes without gain imported be,
Such mighty cuſtom's paid to thee:
For joy, like wine, kept cloſe does better taſte;
If it take air before, its ſpirits waſte.

To the following compariſon of a man that travels, and his wife that ſtays at home, with a pair of compaſſes, it may be doubted whether abſurdity or ingenuity has the better claim.

Our two ſouls therefore, which are one,
Tho' I muſt go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expanſion,
Like gold to airy thinneſs beat.

If they be two, they are two ſo
As ſtiff twin-compaſſes are two,
Thy ſoul the fixt foot, makes no ſhow
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And tho' it in the centre ſit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who muſt
Like th' other foot, obliquely run.
Thy firmneſs makes my circle juſt,
And makes me end, where I begun.

DONNE.

In all theſe examples it is apparent, that whatever is improper or vitious, is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in purſuit

ſuit of ſomething new and ſtrange; and that the writers fail to give delight, by their deſire of exciting admiration.

HAving thus endeavoured to exhibit a general repreſentation of the ſtile and ſentiments of the metaphyſical poets, it is now proper to examine particularly the works of Cowley, who was almoſt the laſt of that race, and undoubtedly the beſt.

His Miſcellanies contain a collection of ſhort compoſitions, written ſome as they were dictated by a mind at leiſure, and ſome as they were called forth by different occaſions; with great variety of ſtile and ſentiment, from burleſque levity to awful grandeur. Such an aſſemblage of diverſified excellence no other poet has hitherto afforded. To chooſe the beſt, among many good, is one of the moſt hazardous attempts of criticiſm. I know not whether Scaliger himſelf has perſuaded many readers to join with him in his preference of the two favourite odes, which he eſtimates in his raptures at the value of a kingdom. I will however venture to recommend Cowley's firſt piece, which ought to be inſcribed *To my Muſe*, for want of which the ſecond couplet is without reference. When the title is added, there will ſtill remain a defect; for every piece ought to contain in itſelf whatever is neceſſary to make it intelligible. Pope has ſome epitaphs without names, which are therefore epitaphs to be let, occupied indeed for the preſent, but hardly appropriated.

The

The ode on Wit is almoſt without a rival. It was about the time of Cowley that *Wit*, which had been till then uſed for *Intellection*, in contradiſtinction to *Will*, took the meaning, whatever it be, which it now bears.

Of all the paſſages in which poets have exemplified their own precepts, none will eaſily be found of greater excellence than that in which Cowley condemns exuberance of Wit:

Yet 'tis not to adorn and gild each part,
That ſhews more coſt than art.
Jewels at noſe and lips but ill appear;
Rather than all things wit, let none be there.
Several lights will not be ſeen,
If there be nothing elſe between.
Men doubt, becauſe they ſtand ſo thick i' th' ſky,
If thoſe be ſtars which paint the galaxy.

In his verſes to lord Falkland, whom every man of his time was proud to praiſe, there are, as there muſt be in all Cowley's compoſitions, ſome ſtriking thoughts; but they are not well-wrought. His elegy on Sir Henry Wotton is vigorous and happy, the ſeries of thoughts is eaſy and natural, and the concluſion, though a little weakened by the intruſion of Alexander, is elegant and forcible.

It may be remarked, that in this Elegy, and in moſt of his encomiaſtick poems, he has forgotten or neglected to name his heroes.

In

In his poem on the death of Hervey, there is much praiſe, but little paſſion, a very juſt and ample delineation of ſuch virtues as a ſtudious privacy admits, and ſuch intellectual excellence as a mind not yet called forth to action can diſplay. He knew how to diſtinguiſh, and how to commend the qualities of his companion; but when he wiſhes to make us weep, he forgets to weep himſelf, and diverts his ſorrow by imagining how his crown of bays, if he had it, would *crackle* in the *fire*. It is the odd fate of this thought to be worſe for being true. The bay-leaf crackles remarkably as it burns; as therefore this property was not aſſigned it by chance, the mind muſt be thought ſufficiently at eaſe that could attend to ſuch minuteneſs of phyſiology. But the power of Cowley is not to move the affections, but to exerciſe the underſtanding.

The *Chronicle* is a compoſition unrivalled and alone: ſuch gaiety of fancy, ſuch facility of expreſſion, ſuch varied ſimilitude, ſuch a ſucceſſion of images, and ſuch a dance of words, it is vain to expect except from Cowley. His ſtrength always appears in his agility; his volatility is not the flutter of a light but the bound of an elaſtick mind. His levity never leaves his learning behind it; the moraliſt, the politician, and the critick, mingle their influence even in this airy frolick of genius. To ſuch a performance Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have ſupplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety.

The verſes to Davenant, which are vigorouſly begun, and happily concluded, contain ſome

ſome hints of criticiſm very juſtly conceived and happily expreſſed. Cowley's critical abilities have not been ſufficiently obſerved: the few deciſions and remarks which his prefaces and his notes on the Davideis ſupply, were at that time acceſſions to Engliſh literature, and ſhew ſuch ſkill as raiſes our wiſh for more examples.

The lines from Jerſey are a very curious and pleaſing ſpecimen of the familiar deſcending to the burleſque.

His two metrical diſquiſitions *for* and *againſt* Reaſon, are no mean ſpecimens of metaphyſical poetry. The ſtanzas againſt knowledge produce little conviction. In thoſe which are intended to exalt the human faculties, Reaſon has its proper taſk aſſigned it; that of judging, not of things revealed, but of the reality of revelation. In the verſes *for* Reaſon is a paſſage which Bentley, in the only Engliſh verſes which he is known to have written, ſeems to have copied, though with the inferiority of an imitator.

The holy Book like the eighth ſphere does ſhine
With thouſand lights of truth divine,
So numberleſs the ſtars that to our eye
It makes all but one galaxy:
Yet Reaſon muſt aſſiſt too; for in ſeas
So vaſt and dangerous as theſe,
Our courſe by ſtars above we cannot know
Without the compaſs too below.

After this ſays Bentley:

Who travels in religious jars,
Truth mix'd with error, clouds with rays,
With Whiſton wanting pyx and ſtars,
In the wide ocean ſinks or ſtrays.

Cowley ſeems to have had, what Milton is believed to have wanted, the ſkill to rate his own performances by their juſt value, and has therefore cloſed his Miſcellanies with the verſes upon Craſhaw, which apparently excel all that have gone before them, and in which there are beauties which common authors may juſtly think not only above their attainment, but above their ambition.

To the Miſcellanies ſucceed the *Anacreontiques*, or paraphraſtical tranſlations of ſome little poems, which paſs, however juſtly, under the name of Anacreon. Of thoſe ſongs dedicated to feſtivity and gaiety, in which even the morality is voluptuous, and which teach nothing but the enjoyment of the preſent day, he has given rather a pleaſing than a faithful repreſentation, having retained their ſpritelineſs, but loſt their ſimplicity. The Anacreon of Cowley, like the Homer of Pope, has admitted the decoration of ſome modern graces, by which he is undoubtedly made more amiable to common readers, and perhaps, if they would honeſtly declare their own perceptions, to far the greater part of thoſe whom courteſy and ignorance are content to ſtile the Learned.

Theſe little pieces will be found more finiſhed in their kind than any other of Cowley's works. The diction ſhews nothing of the mould of time, and the ſentiments are at no great

great diſtance from our preſent habitudes of thought. Real mirth muſt be always natural, and nature is uniform. Men have been wiſe in very different modes; but they have always laughed the ſame way.

Levity of thought naturally produced familiarity of language, and the familiar part of language continues long the ſame: the dialogue of comedy, when it is tranſcribed from popular manners and real life, is read from age to age with equal pleaſure. The artifices of inverſion by which the eſtabliſhed order of words is changed, or of innovation, by which new words or new meanings of words are introduced, is practiſed not by thoſe who talk to be underſtood, but by thoſe who write to be admired.

The Anacreontiques therefore of Cowley give now all the pleaſure which they ever gave. If he was formed by nature for one kind of writing more than for another, his power ſeems to have been greateſt in the familiar and the feſtive.

The next claſs of his poems is called *The Miſtreſs*, of which it is not neceſſary to ſelect any particular pieces for praiſe or cenſure. They have all the ſame beauties and faults, and nearly in the ſame proportion. They are written with exuberance of wit, and with copiouſneſs of learning; and it is truly aſſerted by Sprat, that the plenitude of the writer's knowledge flows in upon his page, ſo that the reader is commonly ſurpriſed into ſome improvement. But, conſidered as the verſes of a lover, no man that has ever loved will much commend them. They are neither courtly nor pathetick, have neither gallantry

nor fondneſs. His praiſes are too far-ſought, and too hyperbolical, either to expreſs love or to excite it: every ſtanza is crouded with darts and flames, with wounds and death, with mingled ſouls, and with broken hearts.

The principal artifice by which *The Miſtreſs* is filled with conceits is very copiouſly diſplayed by Addiſon. Love is by Cowley, as by other poets, expreſſed metaphorically by flame and fire; and that which is true of real fire is ſaid of love, or figurative fire, the ſame word in the ſame ſentence retaining both ſignifications. Thus, "obſerving the cold regard of "his miſtreſs's eyes, and at the ſame time "their power of producing love in him, he "conſiders them as burning-glaſſes made of "ice. Finding himſelf able to live in the "greateſt extremities of love, he concludes "the torrid zone to be habitable. Upon the "dying of a tree, on which he had cut his "loves, he obſerves, that his flames had burnt "up and withered the tree."

Theſe conceits Addiſon calls mixed wit; that is, wit which conſiſts of thoughts true in one ſenſe of the expreſſion, and falſe in the other. Addiſon's repreſentation is ſufficiently indulgent. That confuſion of images may entertain for a moment; but being unnatural, it ſoon grows weariſome. Cowley delighted in it, as much as if he had invented it; but, not to mention the ancients, he might have found it full-blown in modern Italy. Thus Sannazaro;

Aſpice quam variis diſtringar Veſbia curis,
Uror, & heu! noſtro manat ab igne liquor;

Sum

Sum Nilus, ſumque Ætna ſimul; reſtringit flammas
O lacrimæ, aut lacrimas ebibe flamma meas.

One of the ſevere theologians of that time cenſured him as having publiſhed *a book of profane and laſcivious Verſes*. From the charge of profaneneſs, the conſtant tenour of his life, which ſeems to have been eminently virtuous, and the general tendency of his opinions, which diſcover no irreverence of religion, muſt defend him; but that the accuſation of laſciviouſneſs is unjuſt, the peruſal of his works will ſufficiently evince.

Cowley's *Miſtreſs* has no power of ſeduction: "ſhe plays round the head, but comes not at the heart." Her beauty and abſence, her kindneſs and cruelty, her diſdain and inconſtancy, produce no correſpondence of emotion. His poetical account of the virtues of plants, and colours of flowers, is not peruſed with more ſluggiſh frigidity. The compoſitions are ſuch as might have been written for penance by a hermit, or for hire by a philoſophical rhymer who had only heard of another ſex; for they turn the mind only on the writer, whom, without thinking on a woman but as the ſubject for a taſk, we ſometimes eſteem as learned, and ſometimes deſpiſe as trifling, always admire as ingenious, and always condemn as unnatural.

The Pindarique Odes are now to be conſidered; a ſpecies of compoſition, which Cowley thinks Pancirolus might have counted *in his liſt of the loſt inventions of antiquity*, and

In the ſame ode, celebrating the power of the Muſe, he gives her preſcience, or in poetical language, the foreſight of events hatching in futurity; but having once an egg in his mind, he cannot forbear to ſhew us that he knows what an egg contains:

Thou into the cloſe neſts of time do'ſt peep,
And there with piercing eye
Through the firm ſhell and the thick white doſt ſpy
Years to come a-forming lie,
Cloſe in their ſacred fecundine aſleep.

The ſame thought is more generally, and therefore more poetically, expreſſed by Caſimir, a writer who has many of the beauties and faults of Cowley;

Omnibus mundi Dominator horis
Aptat urgendas per inane pennas,
Pars adhuc nido latet, & futuros.
Creſcit in annos.

Cowley, whatever was his ſubject, ſeems to have been carried, by a kind of deſtiny, to the light and the familiar, or to conceits which require ſtill more ignoble epithets. A ſlaughter in the Red Sea, *new dies the waters name*; and England, during the Civil War, was *Albion no more, nor to be named from white.* It is ſurely by ſome faſcination not eaſily ſurmounted, that a writer, profeſſing to revive *the nobleſt and higheſt writing in verſe*, makes this addreſs to the new year:

Nay,

is ſaid of *the original new moon, her tender forehead and her horns*, is ſuperadded by his paraphraſt, who has many other plays of words and fancy unſuitable to the original, as,

The table free for every gueſt,
No doubt will thee admit,
And feaſt more upon thee, than thou on it.

He ſometimes extends his author's thoughts without improving them. In the Olympionick an oath is mentioned in a ſingle word, and Cowley ſpends three lines in ſwearing by the *Caſtalian Stream*. We are told of Theron's bounty, with a hint that he had enemies, which Cowley thus enlarges in rhyming proſe:

But in this thankleſs world the giver
Is envied even by the receiver;
'Tis now the cheap and frugal faſhion
Rather to hide than own the obligation:
Nay, 'tis much worſe than ſo;
It now an artifice does grow
Wrongs and injuries to do,
Leſt men ſhould think we owe.

It is hard to conceive that a man of the firſt rank in learning and wit, when he was dealing out ſuch minute morality in ſuch feeble diction, could imagine, either waking or dreaming, that he imitated Pindar.

In the following odes, where Cowley chooſes his own ſubjects, he ſometimes riſes to dignity truly Pindarick; and, if ſome deficiencies of language be forgiven, his ſtrains are

ſuch as thoſe of the Theban bard were to his contemporaries:

Begin the ſong, and ſtrike the living lyre:
Lo how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my ſong with ſmooth and equal meaſure dance;
While the dance laſts, how long ſoe'er it be,
My muſick's voice ſhall bear it company;
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the laſt trumpet's dreadful ſound.

After ſuch enthuſiaſm, who will not lament to find the poet conclude with lines like theſe!

But ſtop, my Muſe—
Hold thy Pindarick Pegaſus cloſely in,
Which does to rage begin—
—Tis an unruly and a hard-mouth'd horſe—
'Twill no unſkilful touch endure,
But flings writer and reader too that ſits not ſure.

The fault of Cowley, and perhaps of all the writers of the metaphyſical race, is that of purſuing his thoughts to their laſt ramifications, by which he loſes the grandeur of generality; for of the greateſt things the parts are little; what is little can be but pretty, and by claiming dignity becomes ridiculous. Thus all the power of deſcription is deſtroyed by a ſcrupulous enumeration; and the force of metaphors is loſt, when the mind by the mention

tion of particulars is turned more upon the original than the ſecondary ſenſe, more upon that from which the illuſtration is drawn than that to which it is applied.

Of this we have a very eminent example in the ode entitled *The Muſe*, who goes to *take the air* in an intellectual chariot, to which he harneſſes Fancy and Judgment, Wit and Eloquence, Memory and Invention: how he diſtinguiſhed Wit from Fancy, or how Memory could properly contribute to Motion, he has not explained: we are however content to ſuppoſe that he could have juſtified his own fiction, and wiſh to ſee the Muſe begin her career; but there is yet more to be done.

Let the poſtilion Nature mount, and let
The coachman Art be ſet;
And let the airy footmen, running all beſide,
Make a long row of goodly pride;
Figures, conceits, raptures, and ſentences,
In a well-worded dreſs,
And innocent loves, and pleaſant truths, and uſeful lies,
In all their gaudy liveries.

Every mind is now diſguſted with this cumber of magnificence; yet I cannot refuſe myſelf the four next lines:

Mount, glorious queen, thy travelling throne,
And bid it to put on;
For long though cheerful is the way,
And life alas allows but one ill winter's day.

In

have adopted what he found, and to have added what was wanting; to have preſerved a conſtant return of the ſame numbers, and to have ſupplied ſmoothneſs of tranſition and continuity of thought.

It is urged by Dr. Sprat, that the *irregularity of numbers is the very thing* which makes *that kind of poeſy fit for all manner of ſubjects*. But he ſhould have remembered, that what is fit for every thing can fit nothing well. The great pleaſure of verſe ariſes from the known meaſure of the lines, and uniform ſtructure of the ſtanzas, by which the voice is regulated, and the memory relieved.

If the Pindarick ſtile be, what Cowley thinks it, *the higheſt and nobleſt kind of writing in verſe*, it can be adapted only to high and noble ſubjects; and it will not be eaſy to reconcile the poet with the critic, or to conceive how that can be the higheſt kind of writing in verſe, which, according to Sprat, *is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to proſe*.

This lax and lawleſs verſification ſo much concealed the deficiencies of the barren, and flattered the lazineſs of the idle, that it immediately overſpread our books of poetry; all the boys and girls caught the pleaſing faſhion, and they that could do nothing elſe could write like Pindar. The rights of antiquity were invaded, and diſorder tried to break into the Latin: a poem on the Sheldonian Theatre, in which all kinds of verſe are ſhaken together, is unhappily inſerted in the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*. Pindariſm prevailed above half a century; but at laſt died gradually away, and other imitations ſupply its place.

The

The Pindarique Odes have ſo long enjoyed the higheſt degree of poetical reputation, that I am not willing to diſmiſs them with unabated cenſure; and ſurely though the mode of their compoſition be erroneous, yet many parts deſerve at leaſt that admiration which is due to great comprehenſion of knowledge, and great fertility of fancy. The thoughts are often new, and often ſtriking; but the greatneſs of one part is diſgraced by the littleneſs of another, and total negligence of language gives the nobleſt conceptions the appearance of a fabrick auguſt in the plan, but mean in the materials. Yet ſurely thoſe verſes are not without a juſt claim to praiſe; of which it may be ſaid with truth, that no man but Cowley could have written them.

The Davideis now remains to be conſidered; a poem which the author deſigned to have extended to twelve books, merely, as he makes no ſcruple of declaring, becauſe the Eneid had that number; but he had leiſure or perſeverance only to write the third part. Epick poems have been left unfiniſhed by Virgil, Statius, Spenſer, and Cowley. That we have not the whole Davideis is, however, not much to be regretted; for in this undertaking Cowley is, tacitly at leaſt, confeſſed to have miſcarried. There are not many examples of ſo great a work, produced by an author generally read, and generally praiſed, that has crept through a century with ſo little regard. Whatever is ſaid of Cowley, is meant of his other works Of the Davideis no mention is made; it never appears in books, nor emerges in converſation. By the *Spectator* it has once been

been quoted, and by *Rymer* it has once been praiſed; nor do I recollect much other notice from its publication till now, in the whole ſucceſſion of Engliſh literature.

Of this obſcurity and neglect, if the reaſon be inquired, it will be found partly in the choice of the ſubject, and partly in the performance of the work.

Sacred Hiſtory has been always read with ſubmiſſive reverence, and an imagination overawed and controlled. We have been accuſtomed to acquieſce in the nakedneſs and ſimplicity of the authentic narrative, and to repoſe on its veracity with ſuch humble confidence, as ſuppreſſes curioſity. We go with the hiſtorian as he goes, and ſtop with him when he ſtops. All amplification is frivolous and vain; all addition to that which is already ſufficient for the purpoſes of religion, ſeems not only uſeleſs, but in ſome degree profane.

Such events as were produced by the viſible interpoſition of Divine Power are above the power of human genius to dignify. The miracle of Creation, however it may teem with images, is beſt deſcribed with little diffuſion of language: *He ſpake the word, and they were made.*

We are told that Saul *was troubled with an evil ſpirit:* from this Cowley takes an opportunity of deſcribing hell, and telling the hiſtory of Lucifer, who was, he ſays,

Once general of a gilded hoſt of ſprites,
Like Heſper leading forth the ſpangled nights;

But

But down like lightning, which him ſtruck, he came,
And roar'd at his firſt plunge into the flame.

Lucifer makes a ſpeech to the inferior agents of miſchief, in which there is ſomething of heatheniſm, and therefore of impropriety; and, to give efficacy to his words, concludes by laſhing *his breaſt with his long tail.* Envy, after a pauſe, ſteps out, and among other declarations of her zeal utters theſe lines:

Do thou but threat, loud ſtorms ſhall make reply,
And thunder echo to the trembling ſky.
Whilſt raging ſeas ſwell to ſo bold an height,
As ſhall the fire's proud element affright.
Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten way,
Shall at thy voice ſtart, and miſguide the day.
The jocund orbs ſhall break their meaſur'd pace,
And ſtubborn Poles change their allotted place.
Heaven's gilded troops ſhall flutter here and there,
Leaving their boaſting ſongs tun'd to a ſphere.

Every reader feels himſelf weary with this uſeleſs talk of an allegorical Being.

It is not only when the events are confeſſedly miraculous, that fancy and fiction loſe their effect: the whole ſyſtem of life, while the Theocracy

Theocracy was yet viſible, has an appearance ſo different from all other ſcenes of human action, that the reader of the Sacred Volume habitually conſiders it as a peculiar mode of exiſtence of a diſtinct ſpecies of mankind, that lived and acted with manners uncommunicable; ſo that it is difficult even for imagination to place us in the ſtate of them whoſe ſtory is related, and by conſequence their joys and griefs are not eaſily adopted, nor can the attention be often intereſted in any thing that befals them.

To the ſubject, thus originally indiſpoſed to the reception of poetical embelliſhments, the writer brought little that could reconcile impatience, or attract curioſity. Nothing can be more diſguſting than a narrative ſpangled with conceits, and conceits are all that the Davideis ſupplies.

One of the great ſources of poetical delight is deſcription, or the power of preſenting pictures to the mind. Cowley gives inferences inſtead of images, and ſhews not what may be ſuppoſed to have been ſeen, but what thoughts the ſight might have ſuggeſted. When Virgil deſcribes the ſtone which Turnus lifted againſt Æneas, he fixes the attention on its bulk and weight:

Saxum circumſpicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo qui forte jacebat,
Limes agro poſitus, litem ut diſcerneret arvis.

Cowley

Cowley ſays of the ſtone with which Cain ſlew his brother,

I ſaw him fling the ſtone, as if he meant
At once his murther and his monument.

Of the ſword taken from Goliah, he ſays,

A ſword ſo great, that it was only fit
To cut off his great head that came with it.

Other poets deſcribe death by ſome of its common appearances; Cowley, ſays, with a learned alluſion to ſepulchral lamps real or fabulous,

'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,
And open'd wide thoſe ſecret veſſels where
Life's light goes out, when firſt they let in air.

But he has alluſions vulgar as well as learned. In a viſionary ſucceſſion of kings:

Joas at firſt does bright and glorious ſhow,
In life's freſh morn his fame does early crow.

Deſcribing an undiſciplined army, after having ſaid with elegance,

His forces ſeem'd no army, but a crowd
Heartleſs, unarm'd, diſorderly, and loud;

he gives them a fit of the ague.

The alluſions however are not always to vulgar things:

The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought heav'n of ſilk and gold was ſpread.

Whatever he writes is always polluted with ſome conceit:

Where the ſun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does ſee,
Gold, which alone more influence has than he.

In one paſſage he ſtarts a ſudden queſtion, to the confuſion of philoſophy:

Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
The oak, for courtſhip moſt of all unfit,
And rough as are the winds that fight with it.

His expreſſions have ſometimes a degree of meanneſs that ſurpaſſes expectation:

Nay, gentle gueſts, he cries, ſince now you're in,
The ſtory of your gallant friend begin.

In

In a ſimile deſcriptive of the morning:

As glimm'ring ſtars juſt at th' approach of day,
Caſhier'd by troops, at laſt drop all away.

The dreſs of Gabriel deſerves attention:

He took for ſkin a cloud moſt ſoft and bright,
That e'er the midday ſun pierc'd thro' with light,
Upon his cheeks a lively bluſh he ſpread,
Waſh'd from the morning beauties deepeſt red,
An harmleſs flatt'ring meteor ſhone for hair,
And fell adown his ſhoulders with looſe care:
He cuts out a ſilk mantle from the ſkies,
Where the moſt ſpritely azure pleas'd the eyes;
This he with ſtarry vapours ſprinkles all,
Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall;
Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
The choiceſt piece cut out, a ſcarfe is made.

This is a juſt ſpecimen of Cowley's imagery; what might in general expreſſions be great and forcible, he weakens and makes ridiculous by branching it into ſmall parts. That Gabriel was inveſted with the ſofteſt or brighteſt colours of the ſky, we might have been told, and diſmiſſed to improve the idea in our different proportions of conception; but Cowley could not let us go till he had related where Gabriel got firſt his ſkin, and then his mantle, then his lace, and then his ſcarfe, and related it in the terms of the mercer and the taylor.

Some-

Sometimes he indulges himſelf in a digreſſion, always conceived with his natural exuberance, and commonly, even where it is not long, continued till it is tedious:

I' th' library a few choice authors ſtood,
Yet 'twas well ſtor'd; for that ſmall ſtore was good;
Writing, man's ſpiritual phyſic, was not then
Itſelf, as now, grown a diſeaſe of men.
Learning (young virgin) but few ſuitors knew;
The common proſtitute ſhe lately grew,
And with the ſpurious brood loads now the preſs;
Laborious effects of idleneſs!

As the Davideis affords only four books, though intended to conſiſt of twelve, there is no opportunity for ſuch criticiſm as Epick poems commonly ſupply. The plan of the whole work is very imperfectly ſhewn by the third part. The duration of an unfiniſhed action cannot be known. Of characters either not yet introduced, or ſhewn but upon few occaſions, the full extent and the nice diſcriminations cannot be aſcertained. The fable is plainly implex, formed rather from the Odyſſey than the Iliad; and many artifices of diverſification are employed, with the ſkill of a man acquainted with the beſt models. The paſt is recalled by narration, and the future anticipated by viſion: but he has been ſo laviſh of his poetical art, that it is difficult to imagine how he could fill eight books more without

without practiſing again the ſame modes of diſpoſing his matter; and perhaps the perception of this growing incumbrance inclined him to ſtop. By this abruption, poſterity loſt more inſtruction than delight. If the continuation of the Davideis can be miſſed, it is for the learning that had been diffuſed over it, and the notes in which it had been explained.

Had not his characters been depraved like every other part by improper decorations, they would have deſerved uncommon praiſe. He gives Saul both the body and mind of a hero:

His way once choſe, he forward thruſt outright,
Nor turn'd aſide for danger or delight.

And the different beauties of the lofty Merah and the gentle Michal are very juſtly conceived and ſtrongly painted.

Rymer has declared the Davideis ſuperior to the *Jeruſalem of Taſſo*, "which, ſays he, the poet, with all his care, has not totally purged from pedantry." If by pedantry is meant that minute knowledge which is derived from particular ſciences and ſtudies, in oppoſition to the general notions ſupplied by a wide ſurvey of life and nature, Cowley certainly errs, by introducing pedantry far more frequently than Taſſo. I know not, indeed, why they ſhould be compared, for the reſemblance of Cowley's work to Taſſo's, is only that they both exhibit the agency of celeſtial and infernal ſpirits, in which however they differ widely; for Cowley ſuppoſes them commonly to operate upon the mind by ſuggeſtion; Taſſo repreſents them

as promoting or obſtructing events by external agency.

Of particular paſſages that can be properly compared, I remember only the deſcription of Heaven, in which the different manner of the two writers is ſufficiently diſcernible. Cowley's is ſcarcely deſcription, unleſs it be poſſible to deſcribe by negatives; for he tells us only what there is not in heaven; Taſſo endeavours to repreſent the ſplendours and pleaſures of the regions of happineſs. Taſſo affords images, and Cowley ſentiments. It happens, however, that Taſſo's deſcription affords ſome reaſon for Rymer's cenſure. He ſays of the Supreme Being,

Hà ſotto i piedi e fato e la natura
Miniſtri humili, e'l moto, e chi'l miſura.

The ſecond line has in it more of pedantry than perhaps can be found in any other ſtanza of the poem.

In the peruſal of the Davideis, as of all Cowley's works, we find wit and learning unprofitably ſquandered. Attention has no relief; the affections are never moved; we are ſometimes ſurpriſed, but never delighted, and find much to admire, but little to approve. Still however it is the work of Cowley, of a mind capacious by nature, and repleniſhed by ſtudy.

In the general review of Cowley's poetry it will be found, that he wrote with abundant fertility, but negligent or unſkilful ſelection; with much thought, but with little imagery; that he is never pathetick, and rarely ſublime, but

but always either ingenious or learned, either acute or profound.

It is ſaid by Denham in his elegy,

To him no author was unknown;
Yet what he writ was all his own.

This wide poſition requires leſs limitation, when it is affirmed of Cowley than perhaps of any other poet——He read much, and yet borrowed little.

His character of writing was indeed not his own: he unhappily adopted that which was predominant. He ſaw a certain way to preſent praiſe, and not ſufficiently enquiring by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners, he contented himſelf with a deciduous laurel, of which the verdure in its ſpring was bright and gay, but which time has been continually ſtealing from his brows.

He was in his own time conſidered as of unrivalled excellence. Clarendon repreſents him as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him; and Milton is ſaid to have declared, that the three greateſt Engliſh poets were Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, and Cowley.

His manner he had in common with others; but his ſentiments were his own. Upon every ſubject he thought for himſelf; and ſuch was his copiouſneſs of knowledge, that ſomething at once remote and applicable ruſhed into his mind; yet it is not likely that he always rejected a commodious idea merely becauſe ano-

ther had uſed it: his known wealth was ſo great, that he might have borrowed without loſs of credit.

In his elegy on Sir Henry Wotton, the laſt lines have ſuch reſemblance to the noble epigram of Grotius upon the death of Scaliger, that I cannot but think them copied from it, though they are copied by no ſervile hand.

One paſſage in his *Miſtreſs* is ſo apparently borrowed from Donne, that he probably would not have written it, had it not mingled with his own thoughts, ſo as that he did not perceive himſelf taking it from another.

Altho' I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm reſolv'd to ſearch for thee;
The ſearch itſelf rewards the pains.
So, tho' the chymic his great ſecret miſs,
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains:
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unſought experiments by the way. COWLEY.

Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happineſs doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told;
But ſhould I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I ſhould not find that hidden myſtery;
Oh, 'tis impoſture all:
And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befal
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,

So,

So, lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-ſeeming ſummer's night. DONNE.

It is related by Clarendon, that Cowley always acknowledged his obligation to the learning and induſtry of Jonſon, but I have found no traces of Jonſon in his works; to emulate Donne appears to have been his purpoſe; and from Donne he may have learned that familiarity with religious images, and that light alluſion to ſacred things, by which readers far ſhort of ſanctity are frequently offended; and which would not be borne in the preſent age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate.

Having produced one paſſage taken by Cowley from Donne, I will recompenſe him by another which Milton ſeems to have borrowed from him. He ſays of Goliah,

His ſpear, the trunk was of a lofty tree,
Which Nature meant ſome tall ſhip's maſt ſhould be.

Milton of Satan,

His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great admiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with.—

His diction was in his own time cenſured as negligent. He ſeems not to have known, or not to have conſidered, that words being arbitrary

trary muſt owe their power to aſſociation, and have the influence, and that only, which cuſtom has given them. Language is the dreſs of thought; and as the nobleſt mien, or moſt graceful action, would be degraded and obſcured by a garb appropriated to the groſs employments of ruſticks or mechanicks, ſo the moſt heroick ſentiments will loſe their efficacy, and the moſt ſplendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words uſed commonly upon low and trivial occaſions, debaſed by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

Truth indeed is always truth, and reaſon is always reaſon; they have an intrinſick and unalterable value, and conſtitute that intellectual gold which defies deſtruction: but gold may be ſo concealed in baſer matter that only a chymiſt can recover it, ſenſe may be ſo hidden in unrefined and plebeian words that none but philoſophers can diſtinguiſh it; and both may be ſo buried in impurities, as not to pay the coſt of their extraction.

The diction being the vehicle of the thoughts, firſt preſents itſelf to the intellectual eye; and if the firſt appearance offends, a further knowledge is not often ſought. Whatever profeſſes to benefit by pleaſing, muſt pleaſe at once. The pleaſures of reaſon imply ſomething ſudden and unexpected; that which elevates muſt always ſurpriſe. What is perceived by ſlow degrees may gratify us with the conſciouſneſs of improvement, but will never ſtrike with the ſenſe of pleaſure.

Of all this, Cowley ſeems to have been without knowledge, or without care. He makes

makes no ſelection of words, nor ſeeks any neatneſs of phraſe: he has no elegancies either lucky or elaborate; as his endeavours were rather to impreſs ſentences upon the underſtanding than images on the fancy, he has few epithets, and thoſe ſcattered without peculiar propriety or nice adaptation. It ſeems to follow from the neceſſity of the ſubject, rather than the care of the writer, that the diction of his heroick poem is leſs familiar than that of his ſlighteſt writings. He has given not the ſame numbers, but the ſame diction to the gentle Anacreon and the tempeſtuous Pindar.

His verſification ſeems to have had very little of his care; and if what he thinks be true, that his numbers are unmuſical only when they are ill read, the art of reading them is at preſent loſt; for they are commonly harſh to modern ears. He has indeed many noble lines, ſuch as the feeble care of Waller never could produce. The bulk of his thoughts ſometimes ſwelled his verſe to unexpected and inevitable grandeur; but his excellence of this kind is merely fortuitous: he ſinks willingly down to his general careleſſneſs, and avoids with very little care either meanneſs or aſperity.

His contractions are often rugged and harſh:

> One flings a mountain, and its rivers too
> Torn up with't.——

His rhymes are very often made by pronouns or particles, or the like unimportant words,

words, which diſappoint the ear, and deſtroy the energy of the line.

His combination of different meaſures is ſometimes diſſonant and unpleaſing; he joins verſes together, of which the former does not ſlide eaſily into the latter.

The words *do* and *did*, which ſo much degrade in preſent eſtimation the line that admits them, were in the time of Cowley little cenſured or avoided: how often he uſed them, and with how bad an effect, at leaſt to our ears, will appear by a paſſage, in which every reader will lament to ſee juſt and noble thoughts defrauded of their praiſe by inelegance of language:

Where honour or where conſcience *does* not bind,
No other law ſhall ſhackle me.
Slave to myſelf I ne'er will be;
Nor ſhall my future actions be confin'd
By my own preſent mind.
Who, by reſolves and vows engag'd *does* ſtand
For days, that yet belong to fate,
Does like an unthrift mortgage his eſtate,
Before it falls into his hand,
The bondman of the cloiſter ſo,
All that he *does* receive *does* always owe.
And ſtill as Time come in, it goes away,
Not to enjoy, but debts to pay.
Unhappy ſlave, and pupil to a bell!
Which his hours' work as well as hours *does* tell;
Unhappy till the laſt, the kind releaſing knell.

His

His heroick lines are often formed of monoſyllables; but yet they are ſometimes ſweet and ſonorous.

He ſays of the Meſſiah,

Round the whole earth his dreaded name ſhall ſound,
And reach to worlds that muſt not yet be found.

In another place, of David,

Yet bid him go ſecurely, when he ſends;
'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.
The man who has his God, no aid can lack,
And we who bid him go, will bring him back.

He did not write without attempting an improved and ſcientifick verſification; of which it will be beſt to give his own account ſubjoined to this line,

Nor can the glory contain itſelf in th' endleſs ſpace.

" I am ſorry that it is neceſſary to admo-
" niſh the moſt part of readers, that it is not
" by negligence that this verſe is ſo looſe, long,
" and, as it were, vaſt; it is to paint in the
" number the nature of the thing which it
" deſcribes, which I would have obſerved in
" divers other places of this poem, that elſe
" will paſs for very careleſs verſes: as before,

And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent courſe.

" In

" In the ſecond book;

Down a precipice deep, down he caſt them all—

" —And,
And fell a-down his ſhoulders with looſe care.

" In the third,

Braſs was his helmet, his boots braſs, and o'er
His breaſt a thick plate of braſs he wore.

" In the fourth,

Like ſome fair pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler wood.

" And,
Some from the rocks caſt themſelves down head-long.

" And many more: but it is enough to in-
" ſtance in a few. The thing is, that the diſ-
" poſition of words and numbers ſhould be
" ſuch, as that, out of the order and ſound
" of them, the things themſelves may be re-
" preſented. This the Greeks were not ſo ac-
" curate as to bind themſelves to; neither
" have our Engliſh poets obſerved it, for aught
" I can find. The Latins *(qui muſas volunt*
" *ſeveriores)* ſometimes did it, and their prince,
" Virgil, always: in whom the examples are
" innumerable, and taken notice of by all
" judicious men, ſo that it is ſuperfluous to
" collect them."

I know

I know not whether he has, in many of theſe inſtances, attained the repreſentation or reſemblance that he purpoſes. Verſe can imitate only ſound and motion. A *boundleſs* verſe, a *headlong* verſe, and a verſe of *braſs* or of *ſtrong braſs*, ſeem to compriſe very incongruous and unſociable ideas. What there is peculiar in the ſound of the line expreſſing *looſe care*, I cannot diſcover; nor why the *pine* is *taller* in an Alexandrine than in ten ſyllables.

But, not to defraud him of his due praiſe, he has given one example of repreſentative verſification, which perhaps no other Engliſh line can equal:

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wiſe.
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting ſtay
Till the whole ſtream that ſtopp'd him ſhall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, for ever ſhall run on.

Cowley was, I believe, the firſt poet that mingled Alexandrines at pleaſure with the common heroick of ten ſyllables, and from him Dryden borrowed the practice, whether ornamental or licentious. He conſidered the verſe of twelve ſyllables as elevated and majeſtick, and has therefore deviated into that meaſure when he ſuppoſes the voice heard of the Supreme Being.

The Author of the Davideis is commended by Dryden for having written it in couplets, becauſe he diſcovered that any ſtaff was too lyrical for an heroic poem; but this ſeems to have

have been known before by *May* and *Sandys*, the tranſlators of the Pharſalia and the Metamorphoſes.

In the Davideis are ſome hemiſtichs, or verſes left imperfect by the author, in imitation of Virgil, whom he ſuppoſes not to have intended to complete them: that this opinion is erroneous may be probably concluded, becauſe this truncation is imitated by no ſubſequent Roman poet; becauſe Virgil himſelf filled up one broken line in the heat of recitation; becauſe in one the ſenſe is now unfiniſhed; and becauſe all that can be done by a broken verſe, a line interſected by a *ceſura* and a full ſtop will equally effect.

Of triplets in his Davideis he makes no uſe, and perhaps did not at firſt think them allowable; but he appears afterwards to have changed his mind, for in the verſes on the government of Cromwel he inſerts them liberally with great happineſs.

After ſo much criticiſm on his Poems, the Eſſays which accompany them muſt not be forgotten. What is ſaid by Sprat of his converſation, that no man could draw from it any ſuſpicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to theſe compoſitions. No author ever kept his verſe and his proſe at a greater diſtance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his ſtile has a ſmooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-ſought, or hard-laboured; but all is eaſy without feebleneſs, and familiar without groſſneſs.

It has been obſerved by Felton, in his Eſſay on the Claſſicks, that Cowley was beloved by

every Muſe that he courted; and that he has rivalled the Ancients in every kind of poetry but tragedy.

It may be affirmed, without any encomiaſtick fervour, that he brought to his poetick labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embelliſhed with all the ornaments which books could ſupply; that he was the firſt who imparted to Engliſh numbers the enthuſiaſm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the leſs; that he was equally qualified for ſpritely ſallies, and for lofty flights; that he was among thoſe who freed tranſlation from ſervility, and inſtead of following his author at a diſtance, walked by his ſide; and that if he left verſification yet improvable, he left likewiſe from time to time ſuch ſpecimens of excellence as enabled ſucceeding poets to improve it.

WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER was born on the third of March, 1605, at Colſhill in Hertfordſhire. His father was Robert Waller, Eſquire, of Agmondeſham in Buckinghamſhire, whoſe family was originally a branch of the Kentiſh Wallers; and his mother was the daughter of John Hampden, of Hampden in the ſame county, and ſiſter to Hampden, the zealot of rebellion.

His father died while he was yet an infant, but left him an yearly income of three thouſand five hundred pounds; which, rating together the value of money and the cuſtoms of life, we may reckon more than equivalent to ten thouſand at the preſent time.

He was educated, by the care of his mother, at Eton; and removed afterwards to King's College in Cambridge. He was ſent to parliament in his eighteenth, if not in his ſixteenth, year, and frequented the court of James the Firſt, where he heard a very remarkable converſation, which the writer of the Life prefixed to his Works, who ſeems to have been well informed of facts, though he may ſometimes

times err in chronology, has delivered as indubitably certain.

" He found Dr. Andrews, biſhop of Win-
" cheſter, and Dr. Neale, biſhop of Durham,
" ſtanding behind his Majeſty's chair; and
" there happened ſomething extraordinary,"
continues this writer, " in the converſation
" thoſe prelates had with the king, on which
" Mr. Waller did often reflect. His majeſty
" aſked the biſhops, " My lords, cannot I
" take my ſubjects money, when I want it,
" without all this formality of parliament?"
" The biſhop of Durham readily anſwered,
" God forbid, Sir, but you ſhould: you are
" the breath of our noſtrils." Whereupon
" the king turned and ſaid to the biſhop of
" Wincheſter, " Well, my lord, what ſay
" you?" " Sir, replied the biſhop, I have no
" ſkill to judge of parliamentary caſes." The
" king anſwered, " No put-offs, my lord;
" anſwer me preſently." " Then, Sir, ſaid he,
" I think it is lawful for you to take my bro-
" ther Neale's money; for he offers it." Mr.
" Waller ſaid the company was pleaſed with
" this anſwer, and the wit of it ſeemed to af-
" fect the king; for, a certain lord coming in
" ſoon after, his majeſty cried out, " Oh, my
" lord, they ſay you lig with my lady." " No,
" Sir, ſays his lordſhip in confuſion, but I
" like her company, becauſe ſhe has ſo much
" wit." " Why then, ſays the king, do you
" not lig with my lord of Wincheſter there?

Waller's political and poetical life began nearly together. In his eighteenth year he wrote the poem that appears firſt in his works, on " the Prince's Eſcape at St. Andero;" a piece

piece which juſtifies the obſervation made by one of his editors, that he attained, by a felicity like inſtinct, a ſtile which perhaps will never be obſolete; and that, "were we to "judge only by the wording, we could not "know what was wrote at twenty, and what "at fourſcore." His verſification was in his firſt eſſay, ſuch as it appears in his laſt performance. By the peruſal of Fairfax's tranſlation of Taſſo, to which, as Dryden relates, he confeſſed himſelf indebted for the ſmoothneſs of his numbers, and, by his own nicety of obſervation, he had already formed ſuch a ſyſtem of metrical harmony as he never afterwards much needed, or much endeavoured to improve. Denham corrected his numbers by experience, and gained ground gradually upon the ruggedneſs of his age; but what was acquired by Denham, was inherited by Waller.

The next poem, of which the ſubject ſeems to fix the time, is ſuppoſed by Mr. Fenton to be the Addreſs to the Queen, which he conſiders as congratulating her arrival, in Waller's twentieth year. He is apparently miſtaken; for the mention of the nation's obligations to her frequent pregnancy, proves that it was written when ſhe had brought many children. We have therefore no date of any other poetical production before that which the murder of the duke of Buckingham occaſioned: the ſteadineſs with which the king received the news in the chapel, deſerved indeed to be reſcued from oblivion.

Neither of theſe pieces ſeem to have been the ſudden effuſion of fancy. In one the prediction of the marriage with the princeſs of France, which muſt have been written after the event; in the other, the promiſes of the king's kindneſs to the deſcendants of Buckingham, which could not be known till it had appeared by its effects; ſhew that time was taken for reviſion and improvement. It is not indeed known that they were publiſhed till they appeared long afterwards with other poems.

Waller was not one of thoſe idolaters of praiſe who cultivate their minds at the expence of their fortunes. Rich as he was by inheritance, he took care early to grow richer by marrying Mrs. Banks, a great heireſs in the city, whom the intereſt of the court was employed to obtain for Mr. Crofts. Having brought him a ſon, who died young, and a daughter, who was afterwards married to Mr. Dormer of Oxfordſhire, ſhe died in childbed, and left him a widower of about five and twenty, gay and wealthy, to pleaſe himſelf with another marriage.

Being too young to reſiſt beauty, and probably too vain to think himſelf reſiſtible, he fixed his heart, perhaps half fondly and half ambitiouſly, upon the lady Dorothea Sidney, eldeſt daughter of the earl of Leiceſter, whom he courted by all the poetry in which Sachariſſa is celebrated; the name is derived from the Latin appellation of *ſugar*, and implies, if it means any thing, a ſpiritleſs mildneſs, and dull good-nature, ſuch as excites rather tenderneſs than eſteem, and ſuch as, though always treated

treated with kindneſs, is never honoured or admired.

Yet he deſcribes Sachariſſa as a ſublime predominating beauty, of lofty charms, and imperious influence, on whom he looks with amazement rather than fondneſs, whoſe chains he wiſhes, though in vain, to break, and whoſe preſence is *wine* that *inflames to madneſs.*

His acquaintance with this high-born dame gave wit no opportunity of boaſting its influence; ſhe was not to be ſubdued by the powers of verſe, but rejected his addreſſes, it is ſaid, with diſdain, and drove him away to ſolace his diſappointment with Amoret or Phillis. She married in 1636 the earl of Sunderland, who died at Newberry in the king's cauſe; and, in her old age, meeting ſomewhere with Waller, aſked him, when he would again write ſuch verſes upon her; "When you are as young, Madam, ſaid he, "and as handſome, as you were then."

In this part of his life it was that he was known to Clarendon, among the reſt of the men who were eminent in that age for genius and literature; but known ſo little to his advantage, that they who read his character will not much condemn Sachariſſa, that ſhe did not deſcend from her rank to his embraces, nor think every excellence compriſed in wit.

The lady was, indeed, inexorable; but his uncommon qualifications, though they had no power upon her, recommended him to the moſt illuſtrious ſcholars and ſtateſmen; and undoubtedly many beauties of that time, however they might receive his love, were proud

of his praiſes. Who they were, whom he dignifies with poetical names, cannot now be known. Amoret, according to Mr. Fenton, was the lady Sophia Murray. Perhaps by traditions preſerved in families more may be diſcovered.

From the verſes written at Penſhurſt, it has been collected that he diverted his diſappointment by a voyage; and his biographers, from his poem on the Whales, think it not improbable that he viſited the Bermudas; but it ſeems much more likely that he ſhould amuſe himſelf with forming an imaginary ſcene, than that ſo important an incident, as a viſit to America, ſhould have been left floating in conjectural probability.

From his twenty-eighth to his thirty-fifth year, he wrote his pieces on the Reduction of Sallee; on the Reparation of St. Paul's; to the King on his Navy; the panegyrick on the queen Mother; the two poems to the earl of Northumberland; and perhaps others, of which the time cannot be diſcovered.

When he had loſt all hopes of Sachariſſa, he looked round him for an eaſier conqueſt, and gained a lady of the family of Breſſe, or Breaux. The time of his marriage is not exactly known. It has not been diſcovered that this wife was won by his poetry; nor is any thing told of her, but that ſhe brought him many children. He doubtleſs praiſed many whom he would have been afraid to marry; and perhaps married one whom he would have been aſhamed to praiſe. Many qualities contribute to domeſtick happineſs, upon which poetry has no colours to beſtow; and many airs

airs and ſallies may delight imagination, which he who flatters them never can approve. There are charms made only for diſtant admiration. No ſpectacle is nobler than a blaze.

Of his wife, his biographers have recorded that ſhe gave him five ſons and eight daughters.

During the long interval of parliament, he is repreſented as living among thoſe with whom it was moſt honourable to converſe, and enjoying an exuberant fortune, with that independence and liberty of ſpeech and conduct, which wealth ought always to produce. He was however conſidered as the kinſman of Hampden, and was therefore ſuppoſed by the courtiers not to favour them.

When the parliament was called, in 1640, it appeared that Waller's political character had not been miſtaken. The king's demand of a ſupply, produced one of thoſe noiſy ſpeeches which diſaffection and diſcontent regularly dictate; a ſpeech filled with hyperbolical complaints of imaginary grievances. "They, ſays he, who think themſelves al-"ready undone can never apprehend them-"ſelves in danger, and they who have no-"thing left can never give freely." Political truth is equally in danger from the praiſes of courtiers, and the exclamations of patriots.

He then proceeds to rail at the clergy, being ſure at that time of a favourable audience. His topick is ſuch as will always ſerve its purpoſe; an accuſation of acting and preaching only for preferment: and he exhorts the Commons *carefully* to *provide* for their *protection againſt Pulpit law.*

It

It always gratifies curioſity to trace a ſentiment. Waller has in this ſpeech quoted Hooker in one paſſage; and in another has copied him, without quoting. "Religion," *ſays* Waller, "ought to be the firſt thing in "our purpoſe and deſires; but that which is "firſt in dignity is not always to precede in "order of time; for well-being ſuppoſes a "being; and the firſt impediment which men "naturally endeavour to remove, is the want "of thoſe things without which they cannot "ſubſiſt. God firſt aſſigned unto Adam "maintenance of life, and gave him a title "to the reſt of the creatures before he ap-"pointed a law to obſerve."

"God firſt aſſigned Adam," *ſays* Hooker, "maintenance of life, and then appointed "him a law to obſerve. True it is, that the "kingdom of God muſt be the firſt thing in "our purpoſe and deſires; but inaſmuch as a "righteous life preſuppoſeth life, inaſmuch as "to live virtuouſly it is impoſſible, except we "live; therefore the firſt impediment which "naturally we endeavour to remove is penury, "and want of things without which we can-"not live." B. I. ſect. 9.

The ſpeech is vehement; but the great poſition, that grievances ought to be redreſſed before ſupplies are granted, is agreeable enough to law and reaſon: nor was Waller, if his biographer may be credited, ſuch an enemy to the king as not to wiſh his diſtreſſes lightened; for he relates, "that the king ſent particular-"ly to Waller, to ſecond his demand of "ſome ſubſidies to pay off the army; and Sir "Henry Vane objecting againſt firſt voting a "ſupply,

" ſupply, becauſe the king would not accept " unleſs it came up to his proportion, Mr. " Waller ſpoke earneſtly to Sir Thomas Jer- " myn, comptroller of the houſehold, to ſave " his maſter from the effects of ſo bold a fal- " ſity; " for, he ſaid, I am but a country " gentleman, and cannot pretend to know the " king's mind;" but Sir Thomas durſt not " contradict the ſecretary; and his ſon, the " earl of St. Albans, afterwards told Mr. " Waller, that his father's cowardice ruined " the king."

In the Long Parliament, which, unhappily for the nation, met Nov. 3, 1640, Waller repreſented Agmondeſham the third time; and was conſidered by the diſcontented party as a man ſufficiently truſty and acrimonious to be employed in managing the proſecution of judge Crawley, for his opinion in favour of ſhip-money; and his ſpeech ſhews that he did not diſappoint their expectations. He was probably the more ardent, as his uncle Hampden had been particularly engaged in the diſpute, and by a ſentence which ſeems generally to be thought unconſtitutional particularly injured.

He was not however a bigot to his party, nor adopted all their opinions. When the great queſtion, whether Epiſcopacy ought to be aboliſhed, was debated, he ſpoke againſt the innovation ſo coolly, ſo reaſonably, and ſo firmly, that it is not without great injury to his name that his ſpeech, which was as follows, has been hitherto omitted in his works:

* " There

* " There is no doubt but the ſenſe of " what this nation hath ſuffered from the pre- " ſent biſhops, hath produced theſe com- " plaints; and the apprehenſions men have of " ſuffering the like, in time to come, make ſo " many deſire the taking away of epiſcopacy: " but I conceive it is poſſible that we may not, " now, take a right meaſure of the minds of " the people by their petitions; for, when " they ſubſcribed them, the biſhops were ar- " med with a dangerous commiſſion of mak- " ing new canons, impoſing new oaths, and the " like; but now we have diſarmed them of " that power. Theſe petitioners, lately, did " look upon epiſcopacy as a beaſt armed with " horns and claws; but now that we have " cut and pared them, (and may, if we ſee " cauſe, yet reduce it into narrower bounds) " it may, perhaps, be more agreeable. How- " ſoever, if they be ſtill in paſſion, it becomes " us ſoberly to conſider the right uſe and an- " tiquity thereof; and not to comply further " with a general deſire, than may ſtand with " a general good.

" We have already ſhewed, that epiſcopacy, " and the evils thereof, are mingled like water " and oil; we have alſo, in part, ſevered " them; but I believe you will find, that our " laws and the preſent government of the " church are mingled like wine and water; " ſo inſeparable, that the abrogation of, at " leaſt, a hundred of our laws is deſired in " theſe

* This ſpeech has been retrieved, from a paper printed at that time, by the writers of the Parliamentary Hiſtory.

" theſe petitions. I have often heard a noble " anſwer of the Lords, commended in this " houſe, to a propoſition of like nature, but " of leſs conſequence; they gave no other " reaſon of their refuſal but this, *Nolumus* " *mutare Leges Angliæ:* it was the bi- " ſhops who ſo anſwered then; and it would " become the dignity and wiſdom of this " houſe to anſwer the people, now, with a " *Nolumus mutare.*

" I ſee ſome are moved with a number of " hands againſt the biſhops; which, I con- " feſs, rather inclines me to their defence: for " I look upon epiſcopacy as a counterſcarp, or " out-work; which, if it be taken by this aſ- " ſault of the people, and, withall, this myſ- " tery once revealed, *That we muſt deny them* " *nothing when they aſk it thus in troops*, we " may, in the next place, have as hard a taſk " to defend our property, as we have lately " had to recover it from the Prerogative. If, " by multiplying hands and petitions, they " prevail for an equality in things eccleſiaſti- " cal, the next demand perhaps may be *Lex* " *Agraria*, the like equality in things tempo- " ral.

" The Roman ſtory tells us, That when the " people began to flock about the ſenate, and " were more curious to direct and know what " was done, than to obey, that Common- " wealth ſoon came to ruin: their *Legem ro-* " *gare* grew quickly to be a *Legem ferre*; and " after, when their legions had found that " they could make a Dictator, they never ſuf- " fered the ſenate to have a voice any more in " ſuch election.

" If

" If theſe great innovations proceed, I " ſhall expect a flat and level in learning too, " as well as in church-preferments: *Honos* " *alit Artes*. And though it be true, that " grave and pious men do ſtudy for learning- " ſake, and embrace virtue for itſelf; yet it " is as true, that youth, which is the ſeaſon " when learning is gotten, is not without am- " bition; nor will ever take pains to excel in " any thing, when there is not ſome hope of " excelling others in reward and dignity.

" There are two reaſons chiefly alledged " againſt our church-government.

" Firſt, Scripture, which, as ſome men " think, points out another form.

" Second, The abuſes of the preſent ſupe- " riors.

" For Scripture, I will not diſpute it in " this place; but I am confident that, when- " ever an equal diviſion of lands and goods " ſhall be deſired, there will be as many places " in Scripture found out, which ſeem to fa- " vour that, as there are now alledged againſt " the prelacy or preferment in the church. " And, as for abuſes, where you are now, in " the remonſtrance, told, what this and that " poor man hath ſuffered by the biſhops, you " may be preſented with a thouſand inſtances " of poor men that have received hard mea- " ſure from their landlords; and of worldly " goods abuſed, to the injury of others, and " diſadvantage of the owners.

" And therefore, Mr. Speaker, my hum- " ble motion is, That we may ſettle men's " minds herein; and, by a queſtion, declare

" our

" our reſolution, *to reform*, that is, *not to* " *aboliſh, Epiſcopacy.*"

It cannot but be wiſhed that he, who could ſpeak in this manner, had been able to act with ſpirit and uniformity.

When the Commons began to ſet the royal authority at open defiance, Waller is ſaid to have withdrawn from the houſe, and to have returned with the king's permiſſion; and, when the king ſet up his ſtandard, he ſent him a thouſand broad-pieces. He continued, however, to ſit in the rebellious conventicle; but " ſpoke," ſays Clarendon, " with great ſharp- " neſs and freedom, which, now there was " no danger of being outvoted, was not re- " ſtrained; and therefore uſed as an argument " againſt thoſe who were gone upon pretence " that they were not ſuffered to deliver their " opinion freely in the houſe, which could " not be believed, when all men knew what li- " berty Mr. Waller took, and ſpoke every " day with impunity againſt the ſenſe and " proceedings of the houſe."

Waller, as he continued to ſit, was one of the commiſſioners nominated by the parliament to treat with the king at Oxford; and when they were preſented, the king ſaid to him, " Though you are the laſt, you are not the " loweſt nor the leaſt in my favour." Whitlock, who, being another of the commiſſioners, was witneſs of this kindneſs, imputes it to the king's knowledge of the plot, in which Waller appeared afterwards to have been engaged againſt the parliament. Fenton, with equal probability, believes that his attempt to promote the royal cauſe aroſe from his ſenſibility

lity of the king's tenderneſs. Whitlock ſays nothing of his behaviour at Oxford: he was ſent with ſeveral others to add pomp to the commiſſion; but was not one of thoſe to whom the truſt of treating was imparted.

The engagement, known by the name of Waller's plot, was ſoon afterwards diſcovered. Waller had a brother-in-law, Tomkyns, who was clerk of the Queen's council, and at the ſame time had a very numerous acquaintance, and great influence, in the city. Waller and he, converſing with great confidence, told both their own ſecrets and thoſe of their friends; and, ſurveying the wide extent of their converſation, imagined that they found in the majority of all ranks great diſapprobation of the violence of the Commons, and unwillingneſs to continue the war. They knew that many favoured the king, whoſe fear concealed their loyalty; and many deſired peace, though they durſt not oppoſe the clamour for war; and they imagined that if thoſe who had theſe good intentions could be informed of their own ſtrength, and enabled by intelligence to act together, they might overpower the fury of ſedition, by refuſing to comply with the ordinance for the twentieth part, and the other taxes levied for the ſupport of the rebel army, and by uniting great numbers in a petition for peace.

Lord Conway joined in the deſign, and, as Clarendon imagines, incidentally mingled, as he was a ſoldier, ſome martial hopes or projects, which however were only mentioned, the main deſign being to bring the loyal inhabitants to the knowledge of each other; for which

which purpoſe there was to be appointed one in every diſtrict, to diſtinguiſh the friends of the king, the adherents to the parliament, and the neutrals. How far they proceeded does not appear; the reſult of their enquiry, as Pym declared, was, that within the walls for one that was for them, there were three againſt them; but that without the walls for one that was againſt them, there were three for them. Whether this was ſaid from knowledge or gueſs, was perhaps never enquired.

It is the opinion of Clarendon, that in Waller's plan no violence or ſanguinary reſiſtance was compriſed; that he intended only to abate the confidence of the rebels by publick declarations, and to weaken their power by an oppoſition to new ſupplies. This, in calmer times, and more than this, is done without fear; but ſuch was the acrimony of the commons, that no method of obſtructing them was ſafe.

About this time another deſign was formed by Sir Nicholas Criſpe, a man of loyalty that deſerves perpetual remembrance; when he was a merchant in the city, he gave and procured the king, in his exigencies, an hundred thouſand pounds; and, when he was driven from the Exchange, raiſed a regiment, and commanded it.

Sir Nicholas flattered himſelf with an opinion, that ſome provocation would ſo much exaſperate, or ſome opportunity ſo much encourage, the king's friends in the city, that they would break out in open reſiſtance, and then would want only a lawful ſtandard, and

an authoriſed commander; and extorted from the king, whoſe judgment yielded to importunity, a commiſſion of array, directed to ſuch as he thought proper to nominate, which was ſent to London by the lady Aubigney. She knew not what ſhe carried, but was to deliver it on the communication of a certain token which Sir Nicholas imparted.

This commiſſion could be only intended to lie ready till the time ſhould require it. To have attempted to raiſe any forces, would have been certain deſtruction: it could be of uſe only when the forces ſhould appear. This was, however, an act preparatory to martial hoſtility. Criſpe would undoubtedly have put an end to the ſeſſion of parliament, had his ſtrength been equal to his zeal; and out of the deſign of Criſpe, which involved very little danger, and that of Waller, which was an act purely civil, they compounded a horrid and dreadful plot.

The diſcovery of Waller's deſign is variouſly related. In Clarendon's Hiſtory it is told, that a ſervant of Tomkyns, lurking behind the hangings when his maſter was in conference with Waller, heard enough to qualify him for an informer, and carried his intelligence to Pym. A manuſcript, quoted in the Life of Waller, relates, that "he was betrayed by his ſiſter Price, and her preſbyterian chaplain Mr. Goode, who ſtole ſome of his papers; and if he had not ſtrangely dreamed the night before, that his ſiſter had betrayed him, and thereupon burnt the reſt of his papers by the fire that was left in his chimney, he had certainly loſt his life by it."

" it." The queſtion cannot be decided. It is not unreaſonable to believe that the men in power, receiving intelligence from the ſiſter, would employ the ſervant of Tomkyns to liſten at the conference, that they might avoid an act ſo offenſive as that of deſtroying the brother by the ſiſter's teſtimony.

The plot was publiſhed in the moſt terrifick manner. On the 31ſt of May, at a ſolemn faſt, when they were liſtening to the ſermon, a meſſenger entered the church, and communicated his errand to Pym, who whiſpered it to others that were placed near him, and then went with them out of the church, leaving the reſt in ſolicitude and amazement. They immediately ſent guards to proper places, and that night apprehended Tomkyns and Waller; having yet traced nothing but that letters had been intercepted, from which it appeared that the parliament and the city were ſoon to be delivered into the hands of the cavaliers.

They perhaps yet knew little themſelves, beyond ſome general and indiſtinct notices. " But Waller," ſays Clarendon, " was ſo confounded with fear, that he confeſſed whatever he had heard, ſaid, thought, or ſeen; all that he knew of himſelf, and all that he ſuſpected of others, without concealing any perſon of what degree or quality ſoever, or any diſcourſe which he had ever upon any occaſion, entertained with them; what ſuch and ſuch ladies of great honour, to whom, upon the credit of his wit and great reputation, he had been admitted, had ſpoke to him in their chambers upon the proceedings in the houſes, and how they had encouraged

" couraged him to oppoſe them; what cor-
" reſpondence and intercourſe they had with
" ſome miniſters of ſtate at Oxford, and how
" they conveyed all intelligence thither." He accuſed the earl of Portland and lord Conway as co-operating in the tranſaction; and teſtified that the earl of Northumberland had declared himſelf diſpoſed in favour of any attempt that might check the violence of the parliament, and reconcile them to the king.

He undoubtedly confeſſed much, which they could never have diſcovered, and perhaps ſomewhat which they would wiſh to have been ſuppreſſed; for it is inconvenient, in the conflict of factions, to have that diſaffection known which cannot ſafely be puniſhed.

Tomkyns was ſeized on the ſame night with Waller, and appears likewiſe to have partaken of his cowardice; for he gave notice of Criſpe's commiſſion of array, of which Clarendon never knew how it was diſcovered. Tomkyns had been ſent with the token appointed, to demand it from lady Aubigney, and had buried it in his garden, where, by his direction, it was dug up; and thus the rebels obtained, what Clarendon confeſſes them to have had, the original copy.

It can raiſe no wonder that they formed one plot out of theſe two deſigns, however remote from each other, when they ſaw the ſame agent employed in both, and found the commiſſion of array in the hands of him who was employed in collecting the opinions and affections of the people.

Of the plot, thus combined, they took care to make the moſt. They ſent Pym among the

the citizens to tell them of their imminent danger, and happy eſcape; and inform them, that the deſign was to ſeize the "lord mayor "and all the committee of militia, and would "not ſpare one of them." They drew up a vow and covenant, to be taken by every member of either houſe, by which he declared his deteſtation of all conſpiracies againſt the parliament, and his reſolution to detect and oppoſe them. They then appointed a day of thankſgiving for this wonderful delivery; which ſhut out, ſays Clarendon, all doubts whether there had been ſuch a deliverance, and whether the plot was real or fictitious.

On June 11, the earl of Portland and lord Conway were committed, one to the cuſtody of the mayor, and the other of the ſheriff; but their lands and goods were not ſeized.

Waller was ſtill to immerſe himſelf deeper in ignominy. The earl of Portland and lord Conway denied the charge, and there was no evidence againſt them but the confeſſion of Waller, of which undoubtedly many would be inclined to queſtion the veracity. With theſe doubts he was ſo much terrified, that he endeavoured to perſuade Portland to a declaration like his own, by a letter extant in Fenton's edition. "But for me," ſays he, "you "had never known any thing of this buſineſs, "which was prepared for another; and there-"fore I cannot imagine why you ſhould hide "it ſo far as to contract your own ruin by "concealing it, and perſiſting unreaſonably "to hide that truth, which, without you, al-"ready is, and will every day be made more, "manifeſt. Can you imagine yourſelf bound

" in honour to keep that ſecret, which is al-
" ready revealed by another; or poſſible it
" ſhould ſtill be a ſecret, which is known to
" one of the other ſex?—If you perſiſt to be
" cruel to yourſelf for their ſakes who deſerve
" it not, it will nevertheleſs be made appear,
" ere long, I fear, to your ruin. Sure-
" ly, if I had the happineſs to wait on you, I
" could move you to compaſſionate both your-
" ſelf and me, who, deſperate as my caſe is,
" am deſirous to die with the honour of being
" known to have declared the truth. You
" have no reaſon to contend to hide what is
" already revealed—inconſiderately to throw
" away yourſelf, for the intereſt of others, to
" whom you are leſs obliged than you are
" aware of."

This perſuaſion ſeems to have had little effect. Portland ſent (June 29) a letter to the Lords, to tell them, " that he is in cuſtody,
" as he conceives, without any charge; and
" that, by what Mr. Waller hath threatened
" him with ſince he was impriſoned, he doth
" apprehend a very cruel, long, and ruinous
" reſtraint:—He therefore prays, that he may
" not find the effects of Mr. Waller's threats,
" by a long and cloſe impriſonment; but may
" be ſpeedily brought to a legal trial, and
" then he is confident the vanity and falſe-
" hood of thoſe informations which have been
" given againſt him will appear."

In conſequence of this letter, the Lords ordered Portland and Waller to be confronted; when the one repeated his charge, and the other his denial. The examination of the plot being continued (July 1), Thinn, uſher

of

of the houſe of Lords, depoſed, that Mr. Waller having had a conference with the lord Portland in an upper room, lord Portland ſaid, when he came down, "Do me the "favour to tell my lord Northumberland, "that Mr. Waller has extremely preſſed me "to ſave my own life and his, by throwing "the blame upon the lord Conway and the "earl of Northumberland."

Waller, in his letter to Portland, tells him of the reaſons, which he could urge with reſiſtleſs efficacy in a perſonal conference; but he over-rated his own oratory: his vehemence, whether of perſuaſion or intreaty, was returned with contempt.

One of his arguments with Portland is, that the plot is already known to a woman. This woman was doubtleſs lady Aubigny, who, upon this occaſion, was committed to cuſtody; but who, in reality, when ſhe delivered the commiſſion, knew not what it was.

The parliament then proceeded againſt the conſpirators, and committed their trial to a council of war. Tomkyns and Chaloner were hanged near their own doors. Tomkyns, when he came to die, ſaid it was a *fooliſh buſineſs*; and indeed there ſeems to have been no hope that it ſhould eſcape diſcovery; for though never more than three met at a time, yet a deſign ſo extenſive muſt, by neceſſity, be communicated to many, who could not expected to be all faithful, and all prudent. Chaloner was was attended at this execution by Hugh Peters.

The earl of Northumberland being too great for proſecution, was only once examined before the Lords. The earl of Portland and

lord Conway, perſiſting to deny the charge, and no teſtimony but Waller's yet appearing againſt them, were, after a long impriſonment, admitted to bail. Haſſel, the king's meſſenger, who carried the letters to Oxford, died the night before his trial. Hampden was kept in priſon to the end of his life. They whoſe names were inſerted in the commiſſion of array were not capitally puniſhed, as it could not be proved that they had conſented to their own nomination; but they were conſidered as malignants, and their eſtates were ſeized.

"Waller, though confeſſedly," ſays Clarendon, "the moſt guilty, with incredible "diſſimulation affected ſuch a remorſe of con-"ſcience, that his trial was put off, out of "Chriſtian compaſſion, till he might recover "his underſtanding." What uſe he made of this interval, with what liberality and ſucceſs he diſtributed flattery and money, and how, when he was brought (July 4) before the houſe, he confeſſed and lamented, and ſubmitted and implored, may be read in the Hiſtory of the Rebellion, (B. vii.) The ſpeech, to which Clarendon aſcribes the preſervation of his *dear-bought life*, is inſerted in his works. The great hiſtorian, however, ſeems to have miſtaken in relating that *he prevailed* in the principal part of his ſupplication, *not to be tried by a Council of War*; for, according to Whitlock, he was by expulſion from the houſe abandoned to the tribunal which he ſo much dreaded, and being tried and condemned, was reprieved by Eſſex; but after a year's impriſonment, in which time reſentment grew leſs acrimo-

acrimonious, paying a fine of ten thouſand pounds, he was permitted *to recollect himſelf in another country*.

Of his behaviour in this part of his life, it is not neceſſary to direct the reader's opinion. "Let us not," ſays his laſt ingenious biographer, "condemn him with untempered ſe-"verity, becauſe he was not a prodigy which "the world hath ſeldom ſeen, becauſe his cha-"racter included not the poet, the orator, "and the hero."

For the place of his exile he choſe France, and ſtaid ſome time at Roan, where his daughter Margaret was born, who was afterwards his favourite, and his amanuenſis. He then removed to Paris, where he lived with great ſplendour and hoſpitality; and from time to time amuſed himſelf with poetry, in which he ſometimes ſpeaks of the rebels, and their uſurpation, in the natural language of an honeſt man.

At laſt it became neceſſary, for his ſupport, to ſell his wife's jewels; and being reduced, as he ſaid, at laſt *to the rump-jewel*, he ſolicited from Cromwel permiſſion to return, and obtained it by the intereſt of colonel Scroop, to whom his ſiſter was married. Upon the remains of a fortune, which the danger of his life had very much diminiſhed, he lived at Hillburn, a houſe built by himſelf, very near to Beconsfield, where his mother reſided. His mother, though related to Cromwel and Hampden, was zealous for the royal cauſe, and when Cromwel viſited her uſed to reproach him; he, in return, would throw a napkin at her, and ſay he would not diſpute with

with his aunt; but finding in time that ſhe acted for the king, as well as talked, he made her a priſoner to her own daughter, in her own houſe. If he would do any thing, he could not do leſs.

Cromwel, now protector, received Waller, as his kinſman, to familiar converſation. Waller, as he uſed to relate, found him ſufficiently verſed in ancient hiſtory; and when any of his enthuſiaſtick friends came to adviſe or conſult him, could ſometimes overhear him diſcourſing in the cant of the times, but, when he returned, he would ſay, "Couſin "Waller, I muſt talk to theſe men in their "own way;" and reſumed the common ſtile of converſation.

He repaid the Protector for his favours (1654), by the famous panegyrick, which has been always conſidered as the firſt of his poetical productions. His choice of encomiaſtick topicks is very judicious; for he conſiders Cromwel in his exaltation, without enquiring how he attained it; there is conſequently no mention of the rebel or the regicide. All the former part of his hero's life is veiled with ſhades, and nothing is brought to view but the chief, the governor, the defender of England's honour, and the enlarger of her dominion. The act of violence by which he obtained the ſupreme power is lightly treated, and decently juſtified. It was certainly to be deſired that the deteſtable band ſhould be diſſolved, which had deſtroyed the church, murdered the king, and filled the nation with tumult and oppreſſion; yet Cromwel had not the right of diſſolving them, for all that he had

had before done, could be juſtified only by ſuppoſing them inveſted with lawful authority. But combinations of wickedneſs would overwhelm the world by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not thoſe who have long practiſed perfidy, grow faithleſs to each other.

In the poem on the war with Spain, are ſome paſſages at leaſt equal to the beſt parts of the panegyrick; and in the concluſion, the poet ventures yet a higher flight of flattery, by recommending royalty to Cromwel and the nation. Cromwel was very deſirous, as appears from his converſation, related by Whitlock, of adding the title to the power of monarchy, and is ſuppoſed to have been with-held from it partly by fear of the army, and partly by fear of the laws, which, when he ſhould govern by the name of king, would have reſtrained his authority. When therefore a deputation was ſolemnly ſent to invite him to the Crown, he, after a long conference, refuſed it; but is ſaid to have fainted in his coach, when he parted from them.

The poem on the death of the Protector ſeems to have been dictated by real veneration for his memory. Dryden and Sprat wrote on the ſame occaſion; but they were young men, ſtruggling into notice, and hoping for ſome favour from the ruling party. Waller had little to expect: he had received nothing but his pardon from Cromwel, and was not likely to aſk any thing from thoſe who ſhould ſucceed him.

Soon afterwards the Reſtauration ſupplied him with another ſubject; and he exerted his imagination,

imagination, his elegance, and his melody, with equal alacrity, for Charles the Second. It is not poſſible to read, without ſome contempt and indignation, poems of the ſame author, aſcribing the higheſt degree of *power and piety* to Charles the Firſt; then transferring the ſame *power and piety* to Oliver Cromwel; now inviting Oliver to take the crown, and then congratulating Charles the Second on his recovered right. Neither Cromwel nor Charles could value his teſtimony, as the effect of conviction, or receive his praiſes as effuſions of reverence; they could conſider them but as the labour of invention and the tribute of dependence.

Poets, indeed, profeſs fiction; but the legitimate end of fiction is the conveyance of truth; and he that has flattery ready for all whom the viciſſitudes of the world happen to exalt, muſt be ſcorned as a proſtituted mind, that may retain the glitter of wit, but has loſt the dignity of virtue.

The Congratulation was conſidered as inferior in poetical merit to the Panegyrick; and it is reported, that when the king told Waller of the diſparity, he anſwered, "Poets, Sir, "ſucceed better in fiction than in truth."

The Congratulation is indeed not inferior to the Panegyrick, either by decay of genius, or for want of diligence; but becauſe Cromwel had done much, and Charles had done little. Cromwel wanted nothing to raiſe him to heroick excellence but virtue; and virtue his poet thought himſelf at liberty to ſupply. Charles had yet only the merit of ſtruggling without ſucceſs, and ſuffering without deſpair. A life of

of eſcapes and indigence could ſupply poetry with no ſplendid images.

In the firſt parliament ſummoned by Charles the Second (March 8, 1661), Waller ſat for Haſtings in Suſſex, and ſerved for different places in all the parliaments of that reign. In a time when fancy and gaiety were the moſt powerful recommendations to regard, it is not likely that Waller was forgotten. He paſſed his time in the company that was higheſt, both in rank and wit, from which even his obſtinate ſobriety did not exclude him. Though he drank water, he was enabled by his fertility of mind, to heighten the mirth of Bacchanalian aſſemblies; and Mr. Saville ſaid, that "no man in England ſhould keep him "company without drinking but Ned Waller."

The praiſe given him by St. Evremond is a proof of his reputation; for it was only by his reputation that he could be known, as a writer, to a man who, though he lived a great part of a long life upon an Engliſh penſion, never condeſcended to underſtand the language of the nation that maintained him.

In parliament, "he was," ſays Burnet, "the delight of the houſe, and though old "ſaid the livelieſt things of any among them." This, however, is ſaid in his account of the year ſeventy-five, when Waller was only ſeventy. His name as a ſpeaker occurs often in Grey's Collections; but I have found no extracts that can be quoted as exhibiting any repreſentation of abilities diſplayed rather in ſallies of gaiety than cogency of argument.

He was of ſuch conſideration, that his remarks were circulated and recorded. When

the duke of York's influence was high, both in Scotland and England, it drew, ſays Burnet, a lively reflection from Waller the celebrated wit. "He ſaid the houſe of commons had "reſolved that the duke ſhould not reign after "the king's death; but the king, in oppoſition "to them, had reſolved that he ſhould reign "even in his life." If there appear no extraordinary *livelineſs* in this *remark*, yet its reception proves the ſpeaker to have been a *celebrated wit*; to have had a name which the men of wit were proud of mentioning.

He did not ſuffer his reputation to die gradually away, which may eaſily happen in a long life, but renewed his claim to poetical diſtinction from time to time, as occaſions were offered, either by publick events or private incidents; and contenting himſelf with the influence of his muſe, or loving quiet better than influence, he never accepted any office of magiſtracy.

He was not, however, without ſome attention to his fortune; for he aſked from the king (in 1665) the provoſtſhip of Eton College, and obtained it; but Clarendon refuſed to put the ſeal to the grant, alleging that it could be held only by a clergyman. It is known that Sir Henry Wotton qualified himſelf for it by Deacon's orders.

To this oppoſition, the *Biographia* imputes the violence and acrimony with which Waller joined Buckingham's faction in the proſecution of Clarendon. The motive was illiberal and diſhoneſt, and ſhewed that more than ſixty years had not been able to teach him morality.

His

His accuſation is ſuch as conſcience can hardly be ſuppoſed to dictate without the help of malice, "We were to be governed by janizaries inſtead "of parliaments, and are in danger from a "worſe plot than that of the fifth of Novem-"ber; then, if the lords and commons had "been deſtroyed, there had been a ſucceſſion; "but here both had been deſtroyed for ever." This is the language of a man who is glad of an opportunity to rail, and ready to ſacrifice truth to intereſt at one time, and to anger at another.

A year after the Chancellor's baniſhment, another vacancy gave him encouragement for another petition, which the king referred to the council, who, after hearing the queſtion argued by lawyers for three days, determined that the office could be held only by a clergyman, according to the act of uniformity, ſince the provoſts had always received inſtitution, as for a parſonage, from the biſhops of Lincoln. The king then ſaid, he could not break the law which he had made; and Dr. Zachary Cradock, famous for a ſingle ſermon, at moſt for two ſermons, was choſen by the Fellows.

That he aſked any thing elſe is not known; it is certain that he obtained nothing, though he continued obſequious to the court through the reſt of Charles's reign.

At the acceſſion of king James (in 1685) he was choſen for parliament, being then fourſcore, at Saltaſh in Cornwall; and wrote a *Preſage of the Downfall of the Turkiſh Empire*, which he preſented to the king on his birthday. It is remarked, by his commentator Fenton, that

that in reading Taſſo he had early imbibed a veneration for the heroes of the Holy War, and a zealous enmity to the Turks, which never left him. James however, having ſoon after begun what he thought a holy war at home, made haſte to put all moleſtation of the Turks out of his power.

James treated him with kindneſs and familiarity, of which inſtances are given by the writer of his Life. One day, taking him into the cloſet, the king aſked him how he liked one of the pictures: "My eyes, ſaid Waller, "are dim, and I do not know it." The king ſaid, it was the princeſs of Orange. "She "is, ſaid Waller, like the greateſt woman in "the world." The king aſked who was that; and was anſwered, Queen Elizabeth. "I "wonder, ſaid the king, you ſhould think ſo; "but I muſt confeſs ſhe had a wiſe council." "And, Sir, ſaid Waller, did you ever know "a fool chuſe a wiſe one?" Such is the ſtory, which I once heard of ſome other man. Pointed axioms, and acute replies, fly looſe about the world, and are aſſigned ſucceſſively to thoſe whom it may be the faſhion to celebrate.

When the king knew that he was about to marry his daughter to Dr. Birch, a clergyman, he ordered a French gentleman to tell him, that "the king wondered he could think of "marrying his daughter to a falling church." "The king, ſays Waller, does me great ho-"nour in taking notice of my domeſtic affairs; "but I have lived long enough to obſerve that "this falling church has got a trick of riſing "again."

He

He took notice to his friends of the king's conduct; and ſaid, that "he would be left "like a whale upon the ſtrand." Whether he was privy to any of the tranſactions which ended in the Revolution, is not known. His heir joined the prince of Orange.

Having now attained an age beyond which the laws of nature ſeldom ſuffer life to be extended, otherwiſe than by a future ſtate, he ſeems to have turned his mind upon preparation for the deciſive hour, and therefore conſecrated his poetry to devotion. It is pleaſing to diſcover that his piety was without weakneſs; that his intellectual powers continued vigorous; and that the lines which he compoſed when *he, for age, could neither read nor write*, are not inferior to the effuſions of his youth.

Towards the decline of life, he bought a ſmall houſe, with a little land, at Colſhill; and ſaid, "he ſhould be glad to die, like the "ſtag, where he was rouſed." This, however, did not happen. When he was at Beconsfield, he found his legs grow tumid: he went to Windſor, where Sir Charles Scarborough then attended the king, and requeſted him, as both a friend and a phyſician, to tell him, *what that ſwelling meant*. "Sir, anſwered Scarborough, your blood will run no "longer." Waller repeated ſome lines of Virgil, and went home to die.

As the diſeaſe increaſed upon him, he compoſed himſelf for his departure; and calling upon Dr. Birch to give him the holy ſacrament, he deſired his children to take it with him, and made an earneſt declaration of his faith in Chriſtianity. It now appeared, what

part of his converſation with the great could be remembered with delight. He related, that being preſent when the duke of Buckingham talked profanely before king Charles, he ſaid to him, "My lord, I am a great deal older "than your grace, and have, I believe, heard "more arguments for atheiſm than ever your "grace did; but I have lived long enough to "ſee there is nothing in them, and ſo, I hope, "your grace will."

He died October 21, 1687, and was buried at Beconsfield, with a monument erected by his ſon's executors, for which Rymer wrote the inſcription, and which I hope is now reſcued from dilapidation.

He left ſeveral children by his ſecond wife; of whom, his daughter was married to Dr. Birch. Benjamin, the eldeſt ſon, was diſinherited, and ſent to New Jerſey, as wanting common underſtanding. Edmund, the ſecond ſon, inherited the eſtate, and repreſented Agmondeſham in parliament, but at laſt turned Quaker. William, the third ſon, was a merchant in London. Stephen, the fourth, was an eminent Doctor of Laws, and one of the Commiſſioners for the Union. There is ſaid to have been a fifth, of whom no account has deſcended.

The character of Waller, both moral and intellectual, has been drawn by Clarendon, to whom he was familiarly known, with nicety, which certainly none to whom he was not known can preſume to emulate. It is therefore inſerted here, with ſuch remarks as others have ſupplied; after which, nothing remains but a critical examination of his poetry.

"Edmund Waller," ſays Clarendon, was "born to a very fair eſtate, by the parſimony, "or frugality, of a wiſe father and mother: "and he thought it ſo commendable an ad- "vantage, that he reſolved to improve it with "his utmoſt care, upon which in his nature "he was too much intent: and, in order to "that, he was ſo much reſerved and retired, "that he was ſcarce ever heard of, till by his "addreſs and dexterity he had gotten a very "rich wife in the city, againſt all the recom- "mendation and countenance and authority "of the Court, which was thoroughly engaged "on the behalf of Mr. Crofts; and which "uſed to be ſucceſsful in that age, againſt "any oppoſition. He had the good fortune "to have an alliance and friendſhip with Dr. "Morley, who had aſſiſted and inſtructed "him in the reading many good books, to "which his natural parts and promptitude in- "clined him, eſpecially the poets: and at "the age when other men uſed to give over "writing verſes (for he was near thirty years, "when he firſt engaged himſelf in that exer- "ciſe; at leaſt, that he was known to do ſo), "he ſurpriſed the town with two or three "pieces of that kind; as if a tenth muſe had "been newly born, to cheriſh drooping po- "etry. The Doctor at that time brought "him into that company, which was moſt "celebrated for good converſation; where he "was received and eſteemed, with great ap- "plauſe and reſpect. He was a very pleaſant "diſcourſer, in earneſt and in jeſt, and there- "fore very grateful to all kind of company,

"where

" where he was not the leſs eſteemed for being
" very rich.

" He had been even nurſed in parliaments,
" where he ſat when he was very young; and
" ſo, when they were reſumed again (after a
" long intermiſſion), he appeared in thoſe aſ-
" ſemblies with great advantage; having a
" graceful way of ſpeaking, and by thinking
" much on ſeveral arguments (which his tem-
" per and complexion, that had much of me-
" lancholic, inclined him to), he ſeemed of-
" ten to ſpeak upon the ſudden, when the
" occaſion had only adminiſtred the opportu-
" nity of ſaying what he had thoroughly con-
" ſidered, which gave a great luſtre to all he
" ſaid; which yet was rather of delight than
" weight. There needs no more be ſaid to
" extol the excellence and power of his wit,
" and pleaſantneſs of his converſation, than
" that it was of magnitude enough to cover a
" world of very great faults; that is, ſo to
" cover them, that they were not taken no-
" tice of to his reproach; viz. a narrowneſs
" in his nature to the loweſt degree; an ab-
" jectneſs and want of courage to ſupport him
" in any virtuous undertaking; an inſinuati-
" on and ſervile flattery to the height, the
" vaineſt and moſt imperious nature could be
" contented with; that it preſerved and won
" his life from thoſe, who were moſt reſolved
" to take it; and in an occaſion in which he
" ought to have been ambitious to have loſt
" it; and then preſerved him again, from the
" reproach and contempt, that was due to
" him, for ſo preſerving it, and for vindicat-
" ing it at ſuch a price; that it had power to

" recon-

" reconcile him to thoſe, whom he had moſt " offended and provoked; and continued to " his age with that rare felicity, that his com- " pany was acceptable, where his ſpirit was " odious; and he was at leaſt pitied, where " he was moſt deteſted."

Such is the account of Clarendon; on which it may not be improper to make ſome remarks.

" He was very little known till he had ob- " tained a rich wife in the city."

He obtained the rich wife about the age of three-and-twenty: an age before which few men are conſpicuous much to their advantage. He was known, however, in parliament and at court; and, if he ſpent part of his time in privacy, it is not unreaſonable to ſuppoſe that he intended the improvement of his mind as well as of his fortune.

That Clarendon might misjudge the motive of his retirement is the more probable, becauſe he has evidently miſtaken the commencement of his poetry, which he ſuppoſes him not to have attempted before thirty. As his firſt pieces were perhaps not printed, the ſucceſſion of his compoſitions was not known; and Clarendon, who cannot be imagined to have been very ſtudious of poetry, did not rectify his firſt opinion by conſulting Waller's book.

Clarendon obſerves, that he was introduced to the wits of the age by Dr. Morley; but the writer of his Life relates that he was already among them, when, hearing a noiſe in the ſtreet, and enquiring the cauſe, they found a ſon of Ben Jonſon under an arreſt. This was Morley, whom Waller ſet free at the expence of one hundred pounds, took him into

the country as director of his ſtudies, and then procured him admiſſion into the company of the friends of literature. Of this fact, Clarendon had a nearer knowledge than the biographer, and is therefore more to be credited.

The account of Waller's parliamentary eloquence is ſeconded by Burnet, who, though he calls him "the delight of the houſe," adds, that "he was only concerned to ſay "that, which ſhould make him be applauded, "he never laid the buſineſs of the houſe to "heart, being a vain and empty though a "witty man."

Of his inſinuation and flattery it is not unreaſonable to believe that the truth is told. Aſcham, in his elegant deſcription of thoſe whom in modern language we term Wits, ſays, that they are *open flatterers, and privy mockers.* Waller ſhewed a little of both, when, upon ſight of the dutcheſs of Newcaſtle's verſes on the death of a Stag, he declared that he would give all his own compoſitions to have written them; and being charged with the exorbitance of his adulation, anſwered, that "nothing was too much to be given, that a "lady might be ſaved from the diſgrace of "ſuch a vile performance." This however was no very miſchievous or very unuſual deviation from truth: had his hypocriſy been confined to ſuch tranſactions, he might have been forgiven, though not praiſed; for who forbears to flatter an author or a lady?

Of the laxity of his political principles, and the weakneſs of his reſolution, he experienced the natural effect, by loſing the eſteem of every party. From Cromwel he had only his

his recall; and from Charles the Second, who delighted in his company, he obtained only the pardon of his relation Hampden, and the ſafety of Hampden's ſon.

As far as conjecture can be made from the whole of his writing, and his conduct, he was habitually and deliberately a friend to monarchy. His deviation towards democracy proceeded from his connection with Hampden, for whoſe ſake he proſecuted Crawley with great bitterneſs; and the invective which he pronounced on that occaſion was ſo popular, that twenty thouſand copies are ſaid by his biographer to have been ſold in one day.

It is confeſſed that his faults ſtill loſt him many friends at leaſt many companions. His convivial power of pleaſing is univerſally acknowledged; but thoſe who converſed with him intimately, found him not only paſſionate, eſpecially in his old age, but reſentful; ſo that the interpoſition of friends was ſometimes neceſſary.

His wit and his poetry naturally connected him with the polite writers of his time: he was joined with lord Buckhurſt in the tranſlation of Corneille's Pompey; and is ſaid to have added his help to that of Cowley in the original draught of the Rehearſal.

The care of his fortune, which Clarendon imputes to him in a degree little leſs than criminal, was either not conſtant or not ſucceſsful; for, having inherited a patrimony of three thouſand five hundred a year in the time of James the Firſt, and augmented it at leaſt by one wealthy marriage, he left, about the time of the Revolution, an income of not

more than twelve or thirteen hundred; which, when the different value of money is reckoned, will be found perhaps not more than a fourth part of what he once poſſeſſed.

Of this diminution, part was the conſequence of the gifts which he was forced to ſcatter, and the fine which he was condemned to pay at the detection of his plot; and if his eſtate, as is related in his Life, was ſequeſtered, he had probably contracted debts when he lived in exile; for we are told that at Paris he lived in ſplendour, and was the only Engliſhman except the lord St. Albans that kept a table.

His unlucky plot compelled him to ſell a thouſand a year; of the waſte of the reſt there is no account, except that he is confeſſed by his biographer to have been a bad economiſt. He ſeems to have deviated from the common practice; to have been a hoarder in his firſt years, and a ſquanderer in his laſt.

Of his courſe of ſtudies, or choice of books, nothing is known more than that he profeſſed himſelf unable to read Chapman's tranſlation of Homer without rapture. His opinion concerning the duty of a poet is contained in his declaration, that "he would blot from his "works any line that did not contain ſome "motive to virtue."

THE characters, by which Waller intended to diſtinguiſh his writings, are ſpritelineſs and dignity: in his ſmaller pieces he endeavours to be gay; in the larger, to be great. Of his airy and light productions, the chief ſource

ſource is gallantry, that attentive reverence of female excellence, which has deſcended to us from the Gothic ages. As his poems are commonly occaſional, and his addreſſes perſonal, he was not ſo liberally ſupplied with grand as with ſoft images; for beauty is more eaſily found than magnanimity.

The delicacy, which he cultivated, reſtrains him to a certain nicety and caution, even when he writes upon the ſlighteſt matter. He has therefore in his whole volume nothing burleſque, and ſeldom any thing ludicrous or familiar. He ſeems always to do his beſt; though his ſubjects are often unworthy of his care. It is not eaſy to think without ſome contempt on an author, who is growing illuſtrious in his own opinion by verſes, at one time, "To a Lady, who can do any thing, "but ſleep, when ſhe pleaſes." At another, "To a Lady, who can ſleep, when ſhe plea-"ſes." Now, "To a Lady, on her paſſing "through a crowd of people." Then, "On "a braid of divers colours woven by four fair "Ladies:" "On a tree cut in paper:" or, "To a Lady, from whom he received the "copy of verſes on the paper-tree, which for "many years had been miſſing."

Genius now and then produces a lucky trifle. We ſtill read the *Dove* of Anacreon, and *Sparrow* of Catullus; and a writer naturally pleaſes himſelf with a performance which owes nothing to the ſubject. But compoſitions merely pretty have the fate of other pretty things, and are quitted in time for ſomething uſeful; they are flowers fragrant and fair,

fair, but of ſhort duration; or they are bloſſoms to be valued only as they foretell fruits.

Among Waller's little poems are ſome, which their excellency ought to ſecure from oblivion; as, *To Amoret*, comparing the different modes of regard with which he looks on her and *Sacharifſa*; and the verſes *On Love*, that begin, *Anger in haſty Words or Blows.*

In others he is not equally ſucceſsful; ſometimes his thoughts are deficient, and ſometimes his expreſſion.

The numbers are not always muſical; as,

Fair Venus, in thy ſoft arms
The god of rage confine;
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.
What tho' he frown, and to tumult do incline;
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breaſt canſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

He ſeldom indeed fetches an amorous ſentiment from the depths of ſcience; his thoughts are for the moſt part eaſily underſtood, and his images ſuch as the ſuperficies of nature readily ſupplies; he has a juſt claim to popularity, becauſe he writes to common degrees of knowledge, and is free at leaſt from philoſophical pedantry, unleſs perhaps the end of a ſong *to the Sun* may be excepted, in which he is too much a Copernican. To which may be added the ſimile of the *Palm* in the verſes

on

on her paſſing through a crowd; and a line in a more ſerious poem on the *Reſtoration*, about vipers and treacle, which can only be underſtood by thoſe who happen to know the compoſition of the *Theriaca*.

His thoughts are ſometimes hyperbolical, and his images unnatural:

——The plants admire,
No leſs than thoſe of old did Orpheus' lyre;
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd;
They round about her into arbours crowd:
Or if ſhe walks, in even ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well-marſhal'd and obſequious band.

In another place:

While in the park I ſing, the liſtening deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the ſame:
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers,
With loud complaints they anſwer me in ſhowers.
To thee a wild and cruel ſoul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!

On the head of a Stag:

O fertile head! which every year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!

The

The teeming earth did never bring
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing:
Which might it never have been caſt,
Each year's growth added to the laſt,
Theſe lofty branches had ſupply'd
The Earth's bold ſons prodigious pride:
Heaven with theſe engines had been ſcal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

Sometimes, having ſucceeded in the firſt part, he makes a feeble concluſion. In the ſong of "Sachariſſa's and Amoret's Friend-"ſhip," the two laſt ſtanzas ought to have been omitted.

His images of gallantry are not always in the higheſt degree delicate.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

Some applications may be thought too remote and unconſequential; as in the verſes on the *Lady dancing*;

The ſun in figures ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

Sometimes a thought, which might perhaps fill a diſtich, is expanded and attenuated, till it grows weak and almoſt evaneſcent.

Chloris!

Chloris! ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind.
So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit, and ſtate, while no wind blows,
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves;
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure from her yielding boughs.

His images are not always diſtinct; as, in the following paſſage, he confounds *Love* as a perſon with *love* as a paſſion.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil ſlow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a ſingle look, inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

His ſallies of caſual flattery are ſometimes elegant and happy, as that *in return for the Silver Pen*; and ſometimes empty and trifling, as that *upon the Card torn by the Queen.* There are a few lines *written in the Dutcheſs's Taſſo*, which he is ſaid by Fenton to have kept a ſummer under correction. It happened to Waller, as to others, that his ſucceſs was not always in proportion to his labour.

Of theſe petty compoſitions, neither the beauties nor the faults deſerve much attention. The amorous verſes have this to recommend them, that they are leſs hyperbolical than thoſe of ſome other poets. Waller is not al-

ways at the laſt gaſp; he does not die of a frown, nor live upon a ſmile. There is however too much love, and too many trifles. Little things are made too important; and the Empire of Beauty is repreſented as exerting its influence further than can be allowed by the multiplicity of human paſſions, and the variety of human wants. Such books therefore may be conſidered as ſhewing the world under a falſe appearance, and ſo far as they obtain credit from the young and unexperienced, as miſleading expectation, and miſguiding practice.

Of his nobler and more weighty performances, the greater part is panegyrical; for of praiſe he was very laviſh, as is obſerved by his imitator, Lord Lanſdown:

> No fatyr ſtalks within the hallow'd ground,
> But queens and heroines, kings and gods abound;
> Glory and arms and love are all the ſound.

In the firſt poem, on the danger of the Prince on the coaſt of Spain, there is a puerile and ridiculous mention of Arion at the beginning; and the laſt paragraph, on the *Cable*, is in part ridiculouſly mean, and in part ridiculouſly tumid. The poem, however, is ſuch as may be juſtly praiſed, without much allowance for the ſtate of our poetry and language at that time.

The two next poems are upon the King's *behaviour at the death of* Buckingham, and upon his *Navy*.

He

He has, in the firſt, uſed the pagan deities with great propriety:

'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this
Made the old heathen frame their gods amiſs.

In the poem on the Navy, thoſe lines are very noble, which ſuppoſe the King's power ſecure againſt a ſecond Deluge; ſo noble, that it were almoſt criminal to remark the miſtake of *centre* for *ſurface*, or to ſay that the empire of the ſea would be worth little if it were not that the waters terminate in land.

The poem upon Sallee has forcible ſentiments; but the concluſion is feeble. That on the Repairs of St. Paul's has ſomething vulgar and obvious; ſuch as the mention of Amphion; and ſomething violent and harſh, as

So all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles' great apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad ſaint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.

Of the two laſt couplets, the firſt is extravagant, and the ſecond mean.

His

His praiſe of the Queen is too much exaggerated; and the thought, that ſhe "ſaves "lovers, by cutting off hope, as gangrenes "are cured by lopping the limb," preſents nothing to the mind but diſguſt and horror.

Of the *Battle of the Summer Iſlands*, it ſeems not eaſy to ſay whether it is intended to raiſe terror or merriment. The beginning is too ſplendid for jeſt, and the concluſion too light for ſerioufneſs. The verſification is ſtudied, the ſcenes are diligently diſplayed, and the images artfully amplified; but as it ends neither in joy nor ſorrow, it will ſcarcely be read a ſecond time.

The *Panegyrick* upon Cromwel has obtained from the public a very liberal dividend of praiſe, which however cannot be ſaid to have been unjuſtly laviſhed; for ſuch a ſeries of verſes had rarely appeared before in the Engliſh language. Of the lines ſome are grand, ſome are graceful, and all are muſical. There is now and then a feeble verſe, or a trifling thought; but its great fault is the choice of its hero.

The poem of *The War with Spain* begins with lines more vigorous and ſtriking than Waller is accuſtomed to produce. The ſucceeding parts are variegated with better paſſages and worſe. There is ſomething too farfetched in the compariſon of the Spaniards drawing the Engliſh on, by ſaluting St. Lucar with cannon, *to lambs awakening the lion by bleating*. The fate of the Marquis and his Lady, who were burnt in their ſhip, would have moved more, had the poet not made him die

die like the Phœnix, becauſe he had ſpices about him, nor expreſſed their affection and their end by a conceit at once falſe and vulgar:

Alive, in equal flames of love they burn'd,
And now together are to aſhes turn'd.

The verſes to Charles, on his Return, were doubtleſs intended to counterbalance the panegyric on Cromwel. If it has been thought inferior to that with which it is naturally compared, the cauſe of its deficience has been already remarked.

The remaining pieces it is not neceſſary to examine ſingly. They muſt be ſuppoſed to have faults and beauties of the ſame kind with the reſt. The Sacred Poems, however, deſerve particular regard; they were the work of Waller's declining life, of thoſe hours in which he looked upon the fame and the folly of the time paſt with the ſentiments which his great predeceſſor Petrarch bequeathed to poſterity, upon his review of that love and poetry which have given him immortality.

That natural jealouſy which makes every man unwilling to allow much excellence in another, always produces a diſpoſition to believe that the mind grows old with the body; and that he, whom we are now forced to confeſs ſuperior, is haſtening daily to a level with ourſelves. By delighting to think this of the living, we learn to think it of the dead; and Fenton, with all his kindneſs for Waller, has the luck to mark the exact time when his genius paſſed the zenith, which he places at his fifty-

fifty-fifth year. This is to allot the mind but a ſmall portion. Intellectual decay is doubtleſs not uncommon; but it ſeems not to be univerſal. Newton was in his eighty-fifth year improving his Chronology, a few days before his death; and Waller appears not, in my opinion, to have loſt at eighty-two any part of his poetical powers.

His Sacred Poems do not pleaſe like ſome of his other works; but before the fatal fifty-five, had he written on the ſame ſubjects, his ſucceſs would hardly have been better.

It has been the frequent lamentation of good men, that verſe has been too little applied to the purpoſes of worſhip, and many attempts have been made to animate devotion by pious poetry; that they have very ſeldom attained their end is ſufficiently known, and it may not be improper to enquire why they have miſcarried.

Let no pious ear be offended if I advance, in oppoſition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often pleaſe. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactick poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verſe, will not loſe it becauſe his ſubject is ſacred. A poet may deſcribe the beauty and the grandeur of Nature, the flowers of the Spring, and the harveſts of Autumn, the viciſſitudes of the Tide, and the revolutions of the Sky, and praiſe the Maker for his works in lines which no reader ſhall lay aſide. The ſubject of the diſputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the deſcription is not God, but the works of God.

Contemplative piety, or the intercourſe between God and the human ſoul, cannot be poetical. Man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher ſtate than poetry can confer.

The eſſence of poetry is invention; ſuch invention as, by producing ſomething unexpected, ſurpriſes and delights. The topicks of devotion are few, and being few are univerſally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of ſentiment, and very little from novelty of expreſſion.

Poetry pleaſes by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themſelves afford. This effect proceeds from the diſplay of thoſe parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of thoſe which repel the imagination: but religion muſt be ſhewn as it is; ſuppreſſion and addition equally corrupt it; and ſuch as it is, it is known already.

From poetry the reader juſtly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehenſion and elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Chriſtians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, deſirable, or tremendous, is compriſed in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.

The employments of pious meditation are Faith, Thankſgiving, Repentance, and Supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be inveſted by fancy with decorations. Thankſgiving,

giving, the moſt joyful of all holy effuſions, yet addreſſed to a Being without paſſions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expreſſed. Repentance, trembling in the preſence of the Judge, is not at leiſure for cadences and epithets. Supplication of man to man may diffuſe itſelf through many topicks of perſuaſion; but ſupplication to God can only cry for mercy.

Of ſentiments purely religious, it will be found that the moſt ſimple expreſſion is the moſt ſublime. Poetry loſes its luſtre and its power, becauſe it is applied to the decoration of ſomething more excellent than itſelf. All that verſe can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for theſe purpoſes it may be very uſeful; but it ſupplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Chriſtian Theology are too ſimple for eloquence, too ſacred for fiction, and too majeſtick for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the ſidereal hemiſphere.

As much of Waller's reputation was owed to the ſoftneſs and ſmoothneſs of his Numbers; it is proper to conſider thoſe minute particulars to which a verſifyer muſt attend.

He certainly very much excelled in ſmoothneſs moſt of the writers who were living when his poetry commenced. The poets of Elizabeth had attained an art of modulation, which was afterwards neglected or forgotten. Fairfax was acknowledged by him as his model; and he might have ſtudied with advantage the poem of Davies, which, though merely philoſophical, yet ſeldom leaves the ear ungratified.

But

But he was rather ſmooth than ſtrong; of *the full reſounding line*, which Pope attributes to Dryden, he has given very few examples. The critical deciſion has given the praiſe of ſtrength to Denham, and ſweetneſs to Waller.

His excellence of verſification has ſome abatements. He uſes the expletive *do* very frequently; and though he uſed to ſee it almoſt univerſally ejected, was not more careful to avoid it in his laſt compoſitions than in his firſt. Praiſe had given him confidence; and finding the world ſatisfied, he ſatisfied himſelf.

His rhymes are ſometimes weak words: *ſo* is found to make the rhyme twice in ten lines, and occurs often as a rhyme through his book.

His double rhymes, in heroick verſe, have been cenſured by Mrs. Phillips, who was his rival in the tranſlation of Corneille's Pompey; and more faults might be found, were not the enquiry below attention.

He ſometimes uſes the obſolete termination of verbs, as *waxeth*, *affecteth*; and ſometimes retains the final ſyllable of the preterite, as *amazed*, *ſuppoſed*; of which I know not whether it is not to the detriment of our language that we have totally rejected them.

Of triplets he is ſparing; but he did not wholly forbear them: of an Alexandrine he has given no example.

The general character of his poetry is elegance and gaiety. He is never pathetick, and very rarely ſublime. He ſeems neither to have had a mind much elevated by nature, nor amplified by learning. His thoughts are ſuch as a liberal converſation and large acquaintance with life would eaſily ſupply. They had how-

ever, then perhaps, that grace of novelty, which they are now often ſuppoſed to want by thoſe who, having already found them in later books, do not know or enquire who produced them firſt. This treatment is unjuſt. Let not the original author loſe by his imitators.

Praiſe however ſhould be due before it is given. The author of Waller's Life aſcribes to him the firſt practice, of what Erythræus and ſome late critics call *Alliteration*, of uſing in the ſame verſe many words beginning with the ſame letter. But this knack, whatever be its value, was ſo frequent among our early writers, that Gaſcoign, a writer of the ſixteenth century, warns the young poet againſt affecting it; and Shakeſpeare in the *Midſummer Night's Dream* is ſuppoſed to ridicule it.

He borrows too many of his ſentiments and illuſtrations from the old Mythology, for which it is vain to plead the example of the ancient poets: the deities which they introduced ſo frequently, were conſidered as realities, ſo far as to be received by the imagination, whatever ſober reaſon might even then determine. But of theſe images time has tarniſhed the ſplendor. A fiction, not only detected but deſpiſed, can never afford a ſolid baſis to any poſition, though ſometimes it may furniſh a tranſient alluſion, or ſlight illuſtration. No modern monarch can be much exalted by hearing that, as Hercules had had his *club*, he has his *navy*.

But of the praiſe of Waller, though much may be taken away, much will remain; for it cannot be denied that he added ſomething to our

our elegance of diction, and ſomething to our propriety of thought; and to him may be applied what Taſſo ſaid, with equal ſpirit and juſtice, of himſelf and Guarini, when, having peruſed the *Paſtor Fido*, he cried out, "If he "had not read *Aminta*, he had not excelled "it."

AS Waller profeſſed himſelf to have learned the art of verſification from Fairfax, it has been thought proper to ſubjoin a ſpecimen of his work, which, after Mr. Hoole's tranſlation, will perhaps not be ſoon reprinted. By knowing the ſtate in which Waller found our poetry, the reader may judge how much he improved it.

1.

Erminiaes ſteed (this while) his miſtreſſe bore
Through forreſts thicke among the ſhadie treene,
Her feeble hand the bridle raines forlore,
Halfe in a ſwoune ſhe was for feare I weene;
But her flit courſer ſpared nere the more,
To beare her through the deſart woods unſeene
Of her ſtrong foes, that chas'd her through the plaine,
And ſtill purſu'd, but ſtill purſu'd in vaine.

2.

Like as the wearie hounds at laſt retire,
Windleſſe, diſpleaſed, from the fruitleſſe chace,
When the ſlie beaſt Tapiſht in buſh and brire,
No art nor paines can rowſe out of his place:

The Chriſtian knights ſo full of ſhame and ire
Returned backe, with faint and wearie pace;
Yet ſtill the fearefull Dame fled, ſwift as winde,
Nor euer ſtaid, nor euer lookt behinde.

3.

Through thicke and thinne, all night, all day, ſhe driued,
Withouten comfort, companie or guide,
Her plaints and tears with euery thought reuiued,
She heard and ſaw her greefes, but nought beſide.
But when the ſunne his burning chariot diued
In *Thetis* waue, and wearie teame vntide,
On Iordans ſandie banks her courſe ſhe ſtaid,
At laſt, there downe ſhe light, and downe ſhe laid.

4.

Her tears, her drinke; her food, her ſorrowings,
This was her diet that vnhappie night:
But ſleepe (that ſweet repoſe and quiet brings)
To eaſe the greefs of diſcontented wight,
Spred foorth his tender, ſoft, and nimble wings,
In his dull armes foulding the virgin bright;
And loue, his mother, and the graces kept
Strong watch and warde, while this faire Ladie ſlept.

5.

The birds awakte her with their morning ſong,
Their warbling muſicke pearſt her tender eare,
The murmuring brookes and whiſtling windes among

The

The ratling boughes, and leaues, their parts did beare;
Her eies vnclos'd beheld the groues along
Of ſwaines and ſhepherd groomes, that dwellings weare;
And that ſweet noiſe, birds, winds, and waters ſent,
Prouokte againe the virgin to lament.

6.

Her plaints were interrupted with a ſound,
That ſeem'd from thickeſt buſhes to proceed,
Some iolly ſhepherd ſung a luſtie round,
And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed;
Thither ſhe went, an old man there ſhe found,
(At whoſe right hand his little flocke did feed)
Sat making baſkets, his three ſonnes among,
That learn'd their fathers art, and learn'd his ſong.

7.

Beholding one in ſhining armes appeare
The ſeelie man and his were ſore diſmaid;
But ſweet *Ermina* comforted their feare,
Her ventall vp, her viſage open laid,
You happie folke, of heau'n beloued deare,
Worke on (quoth ſhe) vpon your harmleſſe traid,
Theſe dreadfull armes I beare no warfare bring
To your ſweet toile, nor thoſe ſweet tunes you ſing.

8.

But father, ſince this land, theſe townes and towres,
Deſtroied are with ſword, with fire and ſpoile,
How

How may it be unhurt, that you and yours
In ſafetie thus, applie your harmleſſe toile?
My ſonne (quoth he) this poore eſtate of ours
Is euer ſafe from ſtorme of warlike broile;
This wilderneſſe doth vs in ſafetie keepe,
No thundring drum, no trumpet breakes our ſleepe.

9.

Haply iuſt heau'ns defence and ſhield of right,
Doth loue the innocence of ſimple ſwaines,
The thunderbolts on higheſt mountains light,
And feld or neuer ſtrike the lower plaines;
So kings haue cauſe to feare *Bellonaes* might,
Not they whoſe ſweat and toile their dinner gaines,
Nor ever greedie ſoldier was entiſed
By pouertie, neglected and deſpiſed.

10.

O pouertie, chefe of the heau'nly brood,
Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crowne!
No wiſh for honour, thirſt of others good,
Can moue my hart, contented with mine owne!
We quench our thirſt with water of this flood,
Nor feare we poiſon ſhould therein be throwne;
Theſe little flocks of ſheepe and tender goates
Giue milke for food, and wooll to make us coates.

11.

We little wiſh, we need but little wealth,
From cold and hunger vs to cloath and feed;
Theſe are my ſonnes, their care preſerues from ſtealth
Their fathers flocks, nor ſeruants moe I need:
Amid theſe groues I walke oft for my health,
And to the fiſhes, birds and beaſtes giue heed,

How

How they are fed, in forreſt, ſpring and lake,
And their contentment for enſample take.

12.

Time was (for each one hath his doting time)
Theſe ſiluer locks were golden treſſes than)
That countrie life I hated as a crime,
And from the forreſts ſweet contentment ran,
To Memphis ſtately pallace would I clime,
And there became the mightie Caliphes man,
And though I but a ſimple gardner weare,
Yet could I marke abuſes, ſee and heare.

13.

Entiſed on with hope of future gaine,
I ſuffred long what did my ſoule diſpleaſe;
But when my youth was ſpent, my hopes was vaine,
I felt my natiue ſtrength at laſt decreaſe;
I gan my loſſe of luſtie yeeres complaine,
And wiſht I had enjoy'd the countries peace;
I bod the court farewell, and with content
My later age here haue I quiet ſpent.

14.

While thus he ſpake, *Erminia* huſht and ſtill
His wiſe diſcourſes heard, with great attention,
His ſpeeches graue thoſe idle fancies kill,
Which in her troubled ſoule bred ſuch diſſention;
After much thought reformed was her will,
Within thoſe woods to dwell was her intention,
Till fortune ſhould occaſion new afford,
To turne her home to her deſired Lord.

15.

She ſaid therefore, O ſhepherd fortunate!
That troubles ſome didſt whilom feele and proue,
Yet liueſt now in this contented ſtate,
Let my miſhap thy thoughts to pitie moue,

To

To entertaine me as a willing mate
In ſhepherds life, which I admire and loue;
Within theſe pleaſant groues perchance my hart,
Of her diſcomforts, may vnload ſome part.

16.

If gold or wealth of moſt eſteemed deare,
If iewels rich, thou diddeſt hold in priſe,
Such ſtore thereof, ſuch plentie haue I ſeen,
As to a greedie minde might well ſuffice;
With that downe trickled many ſiluer teare,
Two chriſtiall ſtreames fell from her watrie eies;
Part of her ſad misfortunes than ſhe told,
And wept, and with her wept that ſhepherd old.

17.

With ſpeeches kind, he gan the virgin deare
Towards his cottage gently home to guide;
His aged wife there made her homely cheare,
Yet welcomde her, and plaſt her by her ſide.
The Princeſſe dond a poore paſtoraes geare,
A kerchiefe courſe vpon her head ſhe tide;
But yet her geſtures and her lookes (I geſſe)
Were ſuch, as ill beſeem'd a ſhepherdeſſe.

18.

Not thoſe rude garments could obſcure, and hide,
The heau'nly beautie of her angels face,
Nor was her princely ofspring damnifide,
Or ought diſparag'de, by thoſe labours bace;
Her little flocks to paſture would ſhe guide,
And milke her goates, and in their folds them place,
Both cheeſe and butter could ſhe make, and frame
Her ſelfe to pleaſe the ſhepherd and his dame.

MILTON.

MILTON.

THE Life of Milton has been already written in ſo many forms, with ſuch minute enquiry, that I might perhaps more properly have contented myſelf with the addition of a few notes to Mr. Fenton's elegant Abridgement, but that a new narrative was thought neceſſary to the uniformity of this edition.

JOHN MILTON was by birth a gentleman, deſcended from the proprietors of Milton near Thame in Oxfordſhire, one of whom forfeited his eſtate in the times of York and Lancaſter. Which ſide he took I know not; his deſcendant inherited no veneration for the White Roſe.

His grandfather John was keeper of the foreſt of Shotover, a zealous papiſt, who diſinherited his ſon, becauſe he had forſaken the religion of his anceſtors.

His father, John, who was the ſon diſinherited, had recourſe for his ſupport to the profeſſion of a ſcrivener. He was a man eminent for his ſkill in muſick, many of his compoſitions being ſtill to be found; and his reputation in his profeſſion was ſuch, that he grew rich and retired to an eſtate. He had probably more than common literature, as his ſon addreſſes him in one of his moſt elaborate Latin poems. He married a gentlewoman of the

the name of Caſton, a Welſh family, by whom he had two ſons, John the poet, and Chriſtopher who ſtudied the law, and adhered, as the law taught him, to the king's party, for which he was awhile perſecuted, but having, by his brother's intereſt, obtained permiſſion to live in quiet, he ſupported himſelf by chamber practice, till, ſoon after the acceſſion of king James, he was knighted and made a judge; but, his conſtitution being too weak for buſineſs, he retired before any diſreputable compliances became neceſſary.

He had likewiſe a daughter Anne, whom he married with a conſiderable fortune to Edward Philips, who came from Shrewſbury, and roſe in the Crown-office to be ſecondary: by him ſhe had two ſons, John and Edward, who were educated by the poet, and from whom is derived the only authentick account of his domeſtick manners.

John, the poet, was born in his father's houſe, at the Spread-Eagle in Bread-ſtreet, Dec. 9, 1608, between ſix and ſeven in the morning. His father appears to have been very ſolicitous about his education; for he was inſtructed at firſt by private tuition under the care of Thomas Young, who was afterwards chaplain to the Engliſh merchants at Hamburgh; and of whom we have reaſon to think well, ſince his ſcholar conſidered him as worthy of an epiſtolary Elegy.

He was then ſent to St. Paul's School, under the care of Mr. Gill; and removed, in the beginning of his ſixteenth year, to Chriſt's College in Cambridge, where he entered a ſizer, Feb. 12, 1624.

He

He was at this time eminently ſkilled in the Latin tongue; and he himſelf, by annexing the dates to his firſt compoſitions, a boaſt of which the learned *Politian* had given him an example, ſeems to commend the earlineſs of his own proficiency to the notice of poſterity. But the products of his vernal fertility have been ſurpaſſed by many, and particularly by his contemporary Cowley. Of the powers of the mind it is difficult to form an eſtimate; many have excelled Milton in their firſt eſſays, who never roſe to works like *Paradiſe Loſt*.

At fifteen, a date which he uſes till he is ſixteen, he tranſlated or verſified two Pſalms, 114 and 136, which he thought worthy of the publick eye; but they raiſe no great expectations: they would in any numerous ſchool have obtained praiſe, but not excited wonder.

Many of his Elegies appear to have been written in his eighteenth year, by which it appears that he had then read the Roman authors with very nice diſcernment. I once heard Mr. Hampton, the tranſlator of Polybius, remark what I think is true, that Milton was the firſt Engliſhman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verſes with claſſick elegance. If any exceptions can be made, they are very few: Haddon and Aſcham, the pride of Elizabeth's reign, however they may have ſucceeded in proſe, no ſooner attempt verſes than they provoke deriſion. If we produced any thing worthy of notice before the elegies of Milton, it was perhaps *Alablaſter's Roxana*.

Of

Of the exerciſes which the rules of the Univerſity required, ſome were publiſhed by him in his maturer years. They had been undoubtedly applauded, for they were ſuch as few can perform: yet there is reaſon to ſuſpect that he was regarded in his college with no great fondneſs. That he obtained no fellowſhip is certain; but the unkindneſs with which he was treated was not merely negative. I am aſhamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was the laſt ſtudent in either univerſity that ſuffered the publick indignity of corporal correction.

It was, in the violence of controverſial hoſtility, objected to him, that he was expelled: this he ſteadily denies, and it was apparently not true; but it ſeems plain from his own verſes to *Diodati*, that he had incurred *Ruſtication*; a temporary diſmiſſion into the country, with perhaps the loſs of a term:

Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor;
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri,
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.

I cannot find any meaning but this, which even kindneſs and reverence can give to the term, *vetiti laris*, "a habitation from which "he is excluded;" or how *exile* can be otherwiſe interpreted. He declares yet more, that he is weary of enduring *the threats of a rigorous maſter, and ſomething elſe, which a temper like his cannot undergo.* What was more than threat was evidently puniſhment. This poem, which mentions his *exile*, proves likewiſe that it was not perpetual; for it concludes with a reſo-

a reſolution of returning ſome time to Cambridge.

He took both the uſual degrees; that of Batchelor in 1628, and that of Maſter in 1632; but he left the univerſity with no kindneſs for its inſtitution, alienated either by the injudicious ſeverity of his governors, or his own captious perverſeneſs. The cauſe cannot now be known, but the effect appears in his writings. His ſcheme of education, inſcribed to *Hartlib*, ſuperſedes all academical inſtruction, being intended to compriſe the whole time which men uſually ſpend in literature, from their entrance upon grammar, *till they proceed, as it is called, maſters of arts.* And in his Diſcourſe *on the likelieſt Way to remove Hirelings out of the Church*, he ingeniouſly propoſes, that *the profits of the lands forfeited by the act for ſuperſtitious uſes, ſhould be applied to ſuch academies all over the land, where languages and arts may be taught together; ſo that youth may be at once brought up to a competency of learning and an honeſt trade, by which means ſuch of them as had the gift, being enabled to ſupport themſelves (without tithes) by the latter, may, by the help of the former, become worthy preachers.*

One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men deſigned for orders in the Church were permitted to act plays, *writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antick and diſhoneſt geſtures of Trincalos, buffoons and bawds, proſtituting the ſhame of that miniſtry which they had, or were near having, to the eyes of courtiers and court-ladies, their grooms and mademoiſelles.*

This is ſufficiently peeviſh in a man, who, when he mentions his exile from the college, relates, with great luxuriance, the compenſation which the pleaſures of the theatre afford him. Plays were therefore only criminal when they were acted by academicks.

He went to the univerſity with a deſign of entering into the church, but in time altered his mind; for he declared, that whoever became a clergyman muſt "ſubſcribe ſlave, "and take an oath withal, which, unleſs he "took with a conſcience that could retch, he "muſt ſtraight perjure himſelf. He thought "it better to prefer a blameleſs ſilence before "the office of ſpeaking, bought and begun "with ſervitude and forſwearing."

Theſe expreſſions are, I find, applied to the ſubſcription of the Articles; but it ſeems more probable that they relate to canonical obedience. I know not any of the Articles which ſeem to thwart his opinions; but the thoughts of obedience, whether canonical or civil, raiſed his indignation.

His unwillingneſs to engage in the miniſtry, perhaps not yet advanced to a ſettled reſolution of declining it, appears in a letter to one of his friends, who had reproved his ſuſpended and dilatory life, which he ſeems to have imputed to an inſatiable curioſity, and fantaſtick luxury of various knowledge. To this he writes a cool and plauſible anſwer, in which he endeavours to perſuade him that the delay proceeds not from the delights of deſultory ſtudy, but from the deſire of obtaining more fitneſs for his taſk; and that he goes on, *not taking*

any man ever wrote ſo much and praiſed ſo few. Of his praiſe he was very frugal; as he ſet its value high, and conſidered his mention of a name as a ſecurity againſt the waſte of time, and a certain preſervative from oblivion.

At Florence he could not indeed complain that his merit wanted diſtinction. Carlo Dati preſented him with an encomiaſtick inſcription, in the tumid lapidary ſtile; and Francini wrote him an ode, of which the firſt ſtanza is only empty noiſe; the reſt are perhaps too diffuſe on common topicks; but the laſt is natural and beautiful.

From Florence he went to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he was again received with kindneſs by the Learned and the Great. Holſtenius, the keeper of the Vatican library, who had reſided three years at Oxford, introduced him to cardinal Barberini, and he, at a muſical entertainment, waited for him at the door, and led him by the hand into the aſſembly. Here Selvaggi praiſed him in a diſtich, and Salſilli in a tetraſtick; neither of them of much value. The Italians were gainers by this literary commerce; for the encomiums with which Milton repaid Salſilli, though not ſecure againſt a ſtern grammarian, turn the ballance indiſputably in Milton's favour.

Of theſe Italian teſtimonies, poor as they are, he was proud enough to publiſh them before his poems; though he ſays, he cannot be ſuſpected but to have known that they were ſaid *non tam de ſe, quam ſupra ſe.*

At Rome, as at Florence, he ſtaid only two months; a time indeed ſufficient, if he deſired

when he reaches the ſcene of action, vapours away his patriotiſm in a private boarding-ſchool. This is the period of his life from which all his biographers ſeem inclined to ſhrink. They are unwilling that Milton ſhould be degraded to a ſchool-maſter; but ſince it cannot be denied that he taught boys, one finds out that he taught for nothing, and another that his motive was only zeal for the propagation of learning and virtue; and all tell what they do not know to be true, only to excuſe an act which no wiſe man will conſider as in itſelf diſgraceful. His father was alive; his allowance was not ample, and he ſupplied its deficiencies by an honeſt and uſeful employment.

It is told, that in the art of education he performed wonders; and a formidable liſt is given of the authors, Greek and Latin, that were read in Alderſgate-ſtreet, by youth between ten and fifteen or ſixteen years of age. Thoſe who tell or receive theſe ſtories, ſhould conſider that nobody can be taught faſter than he can learn. The ſpeed of the beſt horſeman muſt be limited by the power of his horſe. Every man, that has undertaken to inſtruct others, can tell what ſlow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to ſtimulate ſluggiſh indifference, and to rectify abſurd miſapprehenſion.

The purpoſe of Milton, as it ſeems, was to teach ſomething more ſolid than the common literature of ſchools, by reading thoſe authors that treat of phyſical ſubjects; ſuch as the Georgick, and aſtronomical treatiſes of the

the ancients. This was a ſcheme of improvement which ſeems to have buſied many literary projectors of that age. Cowley, who had more means than Milton of knowing what was wanting to the embelliſhments of life, formed the ſame plan of education in his imaginary College.

But the truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and of the ſciences which that knowledge requires or includes, is not the great or the frequent buſineſs of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or converſation, whether we wiſh to be uſeful or pleaſing, the firſt requiſite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the hiſtory of mankind, and with thoſe examples which may be ſaid to embody truth, and prove by events the reaſonableneſs of opinions. Prudence and juſtice are virtues, and excellencies, of all times, and of all places; we are perpetually moraliſts, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourſe with intellectual nature is neceſſary; our ſpeculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leiſure. Phyſical knowledge is of ſuch rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to eſtimate his ſkill in hydroſtaticks or aſtronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

Thoſe authors, therefore, are to be read at ſchools that ſupply moſt axioms of prudence, moſt principles of moral truth, and moſt materials for converſation; and theſe purpoſes are beſt ſerved by poets, orators, and hiſtorians.

Let

Let me not be cenſured for this digreſſion as pedantick or paradoxical; for if I have Milton againſt me, I have Socrates on my ſide. It was his labour to turn philoſophy from the ſtudy of nature to ſpeculations upon life, but the innovators whom I oppoſe are turning off attention from life to nature. They ſeem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the ſtars. Socrates was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good, and avoid evil.

Ὅτι τοι ἐν μεγάροισι κακὸν ἀγαθὸν τετύχθαι.

Of inſtitutions we may judge by their effects. From this wonder-working academy, I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge: its only genuine product, I believe, is a ſmall Hiſtory of Poetry, written in Latin by his nephew, of which perhaps none of my readers has ever heard.

That in his ſchool, as in every thing elſe which he undertook, he laboured with great diligence, there is no reaſon for doubting. One part of his method deſerves general imitation. He was careful to inſtruct his ſcholars in religion. Every Sunday was ſpent upon theology; in which he dictated a ſhort ſyſtem, gathered from the writers that were then faſhionable in the Dutch univerſities.

He ſet his pupils an example of hard ſtudy and ſpare diet; only now and then he allowed himſelf to paſs a day of feſtivity and indulgence with ſome gay gentlemen of Gray's Inn.

He now began to engage in the controverſies of the times, and lent his breath to blow the flames of contention. In 1641 he publiſhed

liſhed a treatiſe of *Reformation* in two books, againſt the eſtabliſhed Church; being willing to help the Puritans, who were, he ſays, *inferior to the Prelates in learning*.

Hall biſhop of Norwich had publiſhed an *Humble Remonſtrance*, in defence of Epiſcopacy; to which, in 1641, ſix miniſters, of whoſe names the firſt letters made the celebrated word *Smectymnus*, gave their Anſwer. Of this Anſwer a Confutation was attempted by the learned *Uſher*; and to the Confutation Milton publiſhed a Reply, intituled, *Of Prelatical Epiſcopacy, and whether it may be deduced from the Apoſtolical Times, by virtue of thoſe teſtimonies which are alledged to that purpoſe in ſome late treatiſes, one whereof goes under the name of James lord biſhop of Armagh.*

I have tranſcribed this title to ſhew, by his contemptuous mention of Uſher, that he had now adopted the puritanical ſavageneſs of manners. His next work was, *The Reaſon of Church Government urged againſt Prelacy, by Mr. John Milton*, 1642. In this book he diſcovers, not with oſtentatious exultation, but with calm confidence, his high opinion of his own powers; and promiſes to undertake ſomething, he yet knows not what, that may be of uſe and honour to his country. "This," ſays he, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer "to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich "with all utterance and knowledge, and ſends "out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of "his altar, to touch and purify the lips of "whom he pleaſes. To this muſt be added, "induſtrious and ſelect reading, ſteady obſer-"vation, and inſight into all ſeemly and ge-"nerous

" nerous arts and affairs; till which in ſome " meaſure be compaſt, I refuſe not to ſuſtain " this expectation." From a promiſe like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the *Paradiſe Loſt*.

He publiſhed the ſame year two more pamphlets, upon the ſame queſtion. To one of his antagoniſts, who affirms that he was *vomited out of the univerſity*, he anſwers, in general terms; " The Fellows of the College " wherein I ſpent ſome years, at my parting, " after I had taken two degrees, as the man- " ner is, ſignified many times how much bet- " ter it would content them that I ſhould " ſtay.—As for the common approbation or " diſlike of that place, as now it is, that I " ſhould eſteem or diſeſteem myſelf the more " for that, too ſimple is the anſwerer, if he " think to obtain with me. Of ſmall practice " were the phyſician who could not judge, by " what ſhe and her ſiſter have of long time " vomited, that the worſer ſtuff ſhe ſtrongly " keeps in her ſtomach, but the better ſhe is " ever kecking at, and is queaſy; ſhe vomits " now out of ſickneſs; but before it be well " with her, ſhe muſt vomit by ſtrong phyſick. " —The univerſity, in the time of her better " health, and my younger judgement, I never " greatly admired, but now much leſs."

This is ſurely the language of a man who thinks that he has been injured. He proceeds to deſcribe the courſe of his conduct, and the train of his thoughts; and, becauſe he has been ſuſpected of incontinence, gives an account of his own purity: " That if I be juſt-

" ly charged," ſays he, " with this crime, it " may come upon me with tenfold ſhame.

The ſtile of his piece is rough, and ſuch perhaps was that of his antagoniſt. This roughneſs he juſtifies, by great examples, in a long digreſſion. Sometimes he tries to be humorous: " Leſt I ſhould take him for " ſome chaplain in hand, ſome ſquire of the " body to his prelate, one who ſerves not at " the altar only but at the Court-cupboard, " he will beſtow on us a pretty model of him- " ſelf; and ſets me out half a dozen ptifical " mottos, wherever he had them, hopping " ſhort in the meaſure of convulſion fits; in " which labour the agony of his wit having " ſcaped narrowly, inſtead of well-ſized pe- " riods, he greets us with a quantity of thumb- " ring poſies.---And thus ends this ſection, " or rather diſſection of himſelf." Such is the controverſial merriment of Milton: his gloomy ſerioufneſs is yet more offenſive. Such is his malignity, *that hell grows darker at his frown.*

His father, after Reading was taken by *Eſſex*, came to reſide in his houſe; and his ſchool increaſed. At Whitſuntide, in his thirty-fifth years, he married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Powel, a juſtice of the peace in Oxfordſhire. He brought her to town with him, and expected all the advantages of a conjugal life. The lady, however, ſeems not much to have delighted in the pleaſures of ſpare diet and hard ſtudy; for, as Philips relates, " having " for a month led a philoſophical life, after " having been uſed at home to a great houſe, " and much company and joviality, her friends, " poſſibly

" poſſibly by her own deſire, made earneſt " ſuit to have her company the remaining " part of the ſummer; which was granted, " upon a promiſe of her return at Michael- " mas."

Milton was too buſy to much miſs his wife: he purſued his ſtudies; and now and then viſited the lady Margaret Leigh, whom he has mentioned in one of his ſonnets. At laſt Michaelmas arrived; but the lady had no inclination to return to the ſullen gloom of her huſband's habitation, and therefore very willingly forgot her promiſe. He ſent her a letter, but had no anſwer; he ſent more with the ſame ſucceſs. It could be alledged that letters miſcarry; he therefore diſpatched a meſſenger, being by this time too angry to go himſelf. His meſſenger was ſent back with ſome contempt. The family of the lady were Cavaliers.

In a man whoſe opinion of his own merit was like Milton's, leſs provocation than this might have raiſed violent reſentment. Milton ſoon determined to repudiate her for diſobedience; and, being one of thoſe who could eaſily find arguments to juſtify inclination, publiſhed (in 1644) *The Doctrine and Diſcipline of Divorce*; which was followed by *The Judgement of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*; and the next year, his Tetrachordon, *Expoſitions upon the four chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage.*

This innovation was oppoſed, as might be expected, by the clergy; who, then holding their famous aſſembly at Weſtminſter, procured that the author ſhould be called before the

Lords; " but that houſe," ſays Wood, " whe-
" ther approving the doctrine, or not favour-
" ing his accuſers, did ſoon diſmiſs him."

There ſeems not to have been much written againſt him, nor any thing by any writer of eminence. The antagoniſt that appeared is ſtiled by him, *a Serving-man turned Solicitor*. *Howel* in his letters mentions the new doctrine with contempt; and it was, I ſuppoſe, thought more worthy of deriſion than of confutation. He complains of this neglect in two ſonnets, of which the firſt is contemptible, and the ſecond not excellent.

From this time it is obſerved that he became an enemy to the Preſbyterians, whom he had favoured before. He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous than he that changes it by his intereſt; he loves himſelf rather than truth.

His wife and her relations now found that Milton was not an unreſiſting ſufferer of injuries; and perceiving that he had begun to put his doctrine in practice, by courting a young woman of great accompliſhments, the daughter of one Doctor Davis, who was however not ready to comply, they reſolved to endeavour a re-union. He went ſometimes to the houſe of one Blackborough, his relation, in the lane of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and at one of his uſual viſits was ſurpriſed to ſee his wife come from another room, and implore forgiveneſs on her knees. He reſiſted her intreaties for awhile; " but partly," ſays Philips, " his own generous nature, more incli-
" nable to reconciliation than to perſeverance
" in anger or revenge, and partly the ſtrong
" inter-

" interceſſion of friends on both ſides, ſoon " brought him to an act of oblivion and a firm " league of peace." It were injurious to omit, that Milton afterwards received her father and her brothers in his own houſe, when they were diſtreſſed, with other Royaliſts.

He publiſhed about the ſame time his *Areopagitica, a Speech of Mr.* John Milton *for the liberty of unlicenſed Printing.* The danger of ſuch unbounded liberty, and the danger of bounding it, have produced a problem in the ſcience of Government, which human underſtanding ſeems hitherto unable to ſolve. If nothing may be publiſhed but what civil authority ſhall have previouſly approved, power muſt always be the ſtandard of truth; if every dreamer of innovations may propagate his projects, there can be no ſettlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuſe diſcontent, there can be no peace; and if every ſceptick in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy againſt theſe evils is to puniſh the authors; for it is yet allowed that every ſociety may puniſh, though not prevent, the publication of opinions, which that ſociety ſhall think pernicious: but this puniſhment, though it may cruſh the author, promotes the book; and it ſeems not more reaſonable to leave the right of printing unreſtrained, becauſe writers may be afterwards cenſured, than it would be to ſleep with doors unbolted, becauſe by our laws we can hang a thief.

But whatever were his engagements, civil or domeſtick, poetry was never long out of his thoughts. About this time (1645) a collecti-

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on of his Latin and Engliſh poems appeared, in which the *Allegro* and *Penſeroſo*, with ſome others, were firſt publiſhed.

He had taken a larger houſe in Barbican for the reception of ſcholars; but the numerous relations of his wife, to whom he generouſly granted refuge for a while, occupied his rooms. In time, however, they went away; and the "houſe again," ſays Philips, "now looked "like a houſe of the Muſes only, though the "acceſſion of ſcholars was not great. Poſſi- "bly by his having proceeded ſo far in the "education of youth, may have been the oc- "caſion of his adverſaries calling him peda- "gogue and ſchool-maſter; whereas it is well "known he never ſet up for a publick ſchool, "to teach all the young fry of a pariſh; but "only was willing to impart his learning and "knowledge to relations, and the ſons of gen- "tlemen who were his intimate friends; and "that neither his writings nor his way of "teaching ever ſavoured in the leaſt of pe- "dantry."

Thus laborioufly does his nephew extenuate what cannot be denied, and what might be confeſſed without diſgrace. Milton was not a man who could become mean by a mean employment. This, however, his warmeſt friends ſeem not to have found; they therefore ſhift and palliate. He did not ſell literature to all comers at an open ſhop; he was a chamber-milliner, and meaſured his commodities only to his friends.

Philips, evidently impatient of viewing him in this ſtate of degradation, tells us that it was not long continued; and, to raiſe his cha-

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racter again, has a mind to inveſt him with military ſplendour: "He is much miſtaken," he ſays, "if there was not about this time a "deſign of making him an adjutant-general "in Sir William Waller's army. But the "new-modelling of the army proved an ob-"ſtruction to the deſign." An event cannot be ſet at a much greater diſtance than by having been only *deſigned, about ſome time*, if a man *be not much miſtaken*. Milton ſhall be a pedagogue no longer; for, if Philips be not miſtaken, ſomebody at ſome time deſigned him for a ſoldier.

About the time that the army was new-modelled (1645) he removed to a ſmaller houſe in Holbourn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He is not known to have publiſhed any thing afterwards till the king's death, when, finding his murderers condemned by the Preſbyterians, he wrote a treatiſe to juſtify it, and *to compoſe the minds of the people*.

He made ſome *Remarks on the Articles of Peace between Ormond and the Iriſh Rebels*. While he contented himſelf to write, he perhaps did only what his conſcience dictated; and if he did not very vigilantly watch the influence of his own paſſions, and the gradual prevalence of opinions, firſt willingly admitted and then habitually indulged, if objections, by being overlooked, were forgotten, and deſire ſuperinduced conviction, he yet ſhared only the common weakneſs of mankind, and might be no leſs ſincere than his opponents. But as faction ſeldom leaves a man honeſt, however it might find him, Milton is ſuſpect-

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ed of having interpolated the book called *Icon Baſilike*, which the Council of State, to whom he was now made Latin ſecretary, employed him to cenſure, by inſerting a prayer taken from *Sidney's Arcadia*, and imputing it to the king; whom he charges, in his *Iconoclaſtes*, with the uſe of this prayer as with a heavy crime, in the indecent language with which proſperity had emboldened the advocates for rebellion to inſult all that is venerable or great: "Who would have imagined ſo little fear in "him of the true all-ſeeing Deity—as, im- "mediately before his death, to pop into the "hands of the grave biſhop that attended him, "as a ſpecial relique of his ſaintly exerciſes, "a prayer ſtolen word for word from the "mouth of a heathen woman praying to a "heathen god?"

The papers which the king gave to Dr. Juxon on the ſcaffold the regicides took away, ſo that they were at leaſt the publiſhers of this prayer; and Dr. Birch, who examined the queſtion with great care, was inclined to think them the forgers. The uſe of it by adaption was innocent; and they who could ſo noiſily cenſure it, with a little extenſion of their malice could contrive what they wanted to accuſe.

King Charles the Second, being now ſheltered in Holland, employed Salmaſius, profeſſor of Polite Learning at Leyden, to write a defence of his father and of monarchy; and, to excite his induſtry, gave him, as was reported, a hundred Jacobuſes. Salmaſius was a man of ſkill in languages, knowledge of antiquity, and ſagacity of emendatory criticiſm,

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almoſt exceeding all hope of human attainment; and having, by exceſſive praiſes, been confirmed in great confidence of himſelf, though he probably had not much conſidered the principles of ſociety or the rights of government, undertook the employment without diſtruſt of his own qualifications; and, as his expedition in writing was wonderful, in 1669 publiſhed *Defenſio Regis*.

To this Milton was required to write a ſufficient anſwer; which he performed (1651) in ſuch a manner, that Hobbes declared himſelf unable to decide whoſe language was beſt, or whoſe arguments were worſt. In my opinion, Milton's periods are ſmoother, neater, and more pointed; but he delights himſelf with teizing his adverſary as much as with confuting him. He makes a fooliſh alluſion of Salmaſius, whoſe doctrine he conſiders as ſervile and unmanly, to the ſtream of *Salmacis*, which whoever entered left half his virility behind him. Salmaſius was a Frenchman, and was unhappily married to a ſcold. *Tu es Gallus*, ſays Milton, *et, tu aiunt, nimium gallinaceus*. But his ſupreme pleaſure is to tax his adverſary, ſo renowned for criticiſm, with vitious Latin. He opens his book with telling that he has uſed *Perſona*, which according to Milton, ſignifies only a *Maſk*, in a ſenſe not known to the Romans, by applying it as we apply *Perſon*. But as Nemeſis is always on the watch, it is memorable that he has enforced the charge of a ſoleciſm by an expreſſion in itſelf groſsly ſoleciſtical when, for one of thoſe ſuppoſed blunders, he ſays, *propino te grammatiſtis tuis vapulandum*. From *vapulo*, which has a paſ-

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ſive ſenſe, *vapulandus* can never be derived. No man forgets his original trade: the rights of nations, and of kings, ſink into queſtions of grammar, if grammarians diſcuſs them.

Milton when he undertook this anſwer was weak of body, and dim of ſight; but his will was forward, and what was wanting of health was ſupplied by zeal. He was rewarded with a thouſand pounds, and his book was much read; for paradox, recommended by ſpirit and elegance, eaſily gains attention; and he who told every man that he was equal to his king, could hardly want an audience.

That the performance of Salmaſius was not diſperſed with equal rapidity, or read with equal eagerneſs, is very credible. He taught only the ſtale doctrine of authority, and the unpleaſing duty of ſubmiſſion; and he had been ſo long not only the monarch but the tyrant of literature, that almoſt all mankind were delighted to find him defied and inſulted by a new name, not yet conſidered as any one's rival. If Chriſtina, as is ſaid, commended the *Defence of the People*, her purpoſe muſt be to torment Salmaſius, who was then at her Court; for neither her civil ſtation nor her natural character could diſpoſe her to favour the doctrine, who was by birth a queen, and by temper deſpotick.

That Salmaſius was, from the appearance of Milton's book, treated with neglect, there is not much proof; but to a man ſo long accuſtomed to admiration, a little praiſe of his antagoniſt would be ſufficiently offenſive, and might incline him to leave Sweden.

He prepared a reply, which, left as it was imperfect, was publiſhed by his ſon in the year of the Reſtauration. In the beginning, being probably moſt in pain for his Latinity, he endeavours to defend his uſe of the word *perſona*; but, if I remember right, he miſſes a better authority than any that he has found, that of Juvenal in his fourth ſatire:

—Quid agas cum dira & fœdior omni
Crimine *Perſona* eſt?

As Salmaſius reproached Milton with loſing his eyes in the quarrel, Milton delighted himſelf with the belief that he had ſhortened Salmaſius's life, and both perhaps with more malignity than reaſon. Salmaſius died at the Spa, Sept. 3, 1653; and as controvertiſts are commonly ſaid to be killed by their laſt diſpute, Milton was flattered with the credit of deſtroying him.

Cromwel had now diſmiſſed the parliament by the authority of which he had deſtroyed monarchy, and commenced monarch himſelf, under the title of protector, but with kingly and more than kingly power. That his authority was lawful, never was pretended; he himſelf founded his right only in neceſſity; but Milton, having now taſted the honey of publick employment, would not return to hunger and philoſophy, but, continuing to exerciſe his office under a manifeſt uſurpation, betrayed to his power that liberty which he had defended. Nothing can be more juſt than that rebellion ſhould end in ſlavery; that he, who had juſtified the murder of his king, for ſome acts which to him ſeemed unlawful, ſhould now ſell his ſervices, and his flatteries, to

to a tyrant, of whom it was evident that he could do nothing lawful.

He had now been blind for ſome years; but his vigour of intellect was ſuch, that he was not diſabled to diſcharge his office, or continue his controverſies. His mind was too eager to be diverted, and too ſtrong to be ſubdued.

About this time his firſt wife died in childbed, having left him three daughters. As he probably did not much love her, he did not long continue the appearance of lamenting her; but after a ſhort time married Catherine, the daughter of one captain Woodcock of Hackney; a woman doubtleſs educated in opinions like his own. She died within a year, of childbirth, or ſome diſtemper that followed it; and her huſband has honoured her memory with a poor ſonnet.

The firſt Reply to Milton's *Defenſio Populi* was publiſhed in 1651, called *Apologia pro Rege & Populo Anglicano, contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni) defenſionem deſtructivam Regis & Populi.* Of this the author was not known; but Milton and his nephew Philips, under whoſe name he publiſhed an anſwer ſo much corrected by him that it might be called his own, imputed it to Bramhal; and, knowing him no friend to regicides, thought themſelves at liberty to treat him as if they had known what they only ſuſpected.

Next year appeared *Regii Sanguinis clamor ad Cælum.* Of this the author was Peter du Moulin, who was afterwards prebendary of Canterbury; but Morus, or More, a French miniſter, having the care of its publication, was treated as the writer by Milton, in his *Defenſio Se-*

cunda, and overwhelmed by ſuch violence of invective, that he began to ſhrink under the tempeſt, and gave his perſecutors the means of knowing the true author. Du Moulin was now in great danger; but Milton's pride operated againſt his malignity, and both he and his friends were more willing that Du Moulin ſhould eſcape than that he ſhould be convicted of miſtake.

In this ſecond Defence he ſhews that his eloquence is not merely ſatirical; the rudeneſs of his invective is equalled by the groſſneſs of his flattery. "Deferimur, Cromuelle, tu ſolus "ſuperes, ad te ſumma noſtrarum rerum re- "diit, in te ſolo conſiſtit, inſuperabili tuæ "virtuti cedimus cuncti, nemine vel obloquente, niſi qui æquales inæqualis ipſe honores ſibi quærit, aut digniori conceſſos invidet, aut non intelligit nihil eſſe in ſocietate "hominum magis vel Deo gratum, vel rationi "conſentaneum, eſſe in civitate nihil æquius, "nihil utilius, quam potiri rerum digniſſimum. Eum te agnoſcunt omnes, Cromuelle, ea tu civis maximus et * glorioſiſſimus, "dux publici conſilii, exercituum fortiſſimorum, pater patriæ geſſiſti. Sic tu ſponta- "nea, bonorum omnium et animitus miſſa "voce ſalutaris."

Cæſar, when he aſſumed the perpetual dictatorſhip, had not more ſervile or more elegant flattery. A tranſlation may ſhew its ſervility; but its elegance is leſs attainable. Having expoſed the unſkilfulneſs or ſelfiſhneſs

* It may be doubted whether *glorioſiſſimus* be here uſed with Milton's boaſted purity. *Res glorioſa* is an *illuſtrious thing*; but *vir glorioſus* is commonly a *braggart*, as in *miles glorioſus*.

neſs of the former government, "We were "left," ſays Milton, "to ourſelves: the "whole national intereſt fell into your hands, "and ſubſiſts in your abilities. To your vir- "tue, overpowering and reſiſtleſs, every man "gives way, except ſome who, without equal "qualifications, aſpire to equal honours, or "who envy the diſtinctions of merit greater "than their own; or who have yet to learn, "that in the coalition of human ſociety no- "thing is more pleaſing to God, or more "agreeable to reaſon, than that the higheſt "mind ſhould have the ſovereign power. "Such, Sir, are you by general confeſſion; "ſuch are the things atchieved by you, the "greateſt and moſt glorious of our country- "men, the director of our publick counſels, "the leader of unconquered armies, the fa- "ther of your country; for by that title does "every good main hail you, with ſincere and "voluntary praiſe."

Next year, having defended all that wanted defence, he found leiſure to defend himſelf. He undertook his own vindication againſt More, whom he declares in his title to be juſtly called the author of the *Regii Sanguinii clamor*. In this there is no want of vehemence nor eloquence, nor does he forget his wonted wit. "Morus es? an Momus? an uterque "idem eſt?" He then remembers that *Morus* is Latin for a Mulberry-tree, and hints at the known transformation:

—Poma alba ferebat
Quæ poſt nigra tulit Morus.

With

With this piece ended his controverſies; and he from this time gave himſelf up to his private ſtudies and his civil employment.

As ſecretary to the Protector he is ſuppoſed to have written the Declaration of the reaſons for a war with Spain. His agency was conſidered as of great importance; for when a treaty with Sweden was artfully ſuſpended, the delay was publickly imputed to Mr. Milton's indiſpoſition; and the Swediſh agent was provoked to expreſs his wonder, that only one man in England could write Latin, and that man blind.

Being now forty-ſeven years old, and ſeeing himſelf diſencumbered from external interruptions, he ſeems to have recollected his former purpoſes, and planned three great works for his future employment. An epick poem, the hiſtory of his country, and a dictionary of the Latin tongue.

To collect a dictionary ſeems a work of all others leaſt practicable in a ſtate of blindneſs, becauſe it depends upon perpetual and minute inſpection and collation. Nor would Milton probably have begun it, after he had loſt his eyes; but, having had it always before him, he continued it, ſays Philips, *almoſt to his dying-day; but the papers were ſo diſcompoſed and deficient, that they could not be fitted for the preſs.* The compilers of the Latin dictionary, printed afterwards at Cambridge, had the uſe of them in three folios; but what was their fate afterwards is not known.

To compile a hiſtory from various authors, when they can only be conſulted by other eyes, is not eaſy, nor poſſible, but with more ſkilful and

and attentive help than can be commonly obtained; and it was probably the difficulty of conſulting and comparing that ſtopped Milton's narrative at the Conqueſt; a period at which affairs were not yet very intricate, nor authors very numerous.

For the ſubject of his epick poem, after much deliberation, *long chuſing, and beginning late*, he fixed upon *Paradiſe Loſt*; a deſign ſo comprehenſive, that it could be juſtified only by ſucceſs. He had once deſigned to celebrate king Arthur, as appears from his verſes to Manſus; but Arthur was reſerved, ſays Fenton, to another deſtiny.

It appears, by ſome ſketches of poetical projects left in manuſcript, and to be ſeen in a library at Cambridge, that he had digeſted his thoughts on this ſubject into one of thoſe wild dramas which were anciently called Myſteries; and Philips had ſeen what he terms part of a tragedy, beginning with the firſt ten lines of Satan's addreſs to the Sun. Theſe myſteries conſiſt of allegorical perſons; ſuch as *Juſtice, Mercy, Faith.* Of the tragedy or myſtery of *Paradiſe Loſt* there are two plans:

The Perſons.	The Perſons.
Michael.	Moſes.
Chorus of Angels.	Divine Juſtice, Wiſdom, Heavenly Love.
Heavenly Love.	
Lucifer.	
Adam, Eve, with the Serpent.	The Evening Star, Heſperus.
Conſcience.	Chorus of Angels.
Death.	Lucifer.
Labour.	Adam.

Labour,
Sickneſs,
Diſcontent,
Ignorance,
with others,
} Mutes.
Faith.
Hope.
Charity.

Adam.
Eve.
Conſcience.
Labour,
Sickneſs,
Diſcontent,
Ignorance,
Fear,
Death,
} Mutes.
Faith.
Hope.
Charity.

Paradiſe Loſt.

The Perſons.

Moſes, προλογίζει, recounting how he aſſumed his true body; that it corrupts not, becauſe it is with God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch and Eliah; beſides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews and clouds, preſerve it from corruption; whence exhorts to the ſight of God; tells, they cannot ſee Adam in the ſtate of innocence, by reaſon of their ſin,

Juſtice,
Mercy,
Wiſdom,
} debating what ſhould become of man, if he fall.

Chorus of Angels ſinging a hymn of the Creation.

ACT II.

Heavenly Love.

Evening Star.

Chorus ſing the marriage-ſong, and deſcribe Paradiſe.

ACT III.

Lucifer, contriving Adam's ruin.

Chorus

Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

Adam, Eve, } fallen.

Conſcience cites them to God's examination.

Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam has loſt.

ACT V.

Adam and Eve driven out of Paradiſe.

— — preſented by an angel with

Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envy, War, Famine, Peſtilence, Sickneſs, Diſcontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, } Mutes.

To whom he gives their names. Likewiſe Winter, Heat, Tempeſt, &c.

Faith, Hope, Charity, } comfort him, and inſtruct him.

Chorus briefly concludes.

Such was his firſt deſign, which could have produced only an allegory, or myſtery. The following ſketch ſeems to have attained more maturity.

Adam unparadiſed:

The angel Gabriel, either deſcending or entering; ſhewing, ſince this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth as in heaven: deſcribes Paradiſe. Next, the Chorus, ſhewing the reaſon of his coming to keep his watch in Paradiſe, after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God; and withal expreſſing his deſire to ſee and know more concerning this excellent new creature, man. The angel Gabriel, as by his name ſignifying a prince of power,

power, tracing Paradiſe with a more free office, paſſes by the ſtation of the Chorus, and, deſired by them, relates what he knew of man; as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this, Lucifer appears, after his overthrow; bemoans himſelf, ſeeks revenge on man. The Chorus prepare reſiſtance at his firſt approach. At laſt, after diſcourſe of enmity on either ſide, he departs; whereat the Chorus ſings of the battle and victory in heaven, againſt him and his accomplices: as before, after the firſt act, was ſung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and inſulting in what he had done to the deſtruction of man. Man next, and Eve having by this time been ſeduced by the Serpent, appears confuſedly covered with leaves. Conſcience, in a ſhape, accuſes him; Juſtice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the mean while, the Chorus entertains the ſtage, and is informed by ſome angel the manner of the Fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam's fall; Adam then and Eve return; accuſe one another; but eſpecially Adam lays the blame to his wife; is ſtubborn in his offence. Juſtice appears, reaſons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admoniſheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The angel is ſent to baniſh them out of Paradiſe; but before cauſes to paſs before his eyes, in ſhapes, a maſk of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, deſpairs: at laſt appears Mercy, comforts him, promiſes the Meſſiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity; inſtructs him; he repents, gives God the glory,

glory, ſubmits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes. Compare this with the former draught."

Theſe are very imperfect rudiments of *Paradiſe Loſt*; but it is pleaſant to ſee great works in their ſeminal ſtate, pregnant with latent poſſibilities of excellence; nor could there be any more delightful entertainment than to trace their gradual growth and expanſion, and to obſerve how they are ſometimes ſuddenly advanced by accidental hints, and ſometimes ſlowly improved by ſteady meditation.

Invention is almoſt the only literary labour which blindneſs cannot obſtruct, and therefore he naturally ſolaced his ſolitude by the indulgence of his fancy, and the melody of his numbers. He had done what he knew to be neceſſarily previous to poetical excellence; he had made himſelf acquainted with *ſeemly arts and affairs*; his comprehenſion was extended by various knowledge, and his memory ſtored with intellectual treaſures. He was ſkilful in many languages, and had by reading and compoſition attained the full maſtery of his own. He would have wanted little help from books, had he retained the power of peruſing them.

But while his greater deſigns were advancing, having now, like many other authors, caught the love of publication, he amuſed himſelf, as he could, with little productions. He ſent to the preſs (1658) a manuſcript of Raleigh, called the *Cabinet Council*; and next year gratified his malevolence to the clergy, by a *Treatiſe of Civil Power in Eccleſiaſtical Ca-*

ſes, and the means of removing Hirelings out of the Church.

Oliver was now dead; Richard was conſtrained to reſign: the ſyſtem of extemporary government, which had been held together only by force, naturally fell into fragments when that force was taken away; and Milton ſaw himſelf and his cauſe in equal danger. But he had ſtill hope of doing ſomething. He wrote letters, which Toland has publiſhed, to ſuch men as he thought friends to the new commonwealth; and even in the year of the Reſtoration he *bated no jot of heart or hope*, but was fantaſtical enough to think that the nation, agitated as it was, might be ſettled by a pamphlet, called *A ready and eaſy Way to eſtabliſh a Free Commonwealth*; which was, however, enough conſidered to be both ſeriouſly and ludicrouſly anſwered.

The obſtinate enthuſiaſm of the commonwealthmen was very remarkable. When the king was apparently returning, Harrington, with a few aſſociates as fanatical as himſelf, uſed to meet, with all the gravity of political importance, to ſettle an equal government by rotation; and Milton, kicking when he could ſtrike no longer, was fooliſh enough to publiſh, a few weeks before the Reſtoration, *Notes* upon a ſermon preached by one Griffiths, intituled, *The Fear of God and the King*. To theſe notes an anſwer was written by L'Eſtrange, in a pamphlet petulantly called *No blind Guides*.

But whatever Milton could write, or men of greater activity could do, the king was now evidently approaching with the irreſiſtible approbation of the people. He was therefore no longer

longer ſecretary, and was conſequently obliged to quit the houſe which he held by his office; and, proportioning his ſenſe of danger to his opinion of the importance of his writings, thought it convenient to ſeek ſome ſhelter, and hid himſelf for a time in Bartholomew Cloſe by Weſt Smithfield.

I cannot but remark a kind of reſpect, perhaps unconſciouſly, paid to this great man by his biographers: every houſe in which he reſided is hiſtorically mentioned, as if it were an injury to neglect naming any place that he honoured by his preſence.

The king, with lenity of which the world has had perhaps no other example, declined to be the judge or avenger of his own or his father's wrongs; and promiſed to admit into the Act of Oblivion all, except thoſe whom the parliament ſhould except; and the parliament doomed none to capital puniſhment but the wretches who had immediately co-operated in the murder of the king. Milton was certainly not one of them; he had only juſtified what they had done.

This juſtification was indeed ſufficiently offenſive; and (June 16) an order was iſſued to ſeize Milton's *Defence*, and Godwin's *Obſtructors of Juſtice*, another book of the ſame tendency, and burn them by the common hangman. The attorney-general was ordered to proſecute the authors; but Milton was not ſeized, nor perhaps very diligently purſued.

Not long after (Auguſt 19) the flutter of innumerable boſoms was ſtilled by an act, which the king, that his mercy might want no recommendation of elegance, rather called an

an *act of oblivion* than of *grace*. Godwin was named, with nineteen more, as incapacitated for any publick truſt; but of Milton there was no exception.

Of this tenderneſs ſhewn to Milton, the curioſity of mankind has not forborn to enquire the reaſon. Burnet thinks he was forgotten; but this is another inſtance which may confirm Dalrymple's obſervation, who ſays, "that "whenever Burnet's narrations are examined, "he appears to be miſtaken."

Forgotten he was not; for his proſecution was ordered; it muſt be therefore by deſign that he was included in the general oblivion. He is ſaid to have had friends in the Houſe, ſuch as Marvel, Morrice, and Sir Thomas Clarges; and undoubtedly a man like him muſt have had influence. A very particular ſtory of his eſcape is told by Richardſon in his Memoirs, which he received from Pope, as delivered by Betterton, who might have heard it from Davenant. In the war between the king and parliament, Davenant was made priſoner, and condemned to die; but was ſpared at the requeſt of Milton. When the turn of ſucceſs brought Milton into the like danger, Davenant repaid the benefit by appearing in his favour. Here is a reciprocation of generoſity and gratitude ſo pleaſing, that the tale makes its own way to credit. But if help were wanted, I know not where to find it. The danger of Davenant is certain from his own relation; but of his eſcape there is no account. Betterton's narration can be traced no higher; it is not known that he had it from Davenant. We are told that the benefit

nefit exchanged was life for life; but it ſeems not certain that Milton's life ever was in danger. Godwin, who had committed the ſame kind of crime, eſcaped with incapacitation; and as excluſion from publick truſt is a puniſhment which the power of government can commonly inflict without the help of a particular law, it required no great intereſt to exempt Milton from a cenſure little more than verbal. Something may be reaſonably aſcribed to veneration and compaſſion; to veneration of his abilities, and compaſſion for his diſtreſſes, which made it fit to forgive his malice for his learning. He was now poor and blind; and who would purſue with violence an illuſtrious enemy, depreſſed by fortune, and diſarmed by nature?

The publication of the act of oblivion put him in the ſame condition with his fellow-ſubjects. He was, however, upon ſome pretence not now known, in the cuſtody of the ſerjeant in December; and, when he was releaſed, upon his refuſal of the fees demanded, he and the ſerjeant were called before the Houſe. He was now ſafe within the ſhade of oblivion, and knew himſelf to be as much out of the power of a griping officer as any other man. How the queſtion was determined is not known. Milton would hardly have contended, but that he knew himſelf to have right on his ſide.

He then removed to Jewin-ſtreet, near Alderſgate-ſtreet; and being blind, and by no means wealthy, wanted a domeſtick companion and attendant; and therefore, by the recommendation of Dr. Paget, married Elizabeth Minſhul,

Minſhul, of a gentleman's family in Cheſhire, probably without a fortune. All his wives were virgins; for he has declared that he thought it groſs and indelicate to be a ſecond huſband: upon what other principles his choice was made, cannot now be known; but marriage afforded not much of his happineſs. The firſt wife left him in diſguſt, and was brought back only by terror: the ſecond, indeed, ſeems to have been more a favourite; but her life was ſhort. The third, as Philips relates, oppreſſed his children in his life-time, and cheated them at his death.

Soon after his marriage, according to an obſcure ſtory, he was offered the continuance of his employment; and being preſſed by his wife to accept it, anſwered, "You, like other "women, want to ride in your coach; my "wiſh is to live and die an honeſt man." If he conſidered the Latin ſecretary as exerciſing any of the powers of government, he that had ſhared authority either with the parliament or Cromwel, might have forborn to talk very loudly of his honeſty; and if he thought the office purely miniſterial, he certainly might have honeſtly retained it under the king. But this tale has too little evidence to deſerve a diſquiſion; large offers and ſturdy rejections, are among the moſt common topicks of falſehood.

He had ſo much either of prudence or gratitude, that he forbore to diſturb the new ſettlement with any of his political or eccleſiaſtical opinions, and from this time devoted himſelf to poetry and literature. Of his zeal for learning, in all its parts, he gave a proof by publiſhing,

publiſhing, the next year (1661) *Accidence commenced Grammar*; a little book which has nothing remarkable, but that its author, who had been lately defending the ſupreme powers of his country, and was then writing *Paradiſe Loſt*, could deſcend from his elevation to reſcue children from the perplexity of grammatical confuſion, and the trouble of leſſons unneceſſarily repeated.

About this time Elwood the quaker being recommended to him, as one who would read Latin to him, for the advantage of his converſation; attended him every afternoon, except on Sundays. Milton, who, in his letter to Hartlib, had declared, that *to read Latin with an Engliſh mouth is as ill a hearing as Law French*, required that Elwood ſhould learn and practiſe the Italian pronunciation, which, he ſaid, was neceſſary, if he would talk with foreigners. This ſeems to have been a taſk troubleſome without uſe. There is little reaſon for preferring the Italian pronunciation to our own, except that it is more general; and to teach it to an Engliſhman is only to make him a foreigner at home. He who travels, if he ſpeaks Latin, may ſo ſoon learn the ſounds which every native gives it, that he need make no proviſion before his journey; and if ſtrangers viſit us, it is their buſineſs to practiſe ſuch conformity to our modes as they expect from us in their own countries. Elwood complied with the directions, and improved himſelf by his attendance; for he relates, that Milton, having a curious ear, knew by his voice when he read what he did not underſtand, and

would ſtop him, and *open the moſt difficult paſſages.*

In a ſhort time he took a houſe in the *Artillery Walk*, leading to *Bunhill Fields*; the mention of which concludes the regiſter of Milton's removals and habitation. He lived longer in this place than in any other.

He was now buſied by *Paradiſe Loſt*. Whence he drew the original deſign has been variouſly conjectured, by men who cannot bear to think themſelves ignorant of that which, at laſt, neither diligence nor ſagacity can diſcover. Some find the hint in an Italian tragedy; Voltaire tells a wild and unauthoriſed ſtory of a farce ſeen by Milton in Italy, which opened thus: *Let the Rainbow be the Fiddleſtick of the Fiddle of Heaven.* It has been already ſhewn, that the firſt conception was of a tragedy or myſtery, not of a narrative, but a dramatick work, which he is ſuppoſed to have begun to reduce to its preſent form about the time (1655) when he finiſhed his diſpute with the defenders of the king.

He long before had promiſed to adorn his native country by ſome great performance, while he had yet perhaps no ſettled deſign, and was ſtimulated only by ſuch expectation as naturally aroſe from the ſurvey of his attainments, and the conſciouſneſs of his powers. What he ſhould undertake, it was difficult to determine. He was *long chuſing, and began late.*

While he was obliged to divide his time between his private ſtudies and affairs of ſtate, his poetical labour muſt have been often interrupted; and perhaps he did little more in that buſy

buſy time than conſtruct the narrative, adjuſt the epiſodes, proportion the parts, accumulate images and ſentiments, and treaſure in his memory, or preſerve in writing, ſuch hints as books or meditation would ſupply. Nothing particular is known of his intellectual operations while he was a ſtateſman; for, having every help and accommodation at hand, he had no need of uncommon expedients.

Being driven from all publick ſtations, he is yet too great not to be traced by curioſity to his retirement; where he has been found by Mr. Richardſon, the fondeſt of his admirers, ſitting *before his door in a grey coat of coarſe cloth, in warm ſultry weather, to enjoy the freſh air; and ſo, as well as in his own room, receiving the viſits of people of diſtinguiſhed parts as well as quality.* His viſiters of high quality muſt now be imagined to be few; but men of parts might reaſonably court the converſation of a man ſo generally illuſtrious, that foreigners are reported, by Wood, to have viſited the houſe in Bread-ſtreet where he was born.

According to another account, he was ſeen in a ſmall houſe, *neatly enough dreſſed in black cloaths, ſitting in a room hung with ruſty green; pale but not cadaverous, with chalkſtones in his hands. He ſaid, that if it were not for the gout, his blindneſs would be tolerable.*

In the intervals of his pain, being made unable to uſe the common exerciſes, he uſed to ſwing in a chair, and ſometimes played upon an organ.

He was now confeſſedly and viſibly employed upon his poem, of which the progreſs might be noted by thoſe with whom he was familiar;

for he was obliged, when he had compoſed as many lines as his memory would conveniently retain, to employ ſome friend in writing them, having, at leaſt for part of the time, no regular attendant. This gave opportunity to obſervations and reports.

Mr. Philips obſerves, that there was a very remarkable circumſtance in the compoſure of *Paradiſe Loſt*, "which I have a particular reaſon," ſays he, to remember; for whereas I had the peruſal of it from the very beginning, for ſome years, as I went from time to time to viſit him, in parcels of ten, twenty, or thirty verſes at a time (which, being written by whatever hand came next, might poſſibly want correction as to the orthography and pointing), having, as the Summer came on, not been ſhewed any for a conſiderable while; and deſiring the reaſon thereof, was anſwered, that his vein never happily flowed but from the Autumnal Equinox to the Vernal; andthat whatever he attempted at other times was never to his ſatisfaction, though hecourted his fancy never ſo much; ſo that, in all the years he was about this poem, he may be ſaid to have ſpent half his time therein."

Upon this relation Toland remarks, that in his opinion Philips has miſtaken the time of the year; for Milton, in his Elegies, declares that with the advance of the Spring he feels the increaſe of his poetical force, *redeunt in carmina vires*. To this it is anſwered, that Philips could hardly miſtake time ſo well marked; and it may be added, that Milton might find different

different times of the year favourable to different parts of life. Mr. Richardſon conceives it impoſſible that *ſuch a work ſhould be ſuſpended for ſix months, or for one. It may go on faſter or ſlower, but it muſt go on.* By what neceſſity it muſt continually go on, or why it might not be laid aſide and reſumed, it is not eaſy to diſcover.

This dependance of the ſoul upon the ſeaſons, thoſe temporary and periodical ebbs and flows of intellect, may, I ſuppoſe, juſtly be derided as the fumes of vain imagination. *Sapiens dominabitur aſtris.* The author that thinks himſelf weather-bound will find, with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhauſted. But while this notion has poſſeſſion of the head, it produces the inability which it ſuppoſes. Our powers owe much of their energy to our hopes; *poſſunt quia poſſe videntur.* When ſucceſs ſeems attainable, diligence is enforced; but when it is admitted that the faculties are ſuppreſſed by a croſs wind, or a cloudy ſky, the day is given up without reſiſtance; for who can contend with the courſe of Nature?

From ſuch prepoſſeſſions Milton ſeems not to have been free. There prevailed in his time an opinion that the world was in its decay, and that we have had the misfortune to be produced in the decrepitude of Nature. It was ſuſpected that the whole creation languiſhed, that neither trees nor animals had the height or bulk of their predeceſſors; and that every thing was daily ſinking in gradual diminution. Milton appears to ſuſpect that ſouls partake of the general degeneracy, and is not without

The ſtory of reducing his exuberance has been told of other authors, and though doubtleſs true of every fertile and copious mind, ſeems to have been gratuitouſly transferred to Milton.

What he has told us, and we cannot now know more, is, that he compoſed much of his poem in the night and morning, I ſuppoſe before his mind was diſturbed with common buſineſs; and that he poured out with great fluency his *unpremeditated verſe*. Verſification, free, like his, from the diſtreſſes of rhyme, muſt, by a work ſo long, be made prompt and habitual; and, when his thoughts were once adjuſted, the words would come at his command.

At what particular times of his life the parts of his work were written, cannot often be known. The beginning of the third book ſhews that he had loſt his ſight; and the Introduction to the ſeventh, that the return of the king had clouded him with diſcountenance; and that he was offended by the licentious feſtivity of the Reſtoration. There are no other internal notes of time. Milton, being now cleared from all effects of his diſloyalty, had nothing required from him but the common duty of living in quiet, to be rewarded with the common right of protection: but this, which, when he ſculked from the approach of his king, was perhaps more than he hoped, ſeems not to have ſatisfied him; for no ſooner is he ſafe than he finds himſelf in danger, *fallen on evil days and evil tongues, and with darkneſs and with danger compaſſed round.* This darkneſs, had his eyes been better employed,

ployed, had undoubtedly deſerved compaſſion; but to add the mention of danger was ungrateful and unjuſt. He was fallen indeed on *evil days*; the time was come in which regicides could no longer boaſt their wickedneſs. But of *evil tongues* for Milton to complain, required impudence at leaſt equal to his other powers; Milton, whoſe warmeſt advocates muſt allow, that he never ſpared any aſperity of reproach or brutality of inſolence.

But the charge itſelf ſeems to be falſe; for it would be hard to recollect any reproach caſt upon him, either ſerious or ludicrous, through the whole remaining part of his life. He perſued his ſtudies, or his amuſements, without perſecution, moleſtation, or inſult. Such is the reverence paid to great abilities, however miſuſed: they who contemplated in Milton the ſcholar and the wit, were contented to forget the reviler of his king.

When the plague (1665) raged in London, Milton took refuge at Chalfont in Eſſex; where Elwood, who had taken the houſe for him, firſt ſaw a complete copy of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and, having peruſed it, ſaid to him, "Thou haſt ſaid a great deal upon *Paradiſe* "*Loſt*; what haſt thou to ſay upon *Paradiſe* "*Found?*"

Next year, when the danger of infection had ceaſed, he returned to Bunhill-fields, and deſigned the publication of his poem. A licenſe was neceſſary, and he could expect no great kindneſs from a chaplain of the archbiſhop of Canterbury. He ſeems, however, to have been treated with tenderneſs; for though

though objections were made to particular paſſages, and among them to the ſimile of the ſun eclipſed in the firſt book, yet the licenſe was granted; and he ſold his copy, April 27, 1667, to Samuel Simmons for an immediate payment of five pounds, with a ſtipulation to receive five pounds more when thirteen hundred ſhould be ſold of the firſt edition; and again, five pounds after the ſale of the ſame number of the ſecond edition, and another five pounds after the ſame ſale of the third. None of the three editions were to be extended beyond fifteen hundred copies.

The firſt edition was of ten books, in a ſmall quarto. The titles were varied from year to year; and an advertiſement and the arguments of the books were omitted in ſome copies, and inſerted in others.

The ſale gave him in two years a right to his ſecond payment, for which the receipt was ſigned April 26, 1669. The ſecond edition was not given till 1674; it was printed in ſmall octavo; and the number of books was encreaſed to twelve, by a diviſion of the ſeventh and twelfth; and ſome other ſmall improvements were made. The third edition was publiſhed in 1678; and the widow, to whom the copy was then to devolve, ſold all her claims to Simmons for eight pounds, according to her receipt given Dec. 21, 1680. Simmons had already agreed to transfer the whole right to Brabazon Aylmer for twenty-five pounds; and Aylmer ſold to Jacob Tonſon half, Auguſt 17, 1683, and half, March 24, 1690, at a price conſiderably enlarged.

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The ſlow ſale and tardy reputation of this poem, have been always mentioned as evidences of neglected merit, and of the uncertainty of literary fame; and enquiries have been made, and conjectures offered, about the cauſes of its long obſcurity and late reception. But has the caſe been truly ſtated? Have not lamentation and wonder been laviſhed on an evil that was never felt?

That in the reigns of Charles and James the *Paradiſe Loſt* received no publick acclamations is readily confeſſed. Wit and literature were on the ſide of the Court: and who that ſolicited favour or the faſhion would venture to praiſe the defender of the regicides? All that he himſelf could think his due, from *evil tongues* in *evil days*, was that reverential ſilence which was generouſly preſerved. But it cannot be inferred that his poem was not read, or not, however, unwillingly, admired.

The ſale, if it be conſidered, will juſtify the publick. Thoſe who have no power to judge of paſt times but by their own, ſhould always doubt their concluſions. The ſale of books was not in Milton's age what it is in the preſent. To read was not then a general amuſement; neither traders, nor often gentlemen, thought themſelves diſgraced by ignorance. The women had not then aſpired to literature, nor was every houſe ſupplied with a cloſet of books. Thoſe indeed, who profeſſed learning, were not leſs learned than at any other time; but of that middle race of ſtudents who read for pleaſure or accompliſhment, and who buy the numerous products of modern typography, the number was then comparatively ſmall.

To

To prove the paucity of readers, it may be ſufficient to remark, that the nation had been ſatisfied, from 1623 to 1664, that is forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakeſpeare, which probably did not together make one thouſand copies.

The ſale of thirteen hundred copies in two years, in oppoſition to ſo much recent enmity, and to a ſtyle of verſification new to all and diſguſting to many, was an uncommon example of the prevalence of genius. The demand did not immediately encreaſe; for many more readers than were ſupplied at firſt the nation did not afford. Only three thouſand were ſold in eleven years; for it forced its way without aſſiſtance: its admirers did not dare to publiſh their opinion; and the opportunities now given of attracting notice by advertiſements were then very few; for the means of proclaiming the publication of new books have been produced by that general literature which now pervades the nation through all its ranks.

But the reputation and price of the copy ſtill advanced, till the Revolution put an end to the ſecrecy of love, and *Paradiſe Loſt* broke into open view with ſufficient ſecurity of kind reception.

Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton ſurveyed the ſilent progreſs of his work, and marked his reputation ſtealing its way in a kind of ſubterraneous current through fear and ſilence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little diſappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with ſteady conſciouſneſs, and waiting, without

without impatience, the viciſſitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.

In the mean time he continued his ſtudies, and ſupplied the want of ſight by a very odd expedient, of which Philips gives the following account:

Mr. Philips tells us, "that though our author had daily about him one or other to "read, ſome perſons of man's eſtate, who, of "their own accord, greedily catched at the "opportunity of being his readers, that they "might as well reap the benefit of what they "read to him, as oblige him by the benefit of "their reading; and others of younger years "were ſent by their parents to the ſame end: "yet excuſing only the eldeſt daughter, by "reaſon of her bodily infirmity, and difficult "utterance of ſpeech, (which, to ſay truth, "I doubt was the principal cauſe of excuſing "her) the other two were condemned to the "performance of reading, and exactly pronouncing of all the languages of whatever "book he ſhould, at one time or other, think "fit to peruſe, viz. the Hebrew (and I think "the Syriac), the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spaniſh, and French. All which ſorts "of books to be confined to read, without "underſtanding one word, muſt needs be a "trial of patience almoſt beyond endurance. "Yet it was endured by both for a long time, "though the irkſomeneſs of this employment "could not be always concealed, but broke "out more and more into expreſſions of uneaſineſs; ſo that at length they were all, "even the eldeſt alſo, ſent out to learn ſome

" curious and ingenious ſorts of manufacture,
" that are proper for women to learn; parti-
" cularly embroideries in gold or ſilver."

In the ſcene of miſery which this mode of intellectual labour ſets before our eyes, it is hard to determine whether the daughters or the father are moſt to be lamented. A language not underſtood can never be ſo read as to give pleaſure, and very ſeldom ſo as to convey meaning. If few men would have had reſolution to write books with ſuch embarraſſments, few likewiſe would have wanted ability to find ſome better expedient.

Three years after his *Paradiſe Loſt* (1670), he publiſhed his *Hiſtory of England*, compriſing the whole fable of Geoffry of Monmouth, and continued to the Norman invaſion. Why he ſhould have given the firſt part, which he ſeems not to believe, and which is univerſally rejected, it is difficult to conjecture. The ſtile is harſh; but it has ſomething of rough vigour, which perhaps may often ſtrike, though it cannot pleaſe.

On this hiſtory the licenſer again fixed his claws, and before he would tranſmit it to the preſs tore out ſeveral parts. Some cenſures of the Saxon monks were taken away, leſt they ſhould be applied to the modern clergy; and a character of the Long Parliament, and Aſſembly of Divines, was excluded; of which the author gave a copy to the earl of Angleſea, and which, being afterwards publiſhed, has been ſince inſerted in its proper place.

The ſame year were printed *Paradiſe Regained*, and *Sampſon Agoniſtes*, a tragedy written in imitation of the ancients, and never deſigned

deſigned by the author for the ſtage. Theſe poems were publiſhed by another bookſeller. It has been aſked, whether Simmons was diſcouraged from receiving them by the ſlow ſale of the former? Why a writer changed his bookſeller a hundred years ago, I am far from hoping to diſcover. It is certain, that he who in two years ſells thirteen hundred copies of a volume in quarto, bought for two payments of five pounds each, has no reaſon to repent his purchaſe.

When Milton ſhewed *Paradiſe Regained* to Elwood, "This," ſaid he, "is owing to you; "for you put it in my head by the queſtion "you put to me at Chalfont, which other-"wiſe I had not thought of."

His laſt poetical offspring was his favourite. He could not, as Elwood relates, endure to hear *Paradiſe Loſt* preferred to *Paradiſe Regained.* Many cauſes may vitiate a writer's judgement of his own works. On that which has coſt him much labour he ſets a high value, becauſe he is unwilling to think that he has been diligent in vain; what has been produced without toilſome efforts is conſidered with delight, as a proof of vigorous faculties and fertile invention; and the laſt work, whatever it be, has neceſſarily moſt of the grace of novelty. Milton, however it happened, had this prejudice, and had it to himſelf.

To that multiplicity of attainments, and extent of comprehenſion, that entitle this great author to our veneration, may be added a kind of humble dignity, which did not diſdain the meaneſt ſervices to literature. The epick poet, the controvertiſt, the politician, having alrea-

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dy deſcended to accommodate children with a book of rudiments, now, in the laſt years of his life, compoſed a book of Logick, for the initiation of ſtudents in philoſophy; and publiſhed (1672) *Artis Logicæ plenior Inſtitutio ad Petri Rami methodum concinnata:* that is, "A "new Scheme of Logick, according to the "Method of Ramus." I know not whether, even in this book, he did not intend an act of hoſtility againſt the Univerſities; for Ramus was one of the firſt oppugners of the old philoſophy, who diſturbed with innovations the quiet of the ſchools.

His polemical diſpoſition again revived. He had now been ſafe ſo long, that he forgot his fears, and publiſhed a *Treatiſe of true Religion, Hereſy, Schiſm, Toleration, and the beſt Means to prevent the Growth of Popery.*

But this little tract is modeſtly written, with reſpectful mention of the church of England, and an appeal to the thirty-nine articles. His principle of toleration is, agreement in the ſufficiency of the Scriptures; and he extends it to all who, whatever their opinions are, profeſs to derive them from the ſacred books. The papiſts appeal to other teſtimonies, and are therefore in his opinion not to be permitted the liberty of either publick or private worſhip; for though they plead conſcience, *we have no warrant*, he ſays, *to regard conſcience which is not grounded in Scripture.*

Thoſe who are not convinced by his reaſons, may be perhaps delighted with his wit. The term *Roman catholick* is, he ſays, *one of the Pope's bulls; it is particular univerſal, or catholick ſchiſmatick.*

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He has, however, ſomething better. As the beſt preſervative againſt Popery, he recommends the diligent peruſal of the Scriptures; a duty, from which he warns the buſy part of mankind not to think themſelves excuſed.

He now reprinted his juvenile poems, with ſome additions.

In the laſt year of his life he ſent to the preſs, ſeeming to take delight in publication, a collection of Familiar Epiſtles in Latin; to which, being too few to make a volume, he added ſome academical exerciſes; which perhaps he peruſed with pleaſure, as they recalled to his memory the days of youth; but for which nothing but veneration for his name could now procure a reader.

When he had attained his ſixty-ſixth year, the gout, with which he had been long tormented, prevailed over the enfeebled powers of nature. He died by a quiet and ſilent expiration, about the tenth of November 1674, at his houſe in Bunhill-fields; and was buried next his father in the chancel of St. Giles at Cripplegate. His funeral was very ſplendidly and numerouſly attended.

Upon his grave there is ſuppoſed to have been no memorial; but in our time a monument has been erected in Weſtminſter Abbey *To the Author of Paradiſe Loſt*, by Mr. Benſon, who has in the inſcription beſtowed more words upon himſelf than upon Milton.

When the inſcription for the monument of Philips, in which he was ſaid to be *ſoli Miltono ſecundus*, was exhibited to Dr. Sprat, then dean of Weſtminſter, he refuſed to admit it; the name of Milton was, in his opinion, too

deteſtable to be read on the wall of a building dedicated to devotion. Atterbury, who ſucceeded him, being author of the inſcription, permitted its reception. "And ſuch has been "the change of publick opinion," ſaid Dr. Gregory, from whom I heard this account, "that I have ſeen erected in the church a ſta-"tue of that man, whoſe name I once knew "conſidered as a pollution of its walls."

Milton has the reputation of having been in his youth eminently beautiful, ſo as to have been called the Lady of his college. His hair, which was of a light brown, parted at the foretop, and hung down upon his ſhoulders, according to the picture which he has given of Adam. He was, however, not of the heroick ſtature, but rather below the middle ſize, according to Mr. Richardſon, who mentions him as having narrowly eſcaped from being *ſhort and thick*. He was vigorous and active, and delighted in the exerciſe of the ſword, in which he is related to have been eminently ſkilful. His weapon was, I believe, not the rapier, but the back-ſword, of which he recommends the uſe in his book on Education.

His eyes are ſaid never to have been bright; but, if he was a dexterous fencer, they muſt have been once quick.

His domeſtick habits, ſo far as they are known, were thoſe of a ſevere ſtudent. He drank little ſtrong drink of any kind, and fed without delicacy of choice or exceſs in quantity. In his youth he ſtudied late at night; but afterwards changed his hours, and reſted in bed from nine to four in the Summer, and five in Winter. The courſe of his day was beſt known

after he was blind. When he firſt roſe he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then ſtudied till twelve; then took ſome exercise for an hour; then dined; then played on the organ, and ſung, or heard another ſing; then ſtudied to ſix; then entertained his viſiters, till eight; then ſupped, and, after a pipe of tobacco and a glaſs of water, went to bed.

So is his life deſcribed; but this even tenour appears attainable only in Colleges. He that lives in the world will ſometimes have the ſucceſſion of his practice broken and confuſed. Viſiters, of whom Milton is repreſented to have had great numbers, will come and ſtay unſeaſonably; buſineſs, of which every man has ſome, muſt be done when others will do it.

When he did not care to riſe early, he had ſomething read to him by his bed-ſide; perhaps at this time his daughters were employed. He compoſed much in the morning, and dictated in the day, ſitting obliquely in an elbow-chair, with his leg thrown over the arm.

Fortune appears not to have had much of his care. In the civil wars he lent his perſonal eſtate to the parliament; but when, after the conteſt was decided, he ſolicited repayment, he met not only with neglect but *ſharp rebuke*; and, having tired both himſelf and his friends, was given up to poverty and hopeleſs indignation, till he ſhewed how able he was to do greater ſervice. He was then made Latin ſecretary, with two hundred pounds a year; and had a thouſand pounds for his *Defence of the People*. His widow, who, after his death, retired to Namptwich in Cheſhire, and died about 1729, is ſaid to have reported that he loſt two

thouſand pounds by entruſting it to a ſcrivener; and that, in the general depredation upon the Church, he had graſped an eſtate of about ſixty pounds a year belonging to Weſtminſter Abbey, which, like other ſharers of the plunder of rebellion, he was afterwards obliged to return. Two thouſand pounds, which he had placed in the Exciſe-office, were alſo loſt. There is yet no reaſon to believe that he was ever reduced to indigence. His wants being few, were competently ſupplied. He ſold his library before his death, and left his family fifteen hundred pounds, on which his widow laid hold, and only gave one hundred to each of his daughters.

His literature was unqueſtionably great. He read all the languages which are conſidered either as learned or polite; Hebrew, with its two dialects, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spaniſh. In Latin his ſkill was ſuch as places him in the firſt rank of writers and criticks; and he appears to have cultivated Italian with uncommon diligence. The books in which his daughter, who uſed to read to him, repreſented him as moſt delighting, after Homer, whith he could almoſt repeat, were Ovid's Metamorphoſes and Euripides. His Euripides is, by Mr. Cradock's kindneſs, now in my hands: the margin is ſometimes noted; but I have found nothing remarkable.

Of the Engliſh poets he ſet moſt value upon Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, and Cowley. Spenſer was apparently his favourite: Shakeſpeare he may eaſily be ſuppoſed to like, with every other ſkilful reader; but I ſhould not have expected that Cowley, whoſe ideas of excellence were

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ſo different from his own, would have had much of his approbation. His character of Dryden, who ſometimes viſited him, was, that he was a good rhymiſt, but no poet.

His theological opinions are ſaid to have been firſt calviniſtical; and afterwards, perhaps when he began to hate the Preſbyterians, to have tended towards Arminianiſm. In the mixed queſtions of theology and government, he never thinks that he can recede far enough from popery, or prelacy; but what Baudius ſays of Eraſmus ſeems applicable to him, *magis habuit quod fugeret, quam quod ſequeretur.* He had determined rather what to condemn than what to approve. He has not aſſociated himſelf with any denomination of Proteſtants: we know rather what he was not, than what he was. He was not of the church of Rome; he was not of the church of England.

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are diſtant, and which is animated only by Faith and Hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unleſs it be invigorated and reimpreſſed by external ordinances, by ſtated calls to worſhip, and the ſalutary influence of example. Milton, who appears to have had full conviction of the truth of Chriſtianity, and to have regarded the Holy Scriptures with the profoundeſt veneration, to have been untainted by any heretical peculiarity of opinion, and to have lived in a confirmed belief of the immediate and occaſional agency of Providence, yet grew old without any viſible worſhip. In the diſtribution of his hours, there was no hour of prayer, either ſolitary,

litary, or with his houſehold; omitting publick prayers, he omitted all.

Of this omiſſion the reaſon has been ſought, upon a ſuppoſition which ought never to be made, that men live with their own approbation, and juſtify their conduct to themſelves. Prayer certainly was not thought ſuperfluous by him, who repreſents our firſt parents as praying acceptably in the ſtate of innocence, and efficaciouſly after their fall. That he lived without prayer can hardly be affirmed; his ſtudies and meditations were an habitual prayer. The neglect of it in his family was probably a fault for which he condemned himſelf, and which he intended to correct, but that death, as too often happens, intercepted his reformation.

His political notions were thoſe of an acrimonious and ſurly republican, for which it is not known that he gave any better reaſon than that *a popular government was the moſt frugal; for the trappings of a monarchy would ſet up an ordinary commonwealth.* It is ſurely very ſhallow policy, that ſuppoſes money to be the chief good; and even this, without conſidering that the ſupport and expence of a Court is, for the moſt part, only a particular kind of traffick, by which money is circulated, without any national impoveriſhment.

Milton's republicaniſm was, I am afraid, founded in an envious hatred of greatneſs, and a ſullen deſire of independence; in petulance, impatient of controul, and pride diſdainful of ſuperiority. He hated monarchs in the ſtate, and prelates in the church; for he hated all whom he was required to obey. It is to be

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ſuſpected that his predominant deſire was to deſtroy rather than eſtabliſh, and that he felt not ſo much the love of liberty as repugnance to authority.

It has been obſerved, that they who moſt loudly clamour for liberty do not moſt liberally grant it. What we know of Milton's character, in domeſtick relations, is, that he was ſevere and arbitrary. His family conſiſted of women; and there appears in his books ſomething like a Turkiſh contempt of females, as ſubordinate and inferiour beings. That his own daughters might not break the ranks, he ſuffered them to be depreſſed by a mean and penurious education. He thought woman made only for obedience, and man only for rebellion.

Of his family ſome account may be expected. His ſiſter, firſt married to Mr. Philips, afterwards married Mr. Agar, a friend of her firſt huſband, who ſucceeded him in the Crown-office. She had by her firſt huſband Edward and John, the two nephews whom Milton educated; and by her ſecond, two daughters.

His brother, Sir Chriſtopher, had two daughters, Mary and Catherine, and a ſon Thomas, who ſucceeded Agar in the Crown-office, and left a daughter, living in 1749 in Groſvenor-ſtreet.

Milton had children only by his firſt wife; Anne, Mary, and Deborah. Anne, though deformed, married a maſter-builder, and died of her firſt child. Mary died ſingle. Deborah married Abraham Clark, a weaver in Spital-fields, and lived 76 years, to Auguſt 1727.

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This is the daughter of whom publick mention has been made. She could repeat the firſt lines of Homer, the Metamorphoſes, and ſome of Euripides, by having often read them. Yet here incredulity is ready to make a ſtand. Many repetitions are neceſſary to fix in the memory lines not underſtood; and why ſhould Milton wiſh or want to hear them ſo often! Theſe lines were at the beginning of the poems. Of a book written in a language not underſtood, the beginning raiſes no more attention than the end; and as thoſe that underſtand it know commonly the beginning beſt, its rehearſal will ſeldom be neceſſary. It is not likely that Milton required any paſſage to be ſo much repeated as that his daughter could learn it; nor likely that he deſired the initial lines to be read at all; nor that the daughter, weary of the drudgery of pronouncing unideal ſounds, would voluntarily commit them to memory.

To this gentlewoman Addiſon made a preſent, and promiſed ſome eſtabliſhment; but died ſoon after. Queen Caroline ſent her fifty guineas. She had ſeven ſons and three daughters; but none of them had any children, except her ſon Caleb and her daughter Elizabeth. Caleb went to Fort St. George in the Eaſt Indies, and had two ſons, of whom nothing is now known. Elizabeth married Thomas Foſter, a weaver in Spital-fields, and had ſeven children, who all died. She kept a petty grocer's or chandler's ſhop, firſt at Halloway, and afterwards in Cock-lane near Shoreditch Church. She knew little of her grandfather, and that little was not good. She told

told of his harſhneſs to his daughters, and his refuſal to have them taught to write; and, in oppoſition to other accounts, repreſented him as delicate, though temperate, in his diet.

In 1750, April 5, *Comus* was played for her benefit. She had ſo little acquaintance with diverſion or gaiety, that ſhe did not know what was intended when a benefit was offered her. The profits of the night were only one hundred and thirty pounds, though Dr. Newton brought a large contribution; and twenty pounds were given by Tonſon, a man who is to be praiſed as often as he is named. Of this ſum one hundred pounds was placed in the ſtocks, after ſome debate between her and her huſband in whoſe name it ſhould be entered, and the reſt augmented their little ſtock, with which they removed to Iſlington. This was the greateſt benefaction that *Paradiſe Loſt* ever procured the author's deſcendents; and to this he who has now attempted to relate his Life, had the honour of contributing a Prologue.

IN the examination of Milton's poetical works, I ſhall pay ſo much regard to time as to begin with his juvenile productions. For his early pieces he ſeems to have had a degree of fondneſs not very laudable: what he has once written he reſolves to preſerve, and gives to the publick an unfiniſhed poem, which he broke off becauſe he was *nothing ſatisfied with what he had done*, ſuppoſing his readers leſs nice

than himſelf. Theſe preludes to his future labours are in Italian, Latin, and Engliſh. Of the Italian I cannot pretend to ſpeak as a critic; but I have heard them commended by a man well qualified to decide their merit. The Latin pieces are luſciouſly elegant; but the delight which they afford is rather by the exquiſite imitation of the ancient writers, by the purity of the diction, and the harmony of the numbers, than by any power of invention, or vigour of ſentiment. They are not all of equal value; the elegies excel the odes; and ſome of the exerciſes on Gunpowder Treaſon might have been ſpared.

The Engliſh poems, though they make no promiſes of *Paradiſe Loſt*, have this evidence of genius, that they have a caſt original and unborrowed. But their peculiarity is not excellence: if they differ from the verſes of others, they differ for the worſe; for they are too often diſtinguiſhed by repulſive harſhneſs; the combinations of words are new, but they are not pleaſing; the rhymes and epithets ſeem to be laborioufly ſought, and violently applied.

That in the early part of his life he wrote with much care appears from his manuſcripts, happily preſerved at Cambridge, in which many of his ſmaller works are found as they were firſt written, with the ſubſequent corrections. Such reliques ſhew how excellence is acquired; what we hope ever to do with eaſe, we may learn firſt to do with diligence.

Thoſe who admire the beauties of this great poet, ſometimes force their own judgement into falſe approbation of his little pieces, and prevail upon themſelves to think that admirable

ble which is only ſingular. All that ſhort compoſitions can commonly attain is neatneſs and elegance. Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace; he overlooked the milder excellence of ſuavity and ſoftneſs; he was a *Lion* that had no ſkill *in dandling the Kid.*

One of the poems on which much praiſe has been beſtowed is *Lycidas*; of which the diction is harſh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleaſing. What beauty there is, we muſt therefore ſeek in the ſentiments and images.

It is not to be conſidered as the effuſion of real paſſion; for paſſion runs not after remote alluſions and obſcure opinions. Paſſion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuſe and Mincius, nor tells of rough *ſatyrs* and *fauns with cloven heel.* Where there is leiſure for fiction there is little grief.

In this poem there is no nature, for there is no truth; there is no art, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a paſtoral, eaſy, vulgar, and therefore diſguſting: whatever images it can ſupply, are long ago exhauſted; and its inherent improbability always forces diſſatisfaction on the mind. When Cowley tells of Hervey that they ſtudied together, it is eaſy to ſuppoſe how much he muſt miſs the companion of his labours, and the partner of his diſcoveries; but what image of tenderneſs can be excited by theſe lines?

We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the grey fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night.

We

We know that they never drove a field, and that they had no flocks to batten; and though it be allowed that the repreſentation may be allegorical, the true meaning is ſo uncertain and remote, that it is never ſought, becauſe it cannot be known when it is found.

Among the flocks, and copſes, and flowers, appear the heathen deities; Jove and Phœbus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, ſuch as a College eaſily ſupplies. Nothing can leſs diſplay knowledge, or leſs exerciſe invention, than to tell how a ſhepherd has loſt his companion, and muſt now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his ſkill in piping; and how one god aſks another god what is become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He who thus grieves will excite no ſympathy; he who thus praiſes will confer no honour.

This poem has yet a groſſer fault. With theſe trifling fictions are mingled the moſt awful and ſacred truths, ſuch as ought never to be polluted with ſuch irreverend combinations. The ſhepherd likewiſe is now a feeder of ſheep, and afterwards an eccleſiaſtical paſtor, a ſuperintendent of a Chriſtian flock. Such equivocations are always unſkilful, but here they are indecent, and at leaſt approach to impiety, of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conſcious.

Such is the power of reputation juſtly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination. Surely no man could have fancied that he read Lycidas with pleaſure, had he not known its author.

Of

Of the two pieces, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo*, I believe opinion is uniform; every man that reads them, reads them with pleaſure. The author's deſign is not, what Theobald has remarked, merely to ſhew how objects derive their colours from the mind, by repreſenting the operation of the ſame things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the ſame man as he is differently diſpoſed; but rather how, among the ſucceſſive variety of appearances, every diſpoſition of mind takes hold on thoſe by which it may be gratified.

The *chearful* man hears the lark in the morning; the *penſive* man hears the nightingale in the evening. The *chearful* man ſees the cock ſtrut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood; then walks *not unſeen* to obſerve the glory of the riſing ſun, or liſten to the ſinging milk-maid, and view the labours of the plowman and the mower; then caſts his eyes about him over ſcenes of ſmiling plenty, and looks up to the diſtant tower, the reſidence of ſome fair inhabitant; thus he purſues rural gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himſelf at night with the fanciful narratives of ſuperſtitious ignorance.

The *penſive* man, at one time, walks *unſeen* to muſe at midnight; and at another hears the ſullen curfew. If the weather drives him home, he ſits in a room lighted only by *glowing embers*; or by a lonely lamp outwatches the North Star, to diſcover the habitation of ſeparate ſouls, and varies the ſhades of meditation, by contemplating the magnificent or pathetick ſcenes of tragick and epic poetry.

When

When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with rain and wind, he walks into the dark trackleſs woods, falls aſleep by ſome murmuring water, and with melancholy enthuſiaſm expects ſome dream of prognoſtication, or ſome muſick played by aerial performers.

Both Mirth and Melancholy are ſolitary, ſilent inhabitants of the breaſt that neither receive nor tranſmit communication; no mention is therefore made of a philoſophical friend, or a pleaſant companion. Seriouſneſs does not ariſe from any participation of calamity, nor gaiety from the pleaſures of the bottle.

The man of *chearfulneſs*, having exhauſted the country, tries what *towered cities* will afford, and mingles with ſcenes of ſplendor, gay aſſemblies, and nuptial feſtivities; but he mingles a mere ſpectator, as when the learned comedies of Jonſon, or the wild dramas of Shakeſpeare, are exhibited, he attends the theatre.

The *penſive* man never loſes himſelf in crowds, but walks the cloiſter, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forſaken the Church.

Both his characters delight in muſick; but he ſeems to think that chearful notes would have obtained from Pluto a compleat diſmiſſion of Eurydice, of whom ſolemn ſounds only procured a conditional releaſe.

For the old age of Chearfulneſs he makes no proviſion; but Melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the cloſe of life.

Through theſe two poems the images are properly ſelected, and nicely diſtinguiſhed; but the

the colours of the diction ſeem not ſufficiently diſcriminated. His Chearfulneſs is without levity, and his Penſiveneſs without aſperity. I know not whether the characters are kept ſufficiently apart. No mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet ſome melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of imagination.

The greateſt of his juvenile performances is the *Maſk of Comus*; in which may very plainly be diſcovered the dawn or twilight of *Paradiſe Loſt*. Milton appears to have formed very early that ſyſtem of diction and mode of verſe, which his maturer judgment approved, and from which he never endeavoured nor deſired to deviate.

Nor does *Comus* afford only a ſpecimen of his language; it exhibits likewiſe his power of deſcription, and his vigour of ſentiment, employed in the praiſe and defence of virtue. A work more truely poetical is rarely found; alluſions, images, and deſcriptive epithets, embelliſh almoſt every period with laviſh decoration. As a ſeries of lines, therefore, it may be conſidered as worthy of all the admiration with which the votaries have received it.

As a drama it is deficient. The action is not probable. A Maſque, in thoſe parts where ſupernatural intervention is admitted, muſt indeed be given up to all the freaks of imagination; but, ſo far as the action is merely human, it ought to be reaſonable, which can hardly be ſaid of the conduct of the two brothers; who, when their ſiſter ſinks with fatigue in a pathleſs wilderneſs, wander both away together in ſearch of berries too far to find

find their way back, and leave a helpleſs lady to all the ſadneſs and danger of ſolitude. This however is a defect over-balanced by its convenience.

What deſerves more reprehenſion is, that the prologue ſpoken in the wild wood by the attendant Spirit is addreſſed to the audience; a mode of communication ſo contrary to the nature of dramatick repreſentation, that no precedents can ſupport it.

The diſcourſe of the Spirit is too long; an objection that may be made to almoſt all the following ſpeeches: they have not the ſpritelineſs of a dialogue animated by reciprocal contention, but ſeem rather declamations deliberately compoſed, and formally repeated, on a moral queſtion. The auditor therefore liſtens as to a lecture, without paſſion, without anxiety.

The ſong of Comus has airineſs and jollity; but, what may recommend Milton's morals as well as his poetry, the invitations to pleaſure are ſo general, that they excite no diſtinct images of corrupt enjoyment, and take no dangerous hold on the fancy.

The following ſoliloquies of Comus and the Lady are elegant, but tedious. The ſong muſt owe much to the voice, if it ever can delight. At laſt the brothers enter, with too much tranquility; and when they have feared leſt their ſiſter ſhould be in danger, and hoped that ſhe is not in danger, the Elder makes a ſpeech in praiſe of chaſtity, and the Younger finds how fine it is to be a philoſopher.

Then deſcends the Spirit in form of a ſhepherd; and the brother, inſtead of being in haſte

haſte to aſk his help, praiſes his ſinging, and enquires his buſineſs in that place. It is remarkable, that at this interview the brother is taken with a ſhort fit of rhyming. The Spirit relates that the Lady is in the power of Comus; the brother moraliſes again; and the Spirit makes a long narration, of no uſe becauſe it is falſe, and therefore unſuitable to a good Being.

In all theſe parts the language is poetical, and the reſentments are generous; but there is ſomething wanting to allure attention.

The diſpute between the Lady and Comus is the moſt animated and affecting ſcene of the drama, and wants nothing but a briſker reciprocation of objections and replies to invite attention, and detain it.

The ſongs are vigorous, and full of imagery; but they are harſh in their diction, and not very muſical in their numbers.

Throughout the whole, the figures are too bold, and the language too luxuriant for dialogue. It is a drama in the epic ſtile, inelegantly ſplendid, and tediouſly inſtructive.

The *Sonnets* were written in different parts of Milton's life, upon different occaſions. They deſerve not any particular criticiſm; for of the beſt it can only be ſaid, that they are not bad; and perhaps only the eighth and the twenty firſt are truly entitled to this ſlender commendation. The fabrick of a ſonnet, however adapted to the Italian language, has never ſucceeded in ours, which, having greater variety of termination, requires the rhymes to be often changed.

Thoſe little pieces may be diſpatched without much anxiety; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine *Paradiſe Loſt*; a poem, which, conſidered with reſpect to deſign, may claim the firſt place, and with reſpect to performance the ſecond among the productions of the human mind.

By the general conſent of criticks, the firſt praiſe of genius is due to the writer of an epick poem, as it requires an aſſemblage of all the powers which are ſingly ſufficient for other compoſitions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleaſure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reaſon. Epick poetry undertakes to teach the moſt important truths by the moſt pleaſing precepts, and therefore relates ſome great event in the moſt affecting manner. Hiſtory muſt ſupply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he muſt improve and exalt by a nobler art, animate by dramatick energy, and diverſify by retroſpection and anticipation; morality muſt teach him the exact bounds, and different ſhades, of vice and virtue: from policy, and the practice of life, he has to learn the diſcriminations of character, and the tendency of the paſſions, either ſingle our combined; and phyſiology muſt ſupply him with illuſtrations and images. To put theſe materials to poetical uſe, is required an imagination capable of painting nature, and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extenſion of his language, diſtinguiſhed all the delicacies of phraſe, and all the colours of words, and learned to adjuſt their different ſounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Roſſir

Boſſu is of opinion that the poet's firſt work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illuſtrate and eſtabliſh. This ſeems to have been the proceſs only of Milton; the moral of other poems is incidental and conſequent; in Milton's only it is eſſential and intrinſic. His purpoſe was the moſt uſeful and the moſt arduous; *to vindicate the ways of God to man*; to ſhew the reaſonableneſs of religion, and the neceſſity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral there muſt be a *fable*, a narration artfully conſtructed, ſo as to excite curioſity, and ſurpriſe expectation. In this part of his work, Milton muſt be confeſſed to have equalled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded, and thoſe that were to follow it: he has interwoven the whole ſyſtem of theology with ſuch propriety, that every part appears to be neceſſary; and ſcarcely any recital is wiſhed ſhorter for the ſake of quickening the progreſs of the main action.

The ſubject of an epick poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the deſtruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His ſubject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and earth; rebellion againſt the Supreme King, raiſed by the higheſt order of created beings; the overthrow of their hoſt, and the puniſhment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reaſonable creatures; their original happineſs and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their reſtoration to hope and peace.

Great events can be haſtened or retarded only by perſons of elevated dignity. Before the greatneſs diſplayed in Milton's poem, all other greatneſs ſhrinks away. The weakeſt of his agents are the higheſt and nobleſt of human beings, the original parents of mankind; with whoſe actions the elements conſented; on whoſe rectitude, or deviation of will, depended the ſtate of terreſtrial nature, and the condition of all the future inhabitants of the globe.

Of the other agents in the poem, the chief are ſuch as it is irreverence to name on ſlight occaſions. The reſt were lower powers;

—of which the leaſt could wield
Thoſe elements, and arm him with the force
Of all their regions.

powers, which only the controul of Omnipotence reſtrains from laying creation waſte, and filling the vaſt expanſe of ſpace with ruin and confuſion. To diſplay the motives and actions of beings thus ſuperiour, ſo far as human reaſon can examine them, or human imagination repreſent them, is the taſk which this mighty poet has undertaken and performed.

In the examination of epick poems much ſpeculation is commonly employed upon the *characters*. The characters in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, which admit of examination, are thoſe of angels and of man; of angels good and evil; of man in his innocent and ſinful ſtate.

Among the angels, the virtue of Raphael is mild and placid, of eaſy condeſcenſion and free communication; that of Michael is regal and lofty, and, as may ſeem, attentive to the dignity of his own nature. Abdiel and Gabriel

briel appear occaſionally, and act as every incident requires; the ſolitary fidelity of Abdiel is very amiably painted.

Of the evil angels the characters are more diverſified. To Satan, as Addiſon obſerves, ſuch ſentiments are given as ſuit *the moſt exalted and moſt depraved being*. Milton has been cenſured, by Clarke, for the impiety which ſometimes breaks from Satan's mouth. For there are thoughts, as he juſtly remarks, which no obſervation of character can juſtify, becauſe no good man would willingly permit them to paſs, however tranſiently, through his own mind. To make Satan ſpeak as a rebel, without any ſuch expreſſions as might taint the reader's imagination, was indeed one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking, and I cannot but think that he has extricated himſelf with great happineſs. There is in Satan's ſpeeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the ſame with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtineſs and obſtinacy; but his expreſſions are commonly general, and no otherwiſe offenſive than as they are wicked.

The other chiefs of the celeſtial rebellion are very judiciouſly diſcriminated in the firſt and ſecond books; and the ferocious character of Moloch appears, both in the battle and the council, with exact conſiſtency.

To Adam and to Eve are given, during their innocence, ſuch ſentiment as innocence can generate and utter. Their love is pure benevolence and mutual veneration; their repaſts are without luxury, and their diligence without

without toil. Their addreſſes to their Maker have little more than the voice of admiration and gratitude. Fruition left them nothing to aſk, and Innocence left them nothing to fear.

But with guilt enter diſtruſt and diſcord, mutual accuſation, and ſtubborn ſelf-defence; they regard each other with alienated minds, and dread their Creator as the avenger of their tranſgreſſion. At laſt they ſeek ſhelter in his mercy, ſoften to repentance, and melt in ſupplication. Both before and after the Fall, the ſuperiority of Adam is diligently ſuſtained.

Of the *probable* and the *marvellous*, two parts of a vulgar epick poem, which immerge the critick in deep conſideration, the *Paradiſe Loſt* requires little to be ſaid. It contains the hiſtory of a miracle of Creation and Redemption; it diſplays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being; the probable therefore is marvellous, and the marvellous is probable. The ſubſtance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like neceſſity, ſuperior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to every thing human, ſome ſlight exceptions may be made. But the main fabrick is immovably ſupported.

It is juſtly remarked by Addiſon, that this poem has, by the nature of its ſubject, the advantage above all others, that it is univerſally and perpetually intereſting. All mankind will, through all ages, bear the ſame relation to Adam and to Eve, and muſt partake of that good and evil which extend to themſelves.

Of the *machinery*, ſo called from θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς, by which is meant the occaſional interpoſition

poſition of ſupernatural power, another fertile topick of critical remarks, here is no room to ſpeak, becauſe every thing is done under the immediate and viſible direction of Heaven; but the rule is ſo far obſerved, that no part of the action could have been accompliſhed by any other means.

Of *epiſodes*, I think there are only two, contained in Raphael's relation of the war in heaven, and Michael's prophetick account of the changes to happen in this world. Both are cloſely connected with the great action; one was neceſſary to Adam as a warning, the other as a conſolation.

To the compleatneſs or *integrity* of the deſign nothing can be objected; it has diſtinctly and clearly what Ariſtotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem, of the ſame length, from which ſo little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long deſcription of a ſhield. The ſhort digreſſions at the beginning of the third, ſeventh, and ninth books, might doubtleſs be ſpared; but ſuperfluities ſo beautiful, who would take away? or who does not wiſh that the author of the *Iliad* had gratified ſucceeding ages with a little knowledge of himſelf? Perhaps no paſſages are more frequently or more attentively read than thoſe extrinſick paragraphs; and, ſince the end of poetry is pleaſure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleaſed.

The queſtions, whether the action of the poem be ſtrictly *one*, whether the poem can be properly termed *heroick*, and who is the hero,

are raiſed by ſuch readers as draw their principles of judgment rather from books than from reaſon. Milton, though he intituled *Paradiſe Loſt* only a *poem*, yet calls it himſelf *heroick ſong*. Dryden, petulantly and indecently, denies the heroiſm of Adam, becauſe he was overcome; but there is no reaſon why the hero ſhould not be unfortunate, except eſtabliſhed practice, ſince ſucceſs and virtue do not go neceſſarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be ſuffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if ſucceſs be neceſſary, Adam's deceiver was at laſt cruſhed; Adam was reſtored to his Maker's favour, and therefore may ſecurely reſume his human rank.

After the ſcheme and fabrick of the poem, muſt be conſidered its component parts, the ſentiments and the diction.

The *ſentiments*, as expreſſive of manners, or appropriated to characters, are, for the greater part, unexceptionably juſt.

Splendid paſſages, containing leſſons of morality, or precepts of prudence, occur ſeldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that, as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little aſſiſtance to human conduct. Its end is to raiſe the thoughts above ſublunary cares or pleaſures. Yet the praiſe of that fortitude, with which Abdiel maintained his ſingularity of virtue againſt the ſcorn of multitudes, may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curioſity after the planetary motions, with the anſwer returned by Adam, may be confident-

ly

ly oppoſed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occaſionally called forth in the progreſs, are ſuch as could only be produced by an imagination in the higheſt degree fervid and active, to which materials were ſupplied by inceſſant ſtudy and unlimited curioſity. The heat of Milton's mind might be ſaid to ſublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the ſpirit of ſcience, unmingled with its groſſer parts.

He had conſidered creation in its whole extent, and his deſcriptions are therefore learned. He had accuſtomed his imagination to unreſtrained indulgence. and his conceptions therefore were extenſive. The characteriſtick quality of his poem is ſublimity. He ſometimes deſcends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occaſionally inveſt himſelf with grace; but his natural port is gigantick loftineſs *. He can pleaſe when pleaſure is required; but it is his peculiar power to aſtoniſh.

He ſeems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that Nature had beſtowed upon him more bountifully than upon others; the power of diſplaying the vaſt, illuminating the ſplendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful: he therefore choſe a ſubject on which too much could not be ſaid, on which he might tire his fancy without the cenſure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not ſatiate his appetite of greatneſs.

* Algaroti terms it *giganteſca ſublimità Miltoniana.*

greatneſs. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to ſport in the wide regions of poſſibility; reality was a ſcene too narrow for his mind. He ſent his faculties out upon diſcovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of exiſtence, and furniſh ſentiment and action to ſuperior beings, to trace the counſels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds: he muſt ſometimes reviſit earth, and tell of things viſible and known. When he cannot raiſe wonder by the ſublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility.

Whatever be his ſubject, he never fails to fill the imagination. But his images and deſcriptions of the ſcenes or operations of Nature do not ſeem to be always copied from original form, nor to have the freſhneſs, racineſs, and energy of immediate obſervation. He ſaw Nature, as Dryden expreſſes it, *through the ſpectacles of books*; and on moſt occaſions calls learning to his aſſiſtance. The garden of Eden brings to his mind the vale of *Enna*, where Proſerpine was gathering flowers. Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like *Argo* between the *Cyanean* rocks, or *Ulyſſes* between the two *Sicilian* whirlpools, when he ſhunned *Charybdis* on the *larboard*. The mythological alluſions have been juſtly cenſured, as not being always uſed with notice of their vanity; but they contribute variety to the narration, and produce an alternate exerciſe of the memory and the fancy.

His

His ſimilies are leſs numerous, and more various, than thoſe of his predeceſſors. But he does not confine himſelf within the limits of rigorous compariſon: his great excellence is amplitude, and he expands the adventitious image beyond the dimenſions which the occaſion required. Thus, comparing the ſhield of Satan to the orb of the Moon, he crowds the imagination with the diſcovery which the teleſcope diſcovers.

Of his moral ſentiments it is hardly praiſe to affirm that they excel thoſe of all other poets; for this ſuperiority he was indebted to his acquaintance with the ſacred writings. The ancient epick poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unſkilful teachers of virtue: their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may riſe from their works with a greater degree of active or paſſive fortitude, and ſometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of juſtice, and none of mercy.

From the Italian writers it appears, that the advantages of even Chriſtian knowledge may be poſſeſſed in vain. Arioſto's pravity is generally known; and though the *Deliverance of Jeruſalem* may be conſidered as a ſacred ſubject, the poet has been very ſparing of moral inſtruction.

In Milton every line breathes ſanctity of thought, and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious ſpirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their ſubjection to God, in ſuch a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety.

Of

Of human beings there are but two; but thoſe two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and ſubmiſſion. In their firſt ſtate their affection is tender without weakneſs, and their piety ſublime without preſumption. When they have ſinned, they ſhew how diſcord begins in natural frailty, and how it ought to ceaſe in mutual forbearance; how confidence of the divine favour is forfeited by ſin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A ſtate of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our preſent miſery, it be poſſible to conceive it; but the ſentiments and worſhip proper to a fallen and offending being, we have all to learn, as we have all to practiſe.

The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors, in their firſt ſtate, converſed with angels; even when folly and ſin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation *the port of mean ſuitors*; and they riſe again to reverential regard, when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human paſſions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the *Paradiſe Loſt* little opportunity for the pathetick; but what little there is has not been loſt. That paſſion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguiſh ariſing from the conſciouſneſs of tranſgreſſion, and the horrours attending the ſenſe of the Divine diſpleaſure, are very juſtly deſcribed and forcibly impreſſed. But the paſſions are moved only on one occaſion; ſublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this poem;

poem; ſublimity variouſly modified, ſometimes deſcriptive, ſometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of *Paradiſe Loſt*, for faults and defects every work of man muſt have, it is the buſineſs of impartial criticiſm to diſcover. As, in diſplaying the excellence of Milton, I have not made long quotations, becauſe of ſelecting beauties there had been no end, I ſhall in the ſame general manner mention that which ſeems to deſerve cenſure; for what Engliſhman can take delight in tranſcribing paſſages, which, if they leſſen the reputation of Milton, diminiſh in ſome degree the honour of our country?

The generality of my ſcheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies; which Bentley, better ſkilled in grammar than in poetry, has often found, though he ſometimes made them, and which he imputed to the obtruſions of a reviſer whom the author's blindneſs obliged him to employ. A ſuppoſition raſh and groundleſs, if he thought it true; and vile and pernicious, if, as is ſaid, he in private allowed it to be falſe.

The plan of *Paradiſe Loſt* has this inconvenience, that it compriſes neither human actions nor human manners. The man and woman who act and ſuffer, are in a ſtate which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no tranſaction in which he can be engaged; beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himſelf; he has, therefore, little natural curioſity or ſympathy.

We all, indeed, feel the effects of Adam's diſobedience; we all ſin like Adam, and like him

him muſt all bewail our offences; we have reſtleſs and inſidious enemies in the fallen angels, and in the bleſſed ſpirits we have guardians and friends; in the Redemption of mankind we hope to be included; and in the deſcription of heaven and hell we are ſurely intereſted, as we are all to reſide hereafter either in the regions of horror or of bliſs.

But theſe truths are too important to be new; they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our ſolitary thoughts and familiar converſation, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raiſe no unaccuſtomed emotion in the mind; what we knew before we cannot learn; what is not unexpected cannot ſurpriſe.

Of the ideas ſuggeſted by theſe awful ſcenes, from ſome we recede with reverence, except when ſtated hours require their aſſociation; and from others we ſhrink with horror, or admit them only as ſalutary inflictions, as counterpoiſes to our intereſts and paſſions. Such images rather obſtruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleaſure and terrour are indeed the genuine ſources of poetry; but poetical pleaſure muſt be ſuch as human imagination can at leaſt conceive, and poetical terrour ſuch as human ſtrength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of Eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind ſinks under them in paſſive helpleſſneſs, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by

by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken, and performed with pregnancy and vigour of mind peculiar to himſelf. Whoever conſider the few radical poſitions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetick operation he expanded them to ſuch extent, and ramified them to ſo much variety, reſtrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiouſneſs of fiction.

Here is a full diſplay of the united force of ſtudy and genius; of a great accumulation of materials, with judgement to digeſt, and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to ſelect from nature, or from ſtory, from ancient fable, or from modern ſcience, whatever could illuſtrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by ſtudy, and ſublimed by imagination.

It has been therefore ſaid, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiaſts, that in reading *Paradiſe Loſt* we read a book of univerſal knowledge.

But original deficience cannot be ſupplied. The want of human intereſt is always felt. *Paradiſe Loſt* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. Its peruſal is a duty rather than a pleaſure. We read Milton for inſtruction, retire harraſſed and overburdened, and look elſewhere for recreation; we deſert our maſter, and ſeek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's deſign is, that it requires the deſcription of what cannot be deſcribed, the agency of ſpirits. He

ſaw

ſaw that immateriality ſupplied no images, and that he could not ſhow angels acting but by inſtruments of action; he therefore inveſted them with form and matter. This, being neceſſary, was therefore defenſible; and he ſhould have ſecured the conſiſtency of his ſyſtem, by keeping immateriality out of ſight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philoſophy. His infernal and celeſtial powers are ſometimes pure ſpirit, and ſometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the *burning marle*, he has a body; when in his paſſage between hell and the new world, he is in danger of ſinking in the vacuity, and is ſupported by a guſt of riſing vapours, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he ſeems to be mere ſpirit, that can penetrate matter at pleaſure; when he *ſtarts up in his own ſhape*, he has at leaſt a determined form; and when he is brought before Gabriel, he has *a ſpear and ſhield*, which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandæmonium being *incorporeal ſpirits*, are *at large, though without number*, in a limited ſpace; yet in the battle, when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armour hurt them, *cruſhed in upon their ſubſtance, now grown groſs by ſinning*. This likewiſe happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown *the ſooner for their arms*, for *unarmed they might eaſily as ſpirits have evaded by contraction, or remove*. Even as ſpirits they are hardly ſpiritual; for

contraction and *remove* are images of matter; but if they could have eſcaped without their armour, they might have eſcaped from it, and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel, when he rides on a ſun-beam, is material: Satan is material when he is afraid of the proweſs of Adam.

The confuſion of ſpirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of heaven fills it with incongruity; and the book, in which it is related, is, I believe, the favourite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increaſed.

After the operation of immaterial agents, which cannot be explained, may be conſidered that of allegorical perſons, which have no real exiſtence. To exalt cauſes into agents, to inveſt abſtract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. But ſuch airy beings are, for the moſt part, ſuffered only to do their natural office, and retire. Thus Fame tells a tale, and Victory hovers over a general, or perches on a ſtandard; but Fame and Victory can do no more. To give them any real employment, or aſcribe to them any material agency, is to make them allegorical no longer, but to ſhock the mind by aſcribing effects to non-entity. In the *Prometheus* of Æſchylus, we ſee *Violence* and *Strength*, and in the *Alceſtis* of Euripides, we ſee *Death* brought upon the ſtage, all as active perſons of the drama; but no precedents can juſtify abſurdity.

Milton's allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portreſs

of hell; but when they ſtop the journey of Satan, a journey deſcribed as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death ſhould have ſhewn the way to hell might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the paſſage by building a bridge, becauſe the difficulty of Satan's paſſage is deſcribed as real and ſenſible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The hell aſſigned to the rebellious ſpirits is deſcribed as not leſs local than the reſidence of man. It is placed in ſome diſtant part of ſpace, ſeparated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotick waſte and an unoccupied vacuity; but *Sin* and *Death* worked up a *mole* of *aggregated ſoil*, cemented with *aſphaltus*; a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unſkilful allegory appears to me one of the greateſt faults of the poem; and to this there was no temptation, but the author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative ſome objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradiſe, and is ſuffered to go away unmoleſted. The creation of man is repreſented as the conſequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulſion of the rebels, yet Satan mentions it as a report *rife in heaven* before his departure.

To find ſentiments for the ſtate of innocence, was very difficult; and ſomething of anticipation perhaps is now and then diſcovered. Adam's diſcourſe of dreams ſeems not to be the ſpeculation of a new-created being. I know not whether his anſwer to the angel's reproof for curioſity does not want ſomething of

of propriety: it is the ſpeech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philoſophical notions, eſpecially when the philoſophy is falſe, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a compariſon, ſpeaks of *timorous deer*, before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could underſtand the compariſon.

Dryden remarks, that Milton has ſome flats among his elevations. This is only to ſay that all the parts are not equal. In every work one part muſt be for the ſake of others; a palace muſt have paſſages; a poem muſt have tranſitions. It is no more to be required that wit ſhould always be blazing, than that the ſun ſhould always ſtand at noon. In a great work there is a viciſſitude of luminous and opaque parts, as there is in the world a ſucceſſion of day and night. Milton, when he has expatiated in the ſky, may be allowed ſometimes to reviſit earth; for what other author ever ſoared ſo high, or ſuſtained his flight ſo long?

Milton, being well verſed in the Italian poets, appears to have borrowed often from them; and, as every man learns ſomething from his companions, his deſire of imitating Arioſte's levity has diſgraced his work with the *Paradiſe of Fools*; a fiction not in itſelf ill-imagined, but too ludicrous for its place.

His play on words, in which he delights too often; his equivocations which Bentley endeavours to defend by the example of the ancients; his unneceſſary and ungraceful uſe of terms of art, it is not neceſſary to mention, becauſe they are eaſily remarked, and generally cenſured, and at laſt, bear ſo little proportion

to the whole, that they ſcarcely deſerve the attention of a critick.

Such are the faults of that wonderful performance *Paradiſe Loſt*; which he who can put in balance with its beauties muſt be conſidered not as nice but as dull, as leſs to be cenſured for want of candour than pitied for want of ſenſibility.

Of *Paradiſe Regained*, the general judgment ſeems now to be right, that it is in many parts elegant, and every-where inſtructive. It was not to be ſuppoſed that the writer of *Paradiſe Loſt* could ever write without great effuſions of fancy, and exalted precepts of wiſdom. The baſis of *Paradiſe Regained* is narrow; a dialogue without action can never pleaſe like an union of the narrative and dramatick powers. Had this poem been written not by Milton, but by ſome imitator, it would have claimed and received univerſal praiſe.

If *Paradiſe Regained* has been too much depreciated, *Samſon Agoniſtes* has in requital been too much admired. It could only be by long prejudice, and the bigotry of learning, that Milton could prefer the ancient tragedies, with their encumbrance of a chorus, to the exhibitions of the French and Engliſh ſtages; and it is only by a blind confidence in the reputation of Milton, that a drama can be praiſed in which the intermediate parts have neither cauſe nor conſequence, neither haſten nor retard the cataſtrophe.

In this tragedy are however many particular beauties, many juſt ſentiments and ſtriking lines; but it wants that power of attracting the

the attention which a well-connected plan produces.

Milton would not have excelled in dramatick writing; he knew human nature only in the groſs, and had never ſtudied the ſhades of character, nor the combinations of concurring, or the perplexity of contending paſſions. He had read much, and knew what books could teach; but had mingled little in the world, and was deficient in the knowledge which experience muſt confer.

Through all his greater works there prevails an uniform peculiarity of *Diction*, a mode and caſt of expreſſion which bears little reſemblance to that of any former writer, and which is ſo far removed from common uſe, that an unlearned reader, when he firſt opens his book, finds himſelf ſurpriſed by a new language.

This novelty has been, by thoſe who can find nothing wrong in Milton, imputed to his laborious endeavours after words ſuitable to the grandeur of his ideas. *Our language*, ſays Addiſon, *ſunk under him*. But the truth is, that, both in proſe and verſe, he had formed his ſtile by a perverſe and pedantick principle. He was deſirous to uſe Engliſh words with a foreign idiom. This in all his proſe is diſcovered and condemned; for there judgement operates freely, neither ſoftened by the beauty nor awed by the dignity of his thoughts; but ſuch is the power of his poetry, that his call is obeyed without reſiſtance, the reader feels himſelf in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticiſm ſinks in admiration.

Milton's ſtile was not modified by his ſubject: what is ſhown with greater extent in *Paradiſe Loſt*,

Loſt, may be found in *Comus*. One ſource of his peculiarity was his familiarity with the Tuſcan poets: the diſpoſition of his words is, I think, frequently Italian; perhaps ſometimes combined with other tongues. Of him, at laſt, may be ſaid what Johnſon ſays of Spenſer, that *he wrote no language*, but has formed what *Butler* calls a *Babyloniſh Dialect*, in itſelf harſh and barbarous; but made by exalted genius, and extenſive learning, the vehicle of ſo much inſtruction and ſo much pleaſure, that, like other lovers, we find grace in its deformity.

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praiſe of copiouſneſs and variety: he was maſter of his language in its full extent; and has ſelected the melodious words with ſuch diligence, that from his book alone the Art of Engliſh Poetry might be learned.

After his diction, ſomething muſt be ſaid of his *verſification*. *The meaſure*, he ſays, *is the Engliſh heroick verſe without rhyme*. Of this mode he had many examples among the Italians, and ſome in his own country. The earl of Surry is ſaid to have tranſlated one of Virgil's books without rhyme; and, beſides our tragedies, a few ſhort poems had appeared in blank verſe; particularly one tending to reconcile the nation to Raleigh's wild attempt upon Guiana, and probably written by Raleigh himſelf. Theſe petty performances cannot be ſuppoſed to have much influenced Milton, who more probably took his hint from Triſino's *Italia Liberata*; and, finding blank verſe eaſier than rhyme, was deſirous of perſuading himſelf that it is better.

Rhyme, he ſays, and ſays truly, *is no neceſſary adjunct of true poetry*. But perhaps, of poetry as a mental operation, metre or muſick is no neceſſary adjunct: it is however by the muſick of metre that poetry has been diſcriminated in all languages; and in languages melodiouſly conſtructed, by a due proportion of long and ſhort ſyllables, metre is ſufficient. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another: where metre is ſcanty and imperfect, ſome help is neceſſary. The muſick of the Engliſh heroick line ſtrikes the ear ſo faintly that it is eaſily loſt, unleſs all the ſyllables of every line co-operate together: this co-operation can be only obtained by the preſervation of every verſe unmingled with another, as a diſtinct ſyſtem of ſounds; and this diſtinctneſs is obtained and preſerved by the artifice of rhyme. The variety of pauſes, ſo much boaſted by the lovers of blank verſe, changes the meaſures of an Engliſh poet to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few ſkilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. *Blank verſe*, ſaid an ingenious critick, *ſeems to be verſe only to the eye*.

Poetry may ſubſiſt without rhyme, but Engliſh poetry will not often pleaſe; nor can rhyme ever be ſafely ſpared but where the ſubject is able to ſupport itſelf. Blank verſe makes ſome approach to that which is called the *lapidary ſtile*; has neither the eaſineſs of proſe, nor the melody of numbers, and therefore tires by long continuance. Of the Italian writers without rhyme, whom Milton alleges as precedents, not one is popular; what reaſon could urge

urge in its defence, has been confuted by the ear.

But, whatever be the advantage of rhyme, I cannot prevail on myſelf to wiſh that Milton had been a rhymer; for I cannot wiſh his work to be other than it is; yet, like other heroes, he is to be admired rather than imitated. He that thinks himſelf capable of aſtoniſhing, may write blank verſe; but thoſe that hope only to pleaſe, muſt condeſcend to rhyme.

The higheſt praiſe of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be ſaid to have contrived the ſtructure of an epick poem, and therefore muſt yield to that vigour and amplitude of mind to which all generations muſt be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incident, the interpoſition or dialogue, and all the ſtratagems that ſurpriſe and enchain attention. But, of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the leaſt indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himſelf, confident of his own abilities, and diſdainful of help or hindrance: he did not refuſe admiſſion to the thoughts or images of his predeceſſors, but he did not ſeek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received ſupport; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favours gained; no exchange of praiſe, nor ſolicitation of ſupport. His great works were performed under diſcountenance, and in blindneſs, but difficulties vaniſhed at his touch; he was born for whatever is arduous, and his work is not the greateſt of heroick poems, only becauſe it is not the firſt.

BUTLER.

OF the great author of Hudibras there is a life prefixed to the later edition of his poem, by an unknown writer, and therefore of diſputable authority; and ſome account is incidentally given by Wood, who confeſſes the uncertainty of his own narrative; more however than they knew cannot now be learned, and nothing remains but to compare and copy them.

SAMUEL BUTLER was born in the pariſh of Strenſham in Worceſterſhire, according to his biographer, in 1612; but Mr. Longueville, the ſon of Butler's principal friend, informed the author of the "General "Dictionary" that he was born in 1600.

His father's condition is variouſly repreſented. Wood mention him as competently wealthy; but the other ſays he was an honeſt farmer with ſome ſmall eſtate, who made a ſhift to educate his ſon at the grammar-ſchool of Worceſter, under Mr. Henry Bright, from whoſe care he removed for a ſhort time to Cambridge; but, for want of money, was never made a member of any college. Wood leaves us rather doubtful whether he went to Cambridge or Oxford; but at laſt makes him paſs ſix or ſeven years at Cambridge, without

without knowing in what hall or college: yet it can hardly be imagined that he lived ſo long in either univerſity, but as belonging to one houſe or another; and it is ſtill leſs likely that he could have ſo long inhabited a place of learning with ſo little diſtinction as to leave his reſidence uncertain.

Wood has his information from his brother, whoſe narrative placed him at Cambridge, in oppoſition to that of his neighbours which ſent him to Oxford. The brother's ſeems the beſt authority, till, by confeſſing his inability to tell his hall or college, he gives reaſon to ſuſpect that he was reſolved to beſtow on him an academical education; but durſt not name a college, for fear of detection.

He was for ſome time, according to the author of his life, clerk to Mr. Jefferys of Earl's-Croom in Worceſterſhire, an eminent juſtice of the peace. In his ſervice he had not only leiſure for ſtudy, but for recreation; his amuſements were muſick and painting; and the reward of his pencil was the friendſhip of the celebrated Cooper.

He was afterwards admitted into the family of the counteſs of Kent, where he had the uſe of a library; and ſo much recommended himſelf to Selden, that he was often employed by him in literary buſineſs. Selden, as is well known, was ſteward to the counteſs, and is ſuppoſed to have gained much of his wealth by managing her eſtate.

In what character Butler was admitted into that lady's ſervice, how long he continued in it, and why he left it, is, like the other incidents of his life, utterly unknown.

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The viciſſitudes of his condition placed him afterwards in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, one of Cromwel's officers. Here he obſerved ſo much of the character of ſectaries, that he is ſaid to have written or begun his poem at this time; and it is likely that ſuch a deſign would be formed in a place where he ſaw the principles and practices of the rebels, audacious and undiſguiſed in the confidence of ſucceſs.

At length the king returned, and the time came in which loyalty hoped for its reward. Butler, however, was only made ſecretary to the earl of Carbury, preſident of the principality of Wales; who conferred on him the ſtewardſhip of Ludlow Caſtle, when the Court of the Marches was revived.

In this part of his life, he married Mrs. Herbert, a gentlewoman of a good family; and lived, ſays Wood, upon her fortune, having ſtudied the common law, but never practiſed it. A fortune ſhe had, ſays his biographer, but it was loſt by bad ſecurities.

In 1663 was publiſhed the firſt part, containing three cantos, of the poem of Hudibras, which, as Prior relates, was made known at court by the taſte and influence of the earl of Dorſet. When it was known, it was neceſſarily admired: the king quoted, the courtiers ſtudied, and the whole party of the royaliſts applauded it. Every eye watched for the golden ſhower which was to fall upon the author, who certainly was not without his part in the general expectation.

In 1664 the ſecond part appeared; the curioſity of the nation was rekindled, and the writer

writer was again praiſed and elated. But praiſe was his whole reward. Clarendon, ſays Wood, gave him reaſon to hope for "places "and employments of value and credit;" but no ſuch advantages did he ever obtain. It is reported that the king once gave him three hundred guineas; but of this temporary bounty I find no proof.

Wood relates that he was ſecretary to Villiers duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor of Cambridge: this is doubted by the other writer, who yet allows the duke to have been his frequent benefactor. That both theſe accounts are falſe there is reaſon to ſuſpect, from a ſtory told by Packe, in his account of the life of Wycherley, and from ſome verſes which Mr. Thyer has publiſhed in the author's remains.

"Mr. Wycherley," ſays Packe, "had al-
"ways laid hold of any opportunity which
"offered of repreſenting to the duke of Buck-
"ingham how well Mr. Butler had deſerved
"of the royal family, by writing his inimita-
"ble Hudibras; and that it was a reproach
"to the court that a perſon of his loyalty and
"wit ſhould ſuffer in obſcurity, and under
"the wants he did. The duke always ſeem-
"ed to hearken to him with attention enough;
"and, after ſome time, undertook to recom-
"mend his pretenſions to his majeſty. Mr.
"Wycherley, in hopes to keep him ſteady to
"his word, obtained of his grace to name a
"day, when he might introduce that modeſt
"and unfortunate poet to his new patron.
"At laſt an appointment was made, and the
"place of meeting was agreed to be the Roe-
"buck.

" buck. Mr. Butler and his friend attended " accordingly: the duke joined them; but, " as the d—l would have it, the door of the " room where they ſat was open, and his " grace, who had ſeated himſelf near it, ob- " ſerving a pimp of his acquaintance (the " creature too was a knight) trip by with a " brace of ladies, immediately quitted his en- " gagement, to follow another kind of buſineſs, " at which he was more ready than in doing " good offices to men of deſert; though no " one was better qualified than he, both in " regard to his fortune and underſtanding, to " protect them; and from that time to the " day of his death, poor Butler never found " the leaſt effect of his promiſe!"

Such is the ſtory. The verſes are written with a degree of acrimony, ſuch as neglect and diſappointment might naturally excite; and ſuch as it would be hard to imagine Butler capable of expreſſing againſt a man who had any claim to his gratitude.

Notwithſtanding this diſcouragement and neglect he ſtill proſecuted his deſign; and in 1678 publiſhed the third part, which ſtill leaves the poem imperfect and abrubt. How much more he originally intended, or with what events the action was to be concluded, it is vain to conjecture. Nor can it be thought ſtrange that he ſhould ſtop here, however unexpectedly. To write without reward is ſufficiently unpleaſing; and, if his birth be placed right by Mr. Longueville, he had now arrived at an age when he might well think it proper to be in jeſt no longer.

He

He died in 1680; and Mr. Longueville, having unſucceſsfully ſolicited a ſubſcription for his interment in Weſtminſter Abbey, buried him at his own coſt in the church-yard of Covent Garden. Dr. Simon Patrick read the ſervice.

About ſixty years afterwards, Mr. Barber, a printer, mayor of London, and a friend to Mr. Butler's principles, beſtowed on him a monument in Weſtminſter Abbey, thus inſcribed:

M. S.
SAMUELIS BUTLERI,
Qui *Strenſhamiæ* in agro *Vigorn.* nat. 1612,
obiit *Lond.* 1680.

Vir doctus imprimis, acer, integer;
Operibus Ingenii, non item præmiis, fœlix:
Satyrici apud nos Carminis Artifex egregius;
Quo ſimulatæ Religionis Larvam detraxit,
Et Perduellium ſcelera liberrime exagitavit:
Scriptorum in ſuo genere, Primus et Poſtremus.
Ne, cui vivo deeràntferè omnia,
Deeſſet etiam mortuo Tumulus,
Hoc tandem poſito marmore, curavit
JOHANNES BARBER, Civis *Londinenſis*, 1721.

After his death were publiſhed three ſmall volumes of his poſthumous works: I know not by whom collected, or by what authority aſcertained; and, lately, two volumes more have been printed by Mr. Thyer of Manchester, indubitably genuine. From none of theſe pieces can his life be traced, or his character diſcovered. Some verſes, in the laſt collection, ſhew him to have been among thoſe who ridiculed the inſtitution of the Royal Society, of which the enemies were for ſome time very

very numerous and very acrimonious, for what reaſon it is hard to conceive, ſince the philoſophers profeſſed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts; and the moſt zealous enemy of innovation muſt admit the gradual progreſs of experience, however he may oppoſe hypothetical temerity.

In this miſt of obſcurity paſſed the life of Butler, a man whoſe name can only periſh with his language. The date of his birth is doubtful; the mode and place of his education are unknown; the events of his life are variouſly related; and all that can be told with certainty is, that he was poor.

THE poem of Hudibras is one of thoſe compoſitions of which a nation may juſtly boaſt; as the images which it exhibits are domeſtick, the ſentiments unborrowed and unexpected, and the ſtrain of diction original and peculiar. We muſt not, however, ſuffer the pride which we aſſume as the countrymen of Butler to make any encroachment upon juſtice, nor appropriate thoſe honours which others have a right to ſhare. The poem of Hudibras is not wholly Engliſh; the original idea is to be found in the hiſtory of Don Quixote; a book to which a mind of the greateſt powers may be indebted without diſgrace.

Cervantes ſhews a man, who, having, by the inceſſant peruſal of incredible tales, ſubjected his underſtanding to his imagination, and familiariſed his mind by pertinacious meditation to think on incredible events and ſcenes

ſcenes of impoſſible exiſtence, goes out in the pride of knighthood, to redreſs wrongs, and defend virgins, to reſcue captive princeſſes, and tumble uſurpers from their thrones; attended by a ſquire, whoſe cunning, too low for the ſuſpicion of a generous mind, enables him often to cheat his maſter.

The hero of Butler is a Preſbyterian Juſtice, who, in the confidence of legal authority, and the rage of zealous ignorance, ranges the country to repreſs ſuperſtition and correct abuſes, accompanied by an Independant clerk, diſputatious and obſtinate, with whom he often debates, but never conquers him.

Cervantes had ſo much kindneſs for Don Quixote, that, however he embarraſſes him with abſurd diſtreſſes, he gives him ſo much ſenſe and virtue as may preſerve our eſteem: wherever he is, or whatever he does, he is made by matchleſs dexterity commonly ridiculous, but never contemptible.

But for poor Hudibras, his poet had no tenderneſs: he chuſes not that any pity ſhould be ſhewn or reſpect paid him: he gives him up at once to laughter and contempt, without any quality that can dignify or protect him.

In forming the character of Hudibras, and deſcribing his perſon and habiliments, the author ſeems to labour with a tumultuous confuſion of diſſimilar ideas. He had read the hiſtory of the mock-knight-errant; he knew the notions and manners of a preſbyterian magiſtrate, and tried to unite the abſurdities of both, however diſtant, in one perſonage. Thus he gives him that pedantick oſtentation of knowledge

ledge which has no relation to chivalry, and loads him with martial encumbrances that can add nothing to his civil dignity. He ſends him out a *colonelling*, and yet never brings him within ſight of war.

If Hudibras be conſidered as the repreſentative of the Preſbyterians, it is not eaſy to ſay why his weapons ſhould be repreſented as ridiculous or uſeleſs; for, whatever judgement might be paſſed upon their knowledge or their arguments, experience had ſufficiently ſhown that their ſwords were not to be deſpiſed.

The hero, thus compounded of ſwaggerer and pedant, of knight and juſtice, is led forth to action, with his ſquire Ralpho, an Independant enthuſiaſt.

Of the contexture of events planned by the author, which is called the action of the poem, ſince it is left imperfect, no judgement can be made. It is probable that the hero was to be led through many luckleſs adventures, which would give occaſion, like his attack upon the *bear and fiddle*, to expoſe the ridiculous rigour of the ſectaries; like his encounter with Sidrophel and Whacum, to make ſuperſtition and credulity contemptible; or, like his recourſe to the low retailer of the law, diſcover the fraudulent practices of different profeſſions.

What ſeries of events he would have formed, or in what manner he would have rewarded or puniſhed his hero, it is now vain to conjecture. His work muſt have had, as it ſeems, the defect which Dryden imputes to Spenſer; the action could not have been one; there could only have been a ſucceſſion of incidents, each of which might have happened without

the reſt, and which could not all co-operate to any ſingle concluſion.

The diſcontinuity of the action might however have been eaſily forgiven, if there had been action enough; but I believe every reader regrets the paucity of events, and complains that in the poem of Hudibras, as in the hiſtory of Thucydides, there is more ſaid than done. The ſcenes are too ſeldom changed, and the attention is tired with long converſation.

It is indeed much more eaſy to form dialogues than to contrive adventures. Every poſition makes way for an argument, and every objection dictates an anſwer. When two diſputants are engaged upon a complicated and extenſive queſtion, the difficulty is not to continue but to end the controverſy. But whether it be that we comprehend but few of the poſſibilities of life, or that life affords little variety, every man who has tried knows how much labour it will coſt to form ſuch a combination of circumſtances, as ſhall have at once the grace of novelty and credibility, and delight fancy without violence to reaſon.

Perhaps the dialogue of this poem is not perfect. Some power of engaging the attention might have been added to it, by quicker reciprocation, by ſeaſonable interruptions, by ſudden queſtions, and by a nearer approach to dramatic ſpritelineſs; without which, fictitious ſpeeches will always tire, however ſparkling with ſentences, and however variegated with alluſions.

The great ſource of pleaſure is variety. Uniformity muſt tire at laſt though it be uniformity

mity of excellence. We love to expect; and, when expectation is diſappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting. For this impatience of the preſent, whoever would pleaſe, muſt make proviſion. The ſkilful writer *irritat, mulcet*; makes a due diſtribution of the ſtill and animated parts. It is for want of this artful intertexture, and thoſe neceſſary changes, that the whole of a book may be tedious, though all the parts are praiſed.

If unexhauſtible wit could give perpetual pleaſure, no eye would ever leave half-read the work of Butler; for what poet has ever brought ſo many remote images ſo happily together? It is ſcarcely poſſible to peruſe a page without finding ſome aſſociation of images that was never found before. By the firſt paragraph the reader is amuſed, by the next he is delighted, and by a few more ſtrained to aſtoniſhment; but aſtoniſhment is a toilſome pleaſure: he is ſoon weary of wondering, and longs to be diverted.

Omnia vult belle Matho dicere, dic aliquando.
Et bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.

Imagination is uſeleſs without knowledge: nature gives in vain the power of combination, unleſs ſtudy and obſervation ſupply materials to be combined. Butler's treaſures of knowledge appear proportioned to his expence: whatever topick employs his mind, he ſhews himſelf qualified to expand and illuſtrate it with all the acceſſories that books can furniſh: he is found not only to have travelled the beaten road, but the bye-paths of literature; not

only to have taken the general ſurveys, but to have examined particulars with minute inſpection.

If the French boaſt the learning of Rabelais, we need not be afraid of confronting them with Butler.

But the moſt valuable parts of his performance are thoſe which retired ſtudy and native wit cannot ſupply. He that merely makes a book from books may be uſeful, but can ſcarcely be great. Butler had not ſuffered life to glide beſide him unſeen or unobſerved. He had watched with great diligence the operations of human nature, and traced the effects of opinion, humour, intereſt, and paſſion. From ſuch remarks proceeded that great number of ſententious diſtichs which have paſſed into converſation, and are added as proverbial axioms to the general ſtock of practical knowledge.

When any work has been viewed and admired, the firſt queſtion of intelligent curioſity is, how was it performed? Hudibras was not a haſty effuſion; it was not produced by a ſudden tumult of imagination, or a ſhort paroxyſm of violent labour. To accumulate ſuch a maſs of ſentiments at the call of accidental deſire, or of ſudden neceſſity, is beyond the reach and power of the moſt active and comprehenſive mind. I am informed by Mr. Thyer of Mancheſter, the excellent editor of this author's reliques, that he could ſhew ſomething like Hudibras in proſe. He has in his poſſeſſion the common-place book, in which Butler repoſited, not ſuch events or precepts as are gathered by reading: but ſuch remarks, ſimilitudes, alluſions, aſſemblages, or inferences, as occaſion

ſion prompted, or meditation produced; thoſe thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be uſefully applied to ſome future purpoſe. Such is the labour of thoſe who write for immortality.

But human works are not eaſily found without a periſhable part. Of the ancient poets every reader feels the mythology tedious and oppreſſive. Of Hudibras the manners, being founded on opinions, are temporary and local, and therefore become every day leſs intelligible and leſs ſtriking. What Cicero ſays of philoſophy is true likewiſe of wit and humour, that "time effaces the fictions of opi-"nion, and confirms the determinations of "Nature." Such manners as depend upon ſtanding relations and general paſſions are co-extended with the race of man; but thoſe modifications of life, and peculiarities of practice, which are the progeny of error and perverſeneſs, or at beſt of ſome accidental influence or tranſient perſuaſion, muſt periſh with their parents.

Much therefore of that humour which tranſported the laſt century with merriment is loſt to us, who do not know the four ſolemnity, the ſullen ſuperſtition, the gloomy moroſeneſs, and the ſtubborn ſcruples of the ancient Puritans; or, if we knew them, derive our information only from books, or from tradition, have never had them before our eyes, and cannot but by recollection and ſtudy underſtand the lines in which they are ſatiriſed. Our grand-fathers knew the picture from the life; we judge of the life by contemplating the picture.

It

It is ſcarcely poſſible, in the regularity and compoſure of the preſent time, to image the tumult of abſurdity, and clamour of contradiction, that perplexed doctrine, and diſturbed both publick and private quiet, in that age, when ſubordination was broken, and awe was hiſſed away; when any unſettled innovator who could hatch a half-formed notion produced it to the publick; when every man might become a preacher, and almoſt every preacher could collect a congregation.

The wiſdom of the nation is very reaſonably ſuppoſed to reſide in the parliament. What can be concluded of the lower claſſes of the people, when in one of the parliaments ſummoned by Cromwell it was ſeriouſly propoſed, that all the records in the Tower ſhould be burnt, that all memory of things paſt ſhould be effaced, and that the whole ſyſtem of life ſhould commence anew?

We have never been witneſſes of animoſities excited by the uſe of minced pies and plumb porridge; nor ſeen with what abhorrence thoſe who could eat them at all other times of the year would ſhrink from them in December. An old Puritan, who was alive in my childhood, being at one of the feaſts of the church invited by a neighbour to partake his cheer, told him, that, if he would treat him at an alehouſe with beer, brewed for all times and ſeaſons, he ſhould accept his kindneſs, but would have none of his ſuperſtitious meats or drinks.

One of the puritanical tenets was the illegality of all games of chance; and he that reads Gataker upon *Lots*, may ſee how much learning and reaſon one of the firſt ſcholars of his

his age thought neceſſary, to prove that it was no crime to throw a die, or play at cards, or to hide a ſhilling for the reckoning.

Aſtrology however, againſt which ſo much of this ſatire is directed, was not more the folly of the Puritans than of others. It had in that time a very extenſive dominion. Its predictions raiſed hopes and fears in minds which ought to have rejected it with contempt. In hazardous undertakings, care was taken to begin under the influence of a propitious planet; and when the king was priſoner in Cariſbrook Caſtle, an aſtrologer was conſulted what hour would be found moſt favourable to an eſcape.

What effect this poem had upon the publick, whether it ſhamed impoſture or reclaimed credulity, is not eaſily determined. Cheats can ſeldom ſtand long againſt laughter. It is certain that the credit of planetary intelligence wore faſt away; though ſome men of knowledge, and Dryden among them, continued to believe that conjunctions and oppoſitions had a great part in the diſtribution of good or evil, and in the government of ſublunary things.

Poetical Action ought to be probable upon certain ſuppoſitions, and ſuch probability as burleſque requires is here violated only by one incident. Nothing can ſhew more plainly the neceſſity of doing ſomething, and the difficulty of finding ſomething to do, than that Butler was reduced to transfer to his hero the flagellation of Sancho, not the moſt agreeable fiction of Cervantes; very ſuitable indeed to the manners of that age and nation, which aſcribed wonderful efficacy to voluntary penances;

nances; but ſo remote from the practice and opinions of the Hudibraſtick time, that judgement and imagination are alike offended.

The Diction of this poem is groſly familiar, and the numbers purpoſely neglected, except in a few places where the thoughts by their native excellence ſecure themſelves from violation, being ſuch as mean language cannot expreſs. The mode of verſification has been blamed by Dryden, who regrets that the heroic meaſure was not rather choſen. To the critical ſentence of Dryden the higheſt reverence would be due, were not his deciſions often precipitate, and his opinions immature. When he wiſhed to change the meaſure, he probably would have been willing to change more. If he intended that, when the numbers were heroick, the diction ſhould ſtill remain vulgar, he planned a very heterogeneous and unnatural compoſition. If he preferred a general ſtatelineſs both of ſound and words, he can be only underſtood to wiſh that Butler had undertaken a different work.

The meaſure is quick, ſpritely, and colloquial, ſuitable to the vulgarity of the words and the levity of the ſentiments. But ſuch numbers and ſuch diction can gain regard only when they are uſed by a writer whoſe vigour of fancy and copiouſneſs of knowledge entitle him to contempt of ornament, and who, in confidence of the novelty and juſtneſs of his conceptions, can afford to throw metaphors and epithets away. To another that conveys common thoughts in careleſs verſification, it will only be ſaid, "Pauper videri Cinna vult, & eſt pauper." The meaning and

diction

diction will be worthy of each other, and criticiſm may juſtly doom them to periſh together.

Nor, even though another Butler ſhould ariſe, would another Hudibras obtain the ſame regard. Burleſque conſiſts in a diſproportion between the ſtile and the ſentiments, or between the adventitious ſentiments and the fundamental ſubject. It therefore, like all bodies compounded of heterogeneous parts, contains in it a principle of corruption. All diſproportion is unnatural, and from what is unnatural we can derive only the pleaſure which novelty produces. We admire it awhile as a ſtrange thing; but, when it is no longer ſtrange, we perceive its deformity. It is a kind of artifice, which by frequent repetition detects itſelf; and the reader, learning in time what he is to expect, lays down his book, as the ſpectator turns away from a ſecond exhibition of thoſe tricks, of which the only uſe is to ſhew that they can be played.

DRYDEN.

DRYDEN.

OF the great poet whoſe life I am about to delineate, the curioſity which his reputation muſt excite, will require a diſplay more ample than can now be given. His contemporaries, however they reverenced his genius, left his life unwritten; and nothing therefore can be known beyond what caſual mention and uncertain tradition have ſupplied.

JOHN DRYDEN was born Auguſt 9th, 1631, at Aldwincle near Oundle, the ſon of Eraſmus Dryden of Tichmerſh; who was the third ſon of Sir Eraſmus Dryden, Baronet, of Canons Aſhby. All theſe places are in Northamptonſhire; but the original ſtock of the family was in the county of Huntingdon.

He is reported by his laſt biographer, Derrick, to have inherited from his father an eſtate of two hundred a year, and to have been bred, as was ſaid, an Anabaptiſt. For either of theſe particulars no authority is given. Such a fortune ought to have ſecured him from that poverty which ſeems always to have oppreſſed him; or, if he had waſted it, to have made him aſhamed of publiſhing his neceſſities. But though he had many enemies, who

who undoubtedly examined his life with a ſcrutiny ſufficiently malicious, I do not remember that he is ever charged with waſte of his patrimony, or conſidered as a deſerter from another religion, I am therefore inclined to believe that Derrick was miſinformed.

From Weſtminſter School, where he was inſtructed as one of the king's ſcholars by Dr. Buſby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was in 1650 elected to one of the Weſtminſter ſcholarſhips at Cambridge.

Of his ſchool performances, has appeared only a poem on the death of Lord Haſtings, compoſed with great ambition of ſuch conceits as, notwithſtanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley ſtill kept in reputation. Lord Haſtings died of the ſmall-pox, and his poet has made of the puſtules firſt roſebuds, and then gems; at laſt exalts them into ſtars; and ſays,

No comet need foretell his change drew on,
Whoſe corps might ſeem a conſtellation.

At the univerſity he does not appear to have been eager of poetical diſtinction, or to have laviſhed his early wit either on fictitious ſubjects or publick occaſions. He probably conſidered that he who purpoſed to be an author, ought firſt to be a ſtudent. He obtained, whatever was the reaſon, no fellowſhip in the College. Why he was excluded, cannot now be known, and it is vain to gueſs: had he thought himſelf injured, he knew how to complain. In the Life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the College with gratitude; but in a prologue at Oxford, he has theſe lines;

Oxford to him a dearer name ſhall be
Than his own mother-univerſity;
Thebes did his rude unknowing youth engage;
He chooſes Athens in his riper age.

It was not till the death of Cromwel, in 1658, that he became a publick candidate for fame, by publiſhing *Heroick Stanzas on the late Lord Protector*; which, compared with the verſes of Sprat and Waller on the ſame occaſion, were ſufficient to raiſe great expectations of the riſing poet.

When the king was reſtored, Dryden, like the other panegyriſts of uſurpation, changed his opinion, or his profeſſion, and publiſhed ASTREA REDUX, *a poem on the happy reſtoration and return of his moſt ſacred Majeſty King Charles the Second.*

The reproach of inconſtancy was on this occaſion, ſhared with ſuch numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor diſgrace; if he changed, he changed with the nation. It was, however, not totally forgotten when his reputation raiſed him enemies.

The ſame year he praiſed the new king in a ſecond poem on his reſtoration. In the ASTRÆA was the line,

An horrid *ſtilneſs* firſt *invades* the *ear*,
And in that ſilence we a tempeſt fear:

for which he was perſecuted with perpetual ridicule, perhaps with more than was deſerved. *Silence* is indeed mere privation; and, ſo conſidered, cannot *invade*; but privation likewiſe certainly is *darkneſs*, and probably *cold*; yet poetry has never been refuſed the right of aſcribing effects or agency to them as to poſitive

tive powers. No man ſcruples to ſay that *darkneſs* hinders him from his work; or that *cold* has killed the plants. Death is alſo privation, yet who has made any difficulty of aſſigning to Death a dart and the power of ſtriking?

In ſettling the order of his works, there is ſome difficulty; for, even when they are important enough to be formally offered to a patron, he does not commonly date his dedication; the time of writing and publiſhing is not always the ſame; nor can the firſt editions be eaſily found, if even from them could be obtained the neceſſary information.

The time at which his firſt play was exhibited is not certainly known, becauſe it was not printed till it was ſome years afterwards altered and revived; but if the plays are printed in the order in which they were written, from the dates of ſome, thoſe of others may be inferred; and thus it may be collected that in 1663, in the thirty-ſecond year of his life, he commenced a writer for the ſtage; compelled undoubtedly by neceſſity, for he appears never to have loved that exerciſe of his genius, or to have much pleaſed himſelf with his own dramas.

Of the ſtage, when he had once invaded it, he kept poſſeſſion for many years; not indeed without the competition of rivals who ſometimes prevailed, or the cenſure of criticks, which was often poignant and often juſt; but with ſuch a degree of reputation as made him at leaſt ſecure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the publick.

His

His firſt piece was a comedy called the *Wild Gallant*. He began with no happy auguries; for his performance was ſo much diſapproved, that he was compelled to recall it, and change it from its imperfect ſtate to the form in which it now appears, and which is yet ſufficiently defective to vindicate the criticks.

I wiſh that there were no neceſſity of following the progreſs of his theatrical fame, or tracing the meanders of his mind through the whole ſeries of his dramatick performances; and indeed there is the leſs, as they do not appear in the collection to which this narration is to be annexed. It will be fit however to enumerate them, and to take eſpecial notice of thoſe that are diſtinguiſhed by any peculiarity intrinſick or concomitant; for the compoſition and fate of eight and twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted.

In 1664 he publiſhed the *Rival Ladies*, which he dedicated to the earl of Orrery, a man of high reputation both as a writer and a ſtateſman. In this play he made his eſſay of dramatick rhyme, which he defends in his dedication, with ſufficient certainty of a favourable hearing; for Orrery was himſelf a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with Sir Robert Howard in the *Indian Queen*, a tragedy in rhyme. The parts which either of them wrote are not diſtinguiſhed.

The *Indian Emperor* was publiſhed in 1667. It is a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a ſequel to *Howard's Indian Queen*. Of this connection notice was given to the audience by printed bills,

bills, diſtributed at the door; an expedient ſuppoſed to be ridiculed in the *Rehearſal*, when Bays tells how many reams he has printed, to inſtill into the audience ſome conception of his plot.

In this play is the deſcription of Night, which *Rymer* has made famous by preferring it to thoſe of all other poets.

The practice of making tragedies in rhyme was introduced ſoon after the Reſtoration, as it ſeems, by the earl of Orrery, in compliance with the opinion of Charles the Second, who had formed his taſte by the French theatre; and Dryden, who wrote, and made no difficulty of declaring that he wrote, only to pleaſe, and who perhaps knew that by his dexterity of verſification he was more likely to excel others in rhyme than without it, very readily adopted his maſter's preference. He therefore made rhyming tragedies, till, by the prevalence of manifeſt propriety, he ſeems to have grown aſhamed of making them any longer.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatick rhyme, in confutation of the preface to the *Duke of Lerma*, in which Sir Robert Howard had cenſured it.

In 1667, he publiſhed *Annus Mirabilis*, the *Year of Wonders*, which ſeems to be one of his moſt elaborate works.

It is addreſſed to Sir Robert Howard, by a letter, which is not properly a dedication; and, writing to a poet, he has interſperſed many critical obſervations, of which ſome are common, and ſome perhaps ventured without much conſideration. He began, even now, to exerciſe the domination of conſcious genius, by recommending his own performance: "I am

"ſatisfied

" ſatisfied that as the Prince and General " [Rupert and Monk] are incomparably the " beſt ſubjects I ever had, ſo what I have writ- " ten on them is much better than what I " have performed on any other. As I have " endeavoured to adorn my poem with noble " thoughts, ſo much more to expreſs thoſe " thoughts with elocution."

It is written in quatrains, or heroick ſtanzas of four lines; a meaſure which he had learned from the *Gondibert* of Davenant, and which he then thought the moſt majeſtick that the Engliſh language affords. Of this ſtanza he mentions the encumbrances, encreaſed as they were by the exactneſs which the age required. It was, throughout his life, very much his cuſtom to recommend his works, by repreſentation of the difficulties that he had encountered, without appearing to have ſufficiently conſidered, that where there is no difficulty there is no praiſe.

There ſeems to be in the conduct of Sir Robert Howard and Dryden towards each other, ſomething that is not now eaſily to be explained. Dryden, in his dedication to the earl of Orrery, had defended dramatick rhyme; and Howard, in the preface to a collection of plays, had cenſured his opinion. Dryden vindicated himſelf in his *Dialogue on Dramatick Poetry*; Howard, in his Preface to the *Duke of Lerma*, animadverted on the Vindication; and Dryden, in a Preface to the *Indian Emperor*, replied to the Animadverſions with great aſperity, and almoſt with contumely. The dedication to this play is dated the year in which the *Annus Mirabilis* was publiſhed. Here appears a ſtrange inconſiſtency;

but Langbaine affords ſome help, by relating that the anſwer to Howard was not publiſhed in the edition of the play, but was added when it was afterwards reprinted; and as the *Duke of Lerma* did not appear till 1668, the ſame year in which the Dialogue was publiſhed, there was time enough for enmity to grow up between authors, who, writing both for the theatre, were naturally rivals.

He was now ſo much diſtinguiſhed, that in 1668 he ſucceeded Sir William Davenant as poet-laureat. The ſalary of the laureat had been raiſed in favour of Jonſon, by Charles the Firſt, from an hundred marks to one hundred pounds a year, and a tierce of wine; a revenue in thoſe days not inadequate to the conveniencies of life.

The ſame year he publiſhed his Eſſay on Dramatick Poetry, an elegant and inſtructive dialogue; in which we are told by Prior, that the principal character is meant to repreſent the duke of Dorſet. The work ſeems to have given Addiſon a model for his Dialogues upon Medals.

Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen, is a tragi-comedy. In the preface he diſcuſſes a curious queſtion, whether a poet can judge well of his own productions: and determines very juſtly, that, of the plan and diſpoſition, and all that can be reduced to principles of ſcience the author may depend upon his own opinion; but that, in thoſe parts where fancy predominates, ſelf-love may eaſily deceive. He might have obſerved, that what is good only becauſe it pleaſes, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to pleaſe.

Sir

Sir *Martin Marall* is a comedy, publiſhed without preface or dedication, and at firſt without the name of the author. Langbaine charges it, like moſt of the reſt, with plagiariſm; and obſerves that the ſong is tranſlated from Voiture, allowing however that both the ſenſe and meaſure are exactly obſerved.

The Tempeſt is an alteration of Shakeſpeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant, "whom, ſays he, I found of ſo "quick a fancy, that nothing was propoſed "to him in which he could not ſuddenly pro-"duce a thought extremely pleaſant and ſur-"priſing; and thoſe firſt thoughts of his, "contrary to the Latin proverb, were not al-"ways the leaſt happy: and as his fancy was "quick, ſo likewiſe were the products of it "remote and new. He borrowed not of any "other, and his imaginations were ſuch as "could not eaſily enter into any other man."

The effect produced by the conjunction of theſe two powerful minds was, that to Shakeſpeare's monſter Caliban is added a ſiſter-monſter Sicorax; and a woman, who, in the original play, had never ſeen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man that had never ſeen a woman.

About this time, in 1673, Dryden ſeems to have had his quiet much diſturbed by the ſucceſs of the *Empreſs of Morocco*, a tragedy written in rhyme by *Elkanah Settle*; which was ſo much applauded, as to make him think his ſupremacy of reputation in ſome danger. Settle had not only been proſperous on the ſtage, but in the confidence of ſucceſs had publiſhed his play, with ſculptures and a preface of defiance.

Here was one offence added to another; and, for the laſt blaſt of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies.

Dryden could not now repreſs theſe emotions, which he called indignation, and others jealouſy; but wrote upon the play and the dedication ſuch a criticiſm as malignant impatience could pour out in haſte.

Of Settle he gives this character. "He's "an animal of a moſt deplored underſtanding, without converſation. His being is in "a twilight of ſenſe, and ſome glimmering "of thought, which he can never faſhion into wit or Engliſh. His ſtile is boiſterous "and rough-hewn, his rhyme incorrigibly "lewd, and his numbers perpetually harſh and "ill-ſounding. The little talent which he has "is fancy. He ſometimes labours with a "thought; but, with the pudder he makes to "bring it into the world, 'tis commonly ſtill-"born; ſo that, for want of learning and "elocution, he will never be able to expreſs "any thing either naturally or juſtly!"

This is not very decent; yet this is one of the pages in which criticiſm prevails moſt over brutal fury. He proceeds. "He has a heavy "hand at fools, and a great felicity in writing nonſenſe for them. Fools they will be "in ſpite of him. His King, his two Empreſſes, his villain, and his ſub-villain, nay "his hero, have all a certain natural caſt of "the father—their folly was born and bred "in them, and ſomething of the Elkanah will "be viſible."

This is Dryden's general declamation; I will not withhold from the reader a particular remark.

remark. Having gone thro' the firſt act, he ſays, "To conclude this act with the moſt "rumbling piece of nonſenſe ſpoken yet,

"To flatt'ring lightning our feign'd ſmiles
"conform,
"Which back'd with thunder do but gild a
"ſtorm.

"*Conform a ſmile to lightning*, make a *ſmile* "imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning*: "lightning ſure is a threatening thing. And "this lightning muſt *gild a ſtorm*. Now if I "muſt conform my ſmiles to lightning, then "my ſmiles muſt gild a ſtorm too: to *gild* "with *ſmiles* is a new invention of gilding. "And gild a ſtorm by being *backed with thun-* "*der*. Thunder is part of the ſtorm; ſo one "part of the ſtorm muſt help to *gild* another "part, and help by *backing*; as if a man "would gild a thing the better for being "backed, or having a load upon his back. "So that here is *gilding* by *conforming*, *ſmiling*, "*lightning*, *backing*, and *thundering*. The "whole is as if I ſhould ſay thus, I will make "my counterfeit ſmiles look like a flattering "ſtone-horſe, which, being backed with a "trooper, does but gild the battle. I am "miſtaken if nonſenſe is not here pretty "thick ſown. Sure the poet writ theſe two "lines aboard ſome ſmack in a ſtorm, and, "being ſea-ſick, ſpewed up a good lump of "clotted nonſenſe at once."

Here is perhaps a ſufficient ſpecimen; but as the pamphlet, though Dryden's, has never been thought worthy of republication, and is not

not eaſily to be found, it may gratify curioſity to quote it more largely.

Whene'er ſhe bleeds,
He no ſeverer a damnation needs,
That dares pronounce the ſentence of her death,
Than the infection that attends that breath.

" *That attends that breath.*—The poet is at " *breath* again; *breath* can never 'ſcape him; " and here he brings in a *breath* that muſt be " *infectious* with *pronouncing* a ſentence; and " this ſentence is not to be pronounced till the " condemned party *bleeds*; that is, ſhe muſt " be executed firſt, and ſentenced after; and " the *pronouncing* of this *ſentence* will be infec- " tious; that is, others will catch the diſeaſe " of that ſentence, and this infecting of " others will torment a man's ſelf. The " whole is thus; *when ſhe bleeds, thou needeſt no* " *greater hell or torment to thyſelf, than infecting* " *of others by pronouncing a ſentence upon her.* " What hodge-podge does he make here! Ne- " ver was Dutch grout ſuch clogging, thick, " indigeſtible ſtuff. But this is but a taſte to " ſtay the ſtomach; we ſhall have a more " plentiful meſs preſently.

" Now to dreſs up the poet's broth, that I " promiſed:

For when we're dead, and our free ſouls enlarg'd,
Of nature's groſſer burden we're diſcharg'd,
Then gently, as a happy lover's ſigh,
Like wand'ring meteors thro' the air we'll fly,
And in our airy walk, as ſubtle gueſts,
We'll ſteal into our cruel fathers breaſts,
There read their ſouls, and track each paſſion's ſphere:
See how revenge moves there, ambition here.

And

And in their orbs view the dark characters
Of ſieges, ruins, murders, blood and wars.
We'll blot out all thoſe hideous draughts, and write
Pure and white forms; then with a radiant light
Their breaſts encircle, till their paſſions be
Gentle as nature in its infancy:
Till ſoften'd by our charms their furies ceaſe,
And their revenge reſolves into a peace.
Thus by our death their quarrel ends,
Whom living we made foes, dead we'll make friends.

" If this be not a very liberal meſs, I will " refer myſelf to the ſtomach of any mode- " rate gueſt. And a rare meſs it is, far ex- " celling any Weſtminſter white-broth. It is " a kind of gibblet porridge, made of the " gibblets of a couple of young geeſe, ſtodged " full of *meteors, orbs, ſpheres, track, hideous* " *draughts, dark characters, white forms*, and " *radiant light*, deſigned not only to pleaſe " appetite, and indulge luxury; but it is alſo " phyſical, being an approved medicine to " purge choler: for it is propounded by Mo- " rena, as a receipt to cure their fathers of " their choleric humours: and were it written " in characters as barbarous as the words, " might very well paſs for a doctor's bill. " To conclude, it is porridge, 'tis a receipt, " 'tis a pig with a pudding in the belly, 'tis I " know not what: for, certainly, never any " one that pretended to write ſenſe had the " impudence before to put ſuch ſtuff, as this, " into the mouths of thoſe that were to ſpeak " it before an audience, whom he did not take

" to

" to be all fools; and after that to print it
" too, and expoſe it to the examination of
" the world. But let us ſee, what we can
" make of this ſtuff:

For when we're dead, and our freed ſouls enlarg'd—

" Here he tells us what it is to be *dead*; it is
" to have *our freed ſouls ſet free.* Now if to
" have a ſoul ſet free is to be dead, then to
" have a *freed ſoul* ſet free, is to have a dead
" man die.

Then gentle, as a happy lover's ſigh—

" They two like one *ſigh*, and that one *ſigh*
" like two wandering meteors.

—ſhall flie through the air—

" That is, they ſhall mount above like falling
" ſtars, or elſe they ſhall ſkip like two Jacks
" with lanthorns, or Will with a wiſp, and
" Madge with a candle.

And in their airy walk ſteal into their cruel fathers breaſts, like ſubtle gueſts. " So that
" their *fathers breaſts* muſt be in an *airy walk*,
" an airy *walk* of a *flier. And there they will*
" *read their ſouls, and track the ſpheres of their*
" *paſſions.* That is, theſe walking fliers, Jack
" with a lanthorn, &c. will put on his ſpec-
" tacles and fall a *reading ſouls*, and put on
" his pumps and fall a *tracking of ſpheres*; ſo
" that he will read and run, walk and fly at
" the ſame time! Oh! Nimble Jack. *Then*
" *he will ſee, how revenge here, how ambition*
" *there*—The birds will hop about. *And then*
" *view the dark characters of ſieges, ruins, mur-*
" *ders, blood, and wars, in their orbs: Track*
" *the characters* to their forms! Oh! rare
" ſport for Jack. Never was place ſo full of

" game as theſe breaſts! You cannot ſtir
" but you ſtuſh a ſphere, ſtart a character, or
" unkennel an orb!"

Settle's is ſaid to have been the firſt play embelliſhed with ſculptures; thoſe ornaments ſeem to have given poor Dryden great diſturbance. He tries however to eaſe his pain, by venting his malice in parody.

" The poet has not only been ſo impudent
" to expoſe all this ſtuff, but ſo arrogant to
" defend it with an epiſtle; like a ſaucy
" booth-keeper, that, when he had put a
" cheat upon the people, would wrangle and
" fight with any that would not like it, or
" would offer to diſcover it: for which arro-
" gance our poet receives this correction; and
" to jerk him a little the ſharper, I will not
" tranſpoſe his verſe, but by the help of his
" own words tranſ-non-ſenſe ſenſe, that, by
" my ſtuff, people may judge the better what
" his is.

" Great Boy, thy tragedy and ſculptures
" done
" From preſs, and plates in fleets do home-
" ward come:
" And in ridiculous and humble pride,
" Their courſe in ballad-ſingers baſkets
" guide,
" Whoſe greaſy twigs do all new beauties
" take,
" From the gay ſhews thy dainty ſculptures
" make.
" Thy lines a meſs of rhiming nonſenſe
" yield,
" A ſenſeleſs tale, with flattering fuſtian
" fill'd.

" No

" No grain of ſenſe does in one line appear,
" Thy words big bulks of boiſt'rous bom-
" baſt bear,
" With noiſe they move, and from players
" mouths rebound,
" When their tongues dance to thy words
" empty ſound.
" By thee inſpir'd the rumbling verſes roll,
" As if that rhime and bombaſt lent a ſoul:
" And with that ſoul they ſeem taught duty
" too,
" To huffing words does humble nonſenſe
" bow,
" As if it would thy worthleſs worth en-
" hance,
" To th' loweſt rank of fops thy praiſe ad-
" vance;
" To whom, by inſtinct, all thy ſtuff is
" dear;
" Their loud claps echo to the theatre.
" From breaths of fools thy commendation
" ſpreads,
" Fame ſings thy praiſe with mouths of log-
" gerheads.
" With noiſe and laughing each thy fuſtian
" greets,
" 'Tis clapt by quires of empty-headed cits,
" Who have their tribute ſent, and homage
" given,
" As men in whiſpers ſend loud noiſe to
" heaven.

" Thus I have daubed him with his own " puddle: and now we are come from aboard " his dancing, maſking, rebounding, breath- " ing fleet; and as if we had landed at Go-
" tham,

" tham, we meet nothing but fools and non-
" ſenſe."

Such was the criticiſm to which the genius of Dryden could be reduced, between rage and terrour; rage with little provocation, and terrour with little danger. To ſee the higheſt minds thus levelled with the meaneſt, may produce ſome ſolace to the conſciouſneſs of weakneſs, and ſome mortification to the pride of wiſdom. But let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are firſt levelled in their deſires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happineſs in the claps of multitudes.

The *Mock Aſtrologer*, a comedy. is dedicated to the illuſtrious duke of Newcaſtle, whom he courts by adding to his praiſes thoſe of his lady, not only as a lover but a partner of his ſtudies. It is unpleaſing to think how many names, once celebrated, are ſince forgotten. Of Newcaſtle's works nothing is now known but his treatiſe on Horſemanſhip.

The preface ſeems very elaborately written, and contains many juſt remarks on the Fathers of the Engliſh drama. Shakeſpeare's plots, he ſays, are in the hundred novels of *Cinthio*; thoſe of Beaumont and Fletcher in Spaniſh ſtories; Jonſon only made them for himſelf. His criticiſms upon tragedy, comedy, and farce, are judicious and profound. He endeavours to defend the immorality of ſome of his comedies by the example of former writers; which is only to ſay, that he was not the firſt nor perhaps the greateſt offender. Againſt thoſe that accuſed him of plagiariſm, he alleges a favourable expreſſion of the King:

" He

" He only deſired that they, who accuſe me " of thefts, would ſteal him plays like mine;" and then relates how much labour he ſpends in fitting for the Engliſh ſtage what he borrows from others.

Tyrannick Love, or the Virgin Martyr, was another tragedy in rhyme, conſpicuous for many paſſages of ſtrength and elegance, and many of empty noiſe and ridiculous turbulence. The rants of Maximin have been always the ſport of criticiſm; and were at length, if his own confeſſion may be truſted, the ſhame of the writer.

Of this play he takes care to let the reader know, that it was contrived and written in ſeven weeks. Want of time was often his excuſe, or perhaps ſhortneſs of time was his private boaſt in the form of an apology.

It was written before *The Conqueſt of Granada*, but publiſhed after it. The deſign is to recommend piety. " I conſidered that plea- " ſure was not the only end of poeſy, and " that even the inſtructions of morality were " not ſo wholly the buſineſs of a poet, as " that precepts and examples of piety were to " be omitted; for to leave that employment " altogether to the clergy, were to forget that " religion was firſt taught in verſe, which the " lazineſs or dulneſs of ſucceeding prieſthood " turned afterwards into proſe." Thus fooliſhly could Dryden write, rather than not ſhew his malice to the parſons.

The two parts of the *Conqueſt of Granada* are written with a ſeeming determination to glut the publick with dramatick wonders; to exhibit in its higheſt elevation a theatrical meteor of

of incredible love and impoſſible valour, and to leave no room for a wilder flight to the extravagance of poſterity. All the rays of romantic heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in Almanzor by a kind of concentration. He is above all laws; he is exempt from all reſtraints; he ranges the world at will, and governs wherever he appears. He fights without enquiring the cauſe, and loves in ſpite of the obligations of juſtice, of rejection by his miſtreſs, and of prohibition from the dead. Yet the ſcenes are, for the moſt part delightful; they exhibit a kind of illuſtrious depravity, and majeſtick madneſs: ſuch as, if it is ſometimes deſpiſed, is often reverenced, and in which the ridiculous is mingled with the aſtoniſhing.

In the Epilogue to the ſecond part of the *Conqueſt of Granada*, Dryden indulges his favourite pleaſure of diſcrediting his predeceſſors; and this Epilogue he has defended by a long poſtſcript. He had promiſed a ſecond dialogue, in which he ſhould more fully treat of the virtues and faults of the Engliſh poets, who have written in the dramatick, epick, or lyrick way. This promiſe was never formally performed; but, with reſpect to the dramatick writers, he has given us in his prefaces, and in this poſtſcript, ſomething equivalent; but his purpoſe being to exalt himſelf by the compariſon, he ſhews faults diſtinctly, and only praiſes excellence in general terms.

A play thus written, in profeſſed defiance of probability, naturally drew down upon itſelf the vultures of the theatre. One of the criticks that attacked it was *Martin Clifford*, to whom *Sprat* addreſſed the Life of Cowley, with

with ſuch veneration of his critical powers as might naturally excite great expectations of inſtruction from his remarks. But let honeſt credulity beware of receiving characters from contemporary writers. Clifford's remarks, by the favour of Dr. *Piercy*, were at laſt obtained; and, that no man may ever want them more, I will extract enough to ſatisfy all reaſonable deſire.

In the firſt Letter, his obſervation is only general: "You do live, ſays he, in as much "ignorance and darkneſs as you did in the "womb: your writings are like a Jack of all "trades ſhop; they have variety, but nothing "of value; and if thou art not the dulleſt "plant-animal that ever the earth produced, "all that I have converſed with are ſtrangely "miſtaken in thee"

In the ſecond, he tells him that Almanzor is not more copied from Achilles than from Ancient Piſtol. "But I am, ſays he, ſtrange-"ly miſtaken if I have not ſeen this very *Al-*"*manzor* of your's in ſome diſguiſe about this "town, and paſſing under another name. "Pr'ythee tell me true, was not this Huffcap "once the *Indian Emperor*, and at another "time did he not call himſelf *Maximin?* "Was not *Lyndaraxa* once called *Almeria*, I "mean under *Montezuma* the Indian Empe-"ror. I proteſt and vow they are either the "ſame, or ſo alike that I cannot, for my "heart, diſtinguiſh one from the other. You "are therefore a ſtrange unconſcionable thief; "thou art not content to ſteal from others, "but doſt rob thy poor wretched ſelf too."

Now

Now was *Settle's* time to take his revenge. He wrote a vindication of his own lines; and, if he is forced to yield any thing, makes reprisals upon his enemy. To ſay that his anſwer is equal to the cenſure is no high commendation. To expoſe Dryden's method of analyſing his expreſſions, he tries the ſame experiment upon the deſcription of the ſhips in the *Indian Emperor*, of which however he does not deny the excellence; but intends to ſhew, that by ſtudied miſconſtruction every thing may be equally repreſented as ridiculous. After ſo much of Dryden's elegant animadverſions, juſtice requires that ſomething of Settle's ſhould be exhibited. The following obſervations are therefore extracted from a quarto pamphlet of ninety-five pages:

" *Fate after him below with pain did move,*
" *And victory could ſcarce keep pace above.*
" Theſe two lines, if he can ſhew me any
" ſenſe or thought in, or any thing but bom-
" baſt and noiſe, he ſhall make me believe
" every word in his obſervations on Morocco
" ſenſe.

" In the *Empreſs of Morocco* were theſe lines:
" *I'll travel then to ſome remoter ſphere,*
" *'Till I find out new worlds, and crown you there.*

" On which Dryden made this remark:

" *I believe our learned author takes a ſphere*
" *of Morocco, as if Morocco were the globe of*
" *earth and water; but a globe is no ſphere nei-*
" *ther, by his leave,*" &c. So *ſphere* muſt
" not be ſenſe, unleſs it relate to a circular
" motion about a globe, in which ſenſe the
" aſtronomers

" aſtronomers uſe it. I would deſire him to
" expound theſe lines in *Granada:*

" *I'll to the turrets of the palace go,*
" *And add new fire to thoſe that fight below.*
" *Thence, hero-like, with torches by my ſide,*
" *(Far be the omen tho') my Love I'll gude.*
" *No, like his better fortune I'll appear,*
" *With open arms, looſe vail and flowing*
" *hair,*
" *Juſt flying forward from my rowling*
ſphere.

" I wonder, if he be ſo ſtrict, how he dares
" make ſo bold with *ſphere* himſelf, and be ſo
" critical in other mens writings. Fortune is
" fancied ſtanding on a globe, not on a *ſphere,*
" as he told us, in the firſt Act.

" Becauſe *Elkanah's Similies are the moſt un-*
" *like things to what they are compared in the*
" *world,* I'll venture to ſtart a ſimile in his
" *Annus Mirabilis:* he gives this poetical deſ-
" cription of the ſhip called the *London:*

" *The goodly London in her gallant trim,*
" *The Phenix-daughter of the vanquiſht old,*
" *Like a rich bride does to the ocean ſwim,*
" *And on her ſhadow rides in floating gold.*
" *Her flag aloft ſpread ruffling in the wind,*
" *And ſanguine ſtreamers ſeem'd the flood to*
" *fire:*
" *The weaver, charm'd with what his loom de-*
" *ſign'd,*
" *Goes on to ſea, and knows not to retire.*
" *With roomy decks, her guns of mighty ſtrength,*
" *Whoſe low-laid mouths each mounting billow*
" *laves,*
" *Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length.*
" *She ſeems a ſea-waſp flying on the waves.*

" What

" What a wonderful pother is here, to make " all theſe poetical beautifications of a ſhip! " that is, a *phenix* in the firſt ſtanza, and but " a *waſp* in the laſt: nay, to make his hum- " ble compariſon of a *waſp* more ridiculous, " he does not ſay it flies upon the waves as " nimbly as a waſp, or the like, but it ſeemed " a *waſp*. But our author at the writing of " this was not in his altitudes, to compare " ſhips to floating palaces, a compariſon to " the purpoſe, was a perfection he did not " arrive to, till his *Indian Emperor's* days. " But perhaps his ſimilitude has more in it " than we imagine; this ſhip had a great " many guns in her, and they, put all toge- " ther, made the ſtring in the waſp's tail: " for this is all the reaſon I can gueſs, why it " ſeem'd a *waſp*. But, becauſe we will allow " him all we can to help out, let it be a *phenix* " *ſea-waſp*, and the rarity of ſuch an animal " may do much towards the heightening the " fancy.

" It had been much more to his purpoſe, if " he had deſigned to render the ſenſeleſs play " little, to have ſearched for ſome ſuch pe- " dantry as this:

" *Two ifs ſcarce make one poſſibility.*
" *If juſtice will take all and nothing give,*
" *Juſtice, methinks, is not diſtributive.*
" *To die or kill you, is the alternative,*
" *Rather than take your life, I will not live.*

" Obſerve, how prettily our author chops " logick in heroick verſe. Three ſuch fuſtian " canting words as *diſtributive*, *alternative*, " and *two ifs*, no man but himſelf would have

" come within the noiſe of. But he's a man " of general learning, and all comes into his " play.

" 'Twould have done well too, if he could " have met with a rant or two, worth the ob- " ſervation: ſuch as,

" *Move ſwiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,*
" *Leave months and weeks behind thee in thy race.*

" But ſurely the Sun, whether he flies a " lover's or not a lover's pace, leaves weeks " and months, nay years too, behind him in " his race.

" Poor Robin, or any other of the Philo- " mathematicks, would have given him ſatis- " faction in the point.

" *If I could kill thee now, thy fate's ſo low,*
" *That I muſt ſtoop, ere I can give the blow.*
" *But mine is fixt ſo far above thy crown,*
" *That all thy men,*
" *Pil'd on thy back, can never pull it down.*

" Now where that is, Almanzor's fate is " fixt, I cannot gueſs; but wherever it is, I " believe Almanzor, and think that all Abdal- " la's ſubjects, piled upon one another, might " not pull down his fate ſo well as without " piling: beſides, I think Abdalla ſo wiſe a " man, that if Almanzor had told him piling " his men upon his back might do the feat, " he would ſcarce bear ſuch a weight, for the " pleaſure of the exploit: but it is a huff, and " let Abdalla do it, if he dare.

The people like a headlong torrent go,
And every dam they break or overflow.
But, unoppos'd, they either loſe their force,
Or wind in volumes to their former courſe.

" A very

" A very pretty alluſion, contrary to all ſenſe " or reaſon. Torrents, I take it, let them " wind never ſo much, can never return to " their former courſe, unleſs he can ſuppoſe " that fountains can go upwards, which is " impoſſible: nay more, in the foregoing " page he tells us ſo too. A trick of a very " unfaithful memory,

" *But can no more than fountains upwards* " *flow.*

" Which of a *torrent*, which ſignifies a rapid " ſtream, is much more impoſſible. Beſides, " if he goes to quibble, and ſay that it is " poſſible by art water may be made return, " and the ſame water run twice in one and the " ſame channel: then he quite confutes what " he ſays; for, it is by being oppoſed, that " it runs into its former courſe; for all en- " gines that make water ſo return, do it by " compulſion and oppoſition. Or, if he means " a headlong torrent for a tide, which would " be ridiculous, yet they do not wind in vo- " lumes, but come fore-right back (if their " upright lies ſtraight to their former courſe), " and that by oppoſition of the ſea-water, that " drives them back again.

" And for fancy, when he lights of any " thing like it, 'tis a wonder if it be not bor- " rowed. As here, for example of, I find " this fanciful thought in his *Ann. Mirab.*

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head;
But fear'd the fate of Simoeis would return;
Deep in his ooze he ſought his ſedgy bed;
And ſhrunk his waters back into his urn.

This is ſtolen from Cowley's *Davideis*, p. 9:

Swift Jordan ſtarted, and ſtrait backward fled,
Hiding amongſt thick reeds his aged head.
And when the Spaniards their aſſault begin,
At once beat thoſe without and thoſe within.

" This Almanzor ſpeaks of himſelf; and ſure " for one man to conquer an army within the " city, and another without the city, at once, " is ſomething difficult; but this flight is par- " donable, to ſome we meet with in *Granada.*

" Oſmin, ſpeaking of Almanzor:

Who, like a tempeſt that outrides the wind,
Made a juſt battle, ere the bodies join'd.

" Pray what does this honourable perſon " mean by a *tempeſt that outrides the wind!* " A tempeſt that outrides itſelf. To ſuppoſe " a tempeſt without wind, is as bad as ſup- " poſing a man to walk without feet: for if " he ſuppoſes the tempeſt to be ſomething " diſtinct from the wind, yet as being the ef- " fect of wind only, to come before the cauſe " is a little prepoſterous: ſo that, if he takes " it one way, or if he takes it the other, thoſe " two *ifs* will ſcarce make one *poſſibility.*"

" Enough of Settle."

Marriage Alamode is a comedy, dedicated to the Earl of Rocheſter: whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but the promoter of his fortune. Langbaine places this play in 1673. The earl of Rocheſter therefore was the famous Wilmot, whom yet tradition always repreſents as an enemy to Dryden, and who is mentioned by him with ſome diſreſpect in the preface to Juvenal.

The Aſſignation, or Love in a Nunnery, a comedy, was driven off the ſtage, *againſt the opinion,*

opinion, as the author ſays, *of the beſt judges*. It is dedicated, in a very elegant addreſs, to Sir Charles Sedley; in which he finds an opportunity for his uſual complaint of hard treatment, and unreaſonable cenſure.

Amboyna is a tiſſue of mingled dialogue in verſe and proſe, and was perhaps written in leſs time than the *Virgin Martyr*; though the author thought not fit either oſtentatiouſly or mournfully to tell how little labour it coſt him, or at how ſhort a warning he produced it. It was a temporary performance, written in the time of the Dutch war, to inflame the nation againſt their enemies; to whom he hopes, as he declares in his Epilogue, to make his poetry not leſs deſtructive than that by which Tyrtæus of old animated the Spartans. This play was written in the ſecond Dutch war in 1673.

Troilus and Creſſida, is a play altered from Shakeſpeare; but ſo altered that even in Langbaine's opinion, *the laſt ſcene in the third act is a maſterpiece*. It is introduced by a diſcourſe on *the grounds of criticiſm in tragedy*; to which I ſuſpect that Rymer's book had given occaſion.

The *Spaniſh Fryar* is a tragi-comedy, eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots. As it was written againſt the Papiſts, it would naturally at that time have friends and enemies; and partly by the popularity which it obtained at firſt, and partly by the real power both of the ſerious and riſible part, it continued long a favourite of the publick.

It was Dryden's opinion, at leaſt for ſome time, and he maintains it in the dedication of this

this play, that the drama required an alternation of comick and tragick ſcenes, and that it is neceſſary to mitigate by alleviations of merriment the preſſure of ponderous events, and the fatigue of toilſome paſſions. Whoever, ſays he cannot perform both parts *is but half a writer for the ſtage.*

The *Duke of Guiſe*, a tragedy written in conjunction with Lee, as *Oedipus* had been before, ſeems to deſerve notice only for the offence which it gave to the remnant of the Covenanters, and in general to the enemies of the court, who attacked him with great violence, and were anſwered by him; though at laſt he ſeems to withdraw from the conflict, by transferring the greater part of the blame or merit to his partner. It happened that a contract had been made between them, by which they were to join in writing a play; and *he happened*, ſays Dryden, *to claim the promiſe juſt upon the finiſhing of a poem, when I would have been glad of a little reſpite.*—Two *thirds of it belonged to him; and to me only the firſt ſcene of the play, the whole fourth act, and the firſt half or ſomewhat more of the fifth.*

This was a play written profeſſedly for the party of the duke of York, whoſe ſucceſſion was then oppoſed. A parallel is intended between the Leaguers of France and the Covenanters of England; and this intention produced the controverſy.

Albion and Albania is a muſical drama, or opera, written, like the *Duke of Guiſe*, againſt the Republicans. With what ſucceſs it was performed, I have not found.

The

The State of Innocence and Fall of Man is termed by him an ópera: it is rather a tragedy in heroick rhyme, but of which the perſonages are ſuch as cannot decently be exhibited on the ſtage. Some ſuch production was foreſeen by Marvel, who writes thus to Milton:

Or if a work ſo infinite be ſpann'd,
Jealous I was leſt ſome leſs ſkilful hand,
Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill-imitating would excel,
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day,
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.

It is another of his haſty productions; for the heat of his imagination raiſed it in a month.

This compoſition is addreſſed to the princeſs of Modena, then ducheſs of York, in a ſtrain of flattery which diſgraces genius, and which it is wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could uſe without ſelf-deteſtation. It is an attempt to mingle earth and heaven, by praiſing human excellence in the language of religion.

The preface contains an apology for heroick verſe, and poetick licence; by which is meant not any liberty taken in contracting or extending words, but the uſe of bold fictions and ambitious figures.

The reaſon which he gives for printing what was never acted, cannot be overpaſſed: "I was induced to it in my own defence, many hundred copies of it being diſperſed abroad without my knowledge or conſent, and every one gathering new faults, it became at length a libel againſt me." Theſe copies

copiecs as they gathered faults were apparently manuſcripts; and he lived in an age very unlike ours, if many hundred copies of fourteen hundred lines were likely to be tranſcribed. An author has a right to print his own works, and needs not ſeek an apology in falſehood; but he that could bear to write the dedication felt no pain in writing the preface.

Aureng Zebe is a tragedy founded on the actions of a great prince then reigning, but over nations not likely to employ their criticks upon the tranſactions of the Engliſh ſtage. If he had known and not liked his own character, our trade was not in thoſe times ſecure from his reſentment. His country is at ſuch a diſtance, that the manners might be ſafely falſified, and the incidents feigned; for remoteneſs of place is remarked, by Racine, to afford the ſame conveniencies to a poet as length of time.

This play is written in rhyme; and has the appearance of being the moſt elaborate of all the dramas. The perſonages are imperial; but the dialogue is often domeſtick, and therefore ſuſceptible of ſentiments accommodated to familiar incidents. The complaint of life is celebrated, and there are many other paſſages that may be read with pleaſure.

This play is addreſſed to the earl of Mulgrave, afterwards duke of Buckingham, himſelf, if not a poet, yet a writer of verſes, and a critick. In this addreſs Dryden gave the firſt hints of his intention to write an epick poem. He mentions his deſign in terms ſo obſcure, that he ſeems afraid leſt his plan ſhould be purloined, as, he ſays, happened to him when he told it more plainly in his preface to Juvenal.

nal. "The deſign," ſays he, "you know is "great, the ſtory Engliſh, and neither too "near the preſent times, nor too diſtant from "them."

All for Love, or the World well loſt, a tragedy founded upon the ſtory of Antony and Cleopatra, he tells us, *is the only play which he wrote for himſelf*; the reſt were given to the people. It is by univerſal conſent accounted the work in which he has admitted the feweſt improprieties of ſtyle or character; but it has one fault equal to many, though rather moral than critical, that, by admitting the romantick omnipotence of Love, he has recommended as laudable and worthy of imitation that conduct which, through all ages, the good have cenſured as vitious, and the bad deſpiſed as fooliſh.

Of this play the prologue and the epilogue, though written upon the common topicks of malicious and ignorant criticiſm, and without any particular relation to the characters or incidents of the drama, are deſervedly celebrated for their elegance and ſpritelineſs.

Limberham, or the kind Keeper, is a comedy, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too indecent for the ſtage. What gave offence was in the printing, as the author ſays, altered or omitted. Dryden confeſſes that its indecency was objected to; but Langbaine, who yet ſeldom favours him, imputes its expulſion to reſentment, becauſe it *ſo much expoſed the keeping part of the town.*

Oedipus is a tragedy formed by Dryden and Lee, in conjunction, from the works of Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille. Di[illegible]

planned the ſcenes, and compoſed the firſt and third acts.

Don Sebaſtian is commonly eſteemed either the firſt or ſecond of his dramatick performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents; and though it is not without ſallies of frantick dignity, and more noiſe than meaning, yet as it makes approaches to the poſſibilities of real life, and has ſome ſentiments which beam a ſtrong impreſſion, it continued long to attract attention. Amidſt the diſtreſſes of princes, and the viciſſitudes of empire, are inſerted ſeveral ſcenes which the writer intended for comick; but which, I ſuppoſe, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, paſſages of excellence univerſally acknowledged; the diſpute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebaſtian has always been admired.

This play was firſt acted in 1690, after Dryden had for ſome years diſcontinued dramatick poetry.

Amphytrion is a comedy derived from Plautus and Moliere. The dedication is dated Oct. 1690. This play ſeems to have ſucceeded at its firſt appearance; and was, I think, long conſidered as a very diverting entertainment.

Cleomenes, is a tragedy, only remarkable as it occaſioned an incident related in the *Guardian*, and alluſively mentioned by Dryden in his preface. As he came out from the repreſentation, he was accoſted thus by ſome airy ſtripling: *Had I been left alone with a young beauty, I would not have ſpent my time like your Spartan*

Spartan. That, Sir, ſaid Dryden, *perhaps is true; but give me leave to tell you, that you are no hero.*

King Arthur is another opera. It was the laſt work that Dryden performed for King Charles, who did not live to ſee it exhibited; and it does not ſeem to have been ever brought upon the ſtage. In the dedication to the marquis of Halifax there is a very elegant character of Charles, and a pleaſing account of his latter life.

His laſt drama was *Love triumphant*, a tragi-comedy. In his dedication to the earl of Saliſbury he mentions *the lowneſs of fortnne to which he has voluntarily reduced himſelf, and of which he has no reaſon to be aſhamed.*

This play appeared in 1694. It is ſaid to have been unſucceſsful. The cataſtrophe, proceeding merely from a change of mind, is confeſſed by the author to be defective. Thus he began and ended his dramatick labours with ill ſucceſs.

From ſuch a number of theatrical pieces it will be ſuppoſed, by moſt readers, that he muſt have improved, his fortune; at leaſt, that ſuch diligence with ſuch abilities muſt have ſet penury at defiance. But in Dryden's time the drama was very far from that univerſal approbation which it has now obtained. The playhouſe was abhorred by the Puritans, and avoided by thoſe who deſired the character of ſerioufneſs or decency. A grave lawyer would have debaſed his dignity, and a young trader would have impaired his credit, by appearing in thoſe manſions of diſſolute licentiouſneſs. The profits of the theatre, when ſo

man

many claſſes of the people were deducted from the audience, were not great; and the poet had for a long time but a ſingle night. The firſt that had two nights was *Southern*, and the firſt that had three was *Rowe*. There were however, in thoſe days, arts of improving a poet's profit, which Dryden forbore to practiſe; and a play therefore ſeldom produced him more than a hundred pounds, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

Almoſt every piece had a dedication, written with ſuch elegance and luxuriance of praiſe, as neither haughtineſs nor avarice could be imagined able to reſiſt. But he ſeems to have made flattery too cheap. That praiſe is worth nothing of which the price is known.

To increaſe the value of his copies, he often accompanied his work with a preface of criticiſm; a kind of learning then little known, and therefore welcome as a novelty, and of that flexile and applicable kind, that it might be always introduced without apparent violence or affectation. By theſe diſſertations the publick judgement muſt have been much improved; and Swift, who converſed with Dryden, relates that he regretted the ſucceſs of his own inſtructions, and found his readers made ſuddenly too ſkilful to be eaſily ſatified.

His prologues had ſuch reputation, that for ſome time a play was conſidered as leſs likely to be well received, if ſome of his verſes did not introduce it. The price of a prologue was two guineas, till being aſked to write one for Mr. Southerne, he demanded three; *Not*,

ſaid he, *young man, out of diſreſpect to you, but the players have had my goods too cheap.*

Though he declares, that in his own opinion his genius was not dramatick, he had great confidence in his own fertility; for he is ſaid to have engaged, by contract, to furniſh four plays a year.

It is certain that in one year, 1678, he publiſhed *All for Love*, *Aſſignation*, two parts of the *Conqueſt of Granada*, *Sir Martin Marall*, and the *State of Innocence*, ſix complete plays; with a celerity of performance, which, though all Langbaine's charges of plagiariſm ſhould be allowed, ſhews ſuch facility of compoſition, ſuch readineſs of language, and ſuch copiouſneſs of ſentiment, as ſince the time of Lopez de Vega, perhaps no other author has poſſeſſed.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however great, nor his profits, however ſmall, without moleſtation. He had criticks to endure, and rivals to oppoſe. The two moſt diſtinguiſhed wits of the nobility, the duke of Buckingham and earl of Rocheſter, declared themſelves his enemies.

Buckingham characteriſed him in 1671, by the name of *Bays* in the *Rehearſal*; a farce which he is ſaid to have written with the aſſiſtance of Butler the author of *Hudibras*, Martin Clifford of the Charterhouſe, and Dr. Sprat, the friend of Cowley, then his chaplain. Dryden and his friends laughed at the length of time and the number of hands employed upon this performance; in which, though by ſome artifice of action it yet keeps poſſeſſion of the ſtage, it is not poſſible now to

to find any thing that might not have been written without ſo long delay, or a confederacy ſo numerous.

To adjuſt the minute events of literary hiſtory is tedious and troubleſome; it requires indeed no great force of underſtanding, but often depends upon enquiries which there is no opportunity of making, or is to be fetched from books and pamphlets not always at hand.

The *Rehearſal* was played in 1671, and yet is repreſented as ridiculing paſſages in the *Conqueſt of Granada* and *Aſſignation*, which were not publiſhed till 1678, in *Marriage Alamode* publiſhed in 1673, and in *Tyrannick Love* of 1677. Theſe contradictions ſhew how raſhly ſatire is applied.

It is ſaid that this farce was originally intended againſt Davenant, who in the firſt draught was characteriſed by the name of *Bilboa*. Davenant had been a ſoldier and an adventurer.

There is one paſſage in the *Rehearſal* ſtill remaining, which ſeems to have related originally to Davenant. *Bays* hurts his noſe, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruiſe: how this affected Dryden does not appear. Davenant's noſe had ſuffered ſuch diminution by miſhaps among the women, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him.

It is ſaid likewiſe that Sir Robert Howard was once meant. The deſign was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whoever he might be.

Much of the perſonal ſatire, to which it might owe its firſt reception, is now loſt or obſcured. *Bays* probably imitated the dreſs, and mimicked the manner, of Dryden; the cant

cant words which are ſo often in his mouth may be ſuppoſed to have been Dryden's habitual phraſes, or cuſtomary exclamations. *Bays*, when he is to write, is blooded and purged: this, as Lamotte relates himſelf to have heard, was the real practice of the poet.

There were other ſtrokes in the *Rehearſal* by which malice was gratified: the debate between Love and Honour, which keeps prince *Volſcius* in a ſingle boot, is ſaid to have alluded to the miſconduct of the duke of Ormond, who loſt Dublin to the rebels while he was toying with a miſtreſs.

The earl of Rocheſter, to ſuppreſs the reputation of Dryden, took Settle into his protection, and endeavoured to perſuade the publick that its approbation had been to that time miſplaced. Settle was a while in high reputation: his *Empreſs of Morocco*, having firſt delighted the town, was carried in triumph to Whitehall, and played by the ladies of the court. Now was the poetical meteor at the higheſt, the next moment began its fall. Rocheſter withdrew his patronage: ſeeming reſolved, ſays one of his biographers, *to have a judgement contrary to that of the town.* Perhaps being unable to endure any reputation beyond a certain height, even when he had himſelf contributed to raiſe it.

Neither criticks nor rivals did Dryden much miſchief, unleſs they gained from his own temper the power of vexing him, which his frequent burſts of reſentment give reaſon to ſuſpect. He is always angry at ſome paſt or afraid of ſome future cenſure; but he leſſens the ſmart of his wounds by the balm of his own

own approbation, and endeavours to repel the ſhafts of criticiſm by oppoſing a ſhield of adamantine confidence.

The perpetual accuſation produced againſt him was that of plagiariſm, againſt which he never attempted any vigorous defence: for, though he was perhaps ſometimes injuriouſly cenſured, he would by denying part of the charge have confeſſed the reſt: and as his adverſaries had the proof in their own hands, he, who knew that wit had little power againſt facts, wiſely left in that perplexity which generality produces a queſtion which it was his intereſt to ſuppreſs, and which, unleſs provoked by vindication, few were likely to examine.

Though the life of a writer, from about thirty-five to ſixty-three, may be ſuppoſed to have been ſufficiently buſied by the compoſition of eight and twenty pieces for the ſtage, Dryden found room in the ſame ſpace for many other undertakings.

But, how much ſoever he wrote, he was at leaſt once ſuſpected of writing more; for in 1679 a paper of verſes called *an Eſſay on Satire*, was ſhewn about in manuſcript, by which the earl of Rocheſter, the dutcheſs of Portſmouth, and others, were ſo much provoked, that, as was ſuppoſed, for the actors were never diſcovered, they procured Dryden, whom they ſuſpected as the author, to be waylaid and beaten. This incident is mentioned by the duke of Buckinghamſhire, the true writer, in his Art of Poetry; where he ſays of Dryden,

Though prais'd and beaten for another's rhymes,
His own deſerves as great applauſe ſometimes.

His

His reputation in time was ſuch, that his name was thought neceſſary to the ſucceſs of every poetical or literary performance, and therefore he was engaged to contribute ſomething, whatever it might be, to many publications. He prefixed the Life of Polybius to the tranſlation of Sir Henry Sheers; and thoſe of Lucian and Plutarch to verſions of their works by different hands. Of the Engliſh Tacitus he tranſlated the firſt book; and, if Gordon be credited, tranſlated it from the French. Such a charge can hardly be mentioned without ſome degree of indignation; but it is not, I ſuppoſe, ſo much to be inferred that Dryden wanted the literature neceſſary to the peruſal of Tacitus, as that, conſidering himſelf as hidden in a crowd, he had no awe of the publick; and, writing merely for money, was contented to get it by the neareſt way.

In 1680, the Epiſtles of Ovid being tranſlated by the poets of the time, among which one was the work of Dryden, and another of Dryden and Lord Mulgrave, it was neceſſary to introduce them by a preface; and Dryden, who on ſuch occaſions was regularly ſummoned, prefixed a diſcourſe upon tranſlation, which was then ſtruggling for the liberty that it now enjoys. Why it ſhould find any difficulty in breaking the ſhackles of verbal interpretation, which muſt for ever debar it from elegance, it would be difficult to conjecture, were not the power of prejudice every day obſerved. The authority of Jonſon, Sandys, and Holiday, had fixed the judgement of the nation; and it was not eaſily believed that a better way could be found than they had taken,

though Denham, Waller, and Cowley, had tried to give examples of a different practice.

In 1681, Dryden became yet more conſpicuous by uniting politicks with poetry, in the memorable ſatire called *Abſalom and Achitophel*, written againſt the faction which, by lord Shafteſbury's incitement, ſet the duke of Monmouth at its head.

Of this poem, in which perſonal ſatire was applied to the ſupport of publick principles, and in which therefore every mind was intereſted, the reception was eager, and the ſale ſo large, that my father, an old bookſeller, told me, he had not known it equalled but by *Sacheverel's* trial.

The reaſon of this general peruſal Addiſon has attempted to derive from the delight which the mind feels in the inveſtigation of ſecrets; and thinks that curioſity to decypher the names procured readers to the poem. There is no need to enquire why thoſe verſes were read, which, to all the attractions of wit, elegance, and harmony, added the co-operation of all the factious paſſions, and filled every mind with triumph or reſentment.

It could not be ſuppoſed that all the provocation given by Dryden would be endured without reſiſtance or reply. Both his perſon and his party were expoſed in their turns to the ſhafts of ſatire, which, though neither ſo well pointed nor perhaps ſo well aimed, undoubtedly drew blood.

One of theſe poems is called *Dryden's Satire on his Muſe*; aſcribed, though, as Pope ſays, falſely, to *Somers*, who was afterwards Chancellor. The poem, whoſe ſoever it was, has much

much virulence, and ſome ſpritelineſs. The writer tells all the ill that he can collect, both of Dryden and his friends.

The poem of *Abſalom and Achitophel* had two anſwers, now both forgotten; one called *Azaria and Huſhai*; the other, *Abſalom ſenior*. Of theſe hoſtile compoſitions, Dryden apparently imputes *Abſalom ſenior* to *Settle*, by quoting in his verſes againſt him the ſecond line. *Azaria and Huſhai* was, as *Wood* ſays, imputed to him, though it is ſomewhat unlikely that he ſhould write twice on the ſame occaſion. This is a difficulty which I cannot remove, for want of a minuter knowledge of poetical tranſactions.

The ſame year he publiſhed the *Medal*, of which the ſubject is a medal ſtruck on lord Shafteſbury's eſcape from a proſecution, by the *ignoramus* of a grand jury of Londoners.

In both poems he maintains the ſame principles, and ſaw them both attacked by the ſame antagoniſt. Elkanah Settle, who had anſwered *Abſalom*, appeared with equal courage in oppoſition to the *Medal*, and publiſhed an anſwer called *The Medal reverſed*, with ſo much ſucceſs in both encounters, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the ſuffrages of the nation. Such are the revolutions of fame, or ſuch is the prevalence of faſhion, that the man whoſe works have not yet been thought to deſerve the care of collecting them; who died forgotten in an hoſpital; and whoſe latter years were ſpent in contriving ſhows for fairs, and carrying an elegy or epithalamium, of which the beginning and end were occaſionally varied, but the intermediate parts were al-

ways the ſame, to every houſe where there was a funeral or a wedding; might, with truth, have had inſcribed upon his ſtone,

Here lies the Rival and Antagoniſt of Dryden.

Settle was, for this rebellion, ſeverely chaſtiſed by Dryden under the name of *Doeg*, in the ſecond part of *Abſalom and Achitophel*, and was perhaps for his factious audacity made the city poet, whoſe annual office was to deſcribe the glories of the Mayor's day. Of theſe bards he was the laſt, and ſeems not much to have deſerved even this degree of regard, if it was paid to his political opinions; for he afterwards wrote a panegyrick on the virtues of judge Jefferies, and what more could have been done by the meaneſt zealot for prerogative?

Of tranſlated fragments, or occaſional poems, to enumerate the titles, or ſettle the dates, would be tedious, with little uſe. It may be obſerved, that as Dryden's genius was commonly excited by ſome perſonal regard, he rarely writes upon a general topick.

Soon after the acceſſion of king James, when the deſign of reconciling the nation to the church of Rome became apparent, and the religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favours, Dryden declared himſelf a convert to popery. This at any other time might have paſſed with little cenſure. Sir *Kenelm Digby* embraced popery; the two *Rainholds* reciprocally converted one another; and *Chillingworth* himſelf was a while ſo entangled in the wilds of controverſy, as to retire for quiet to an infallible church. If men of argument and ſtudy can find ſuch difficulties,

or

or ſuch motives, as may either unite them to the church of Rome, or detain them in uncertainty, there can be no wonder that a man, who perhaps never enquired why he was a proteſtant, ſhould by an artful and experienced diſputant be made a papiſt, overborne by the ſudden violence of new and unexpected arguments, or deceived by a repreſentation which ſhews only the doubts on one part, and only the evidence on the other.

That converſion will always be ſuſpected that apparently concurs with intereſt. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progreſs towards wealth or honour, will not be thought to love Truth only for herſelf. Yet it may eaſily happen that information may come at a commodious time; and as truth and intereſt are not by any fatal neceſſity at variance, that one may by accident introduce the other. When opinions are ſtruggling into popularity, the arguments by which they are oppoſed or defended become more known; and he that changes his profeſſion would perhaps have changed it before, with the like opportunities of inſtruction. This was then the ſtate of popery; every artifice was uſed to ſhew it in its faireſt form; and it muſt be owned to be a religion of external appearance ſufficiently attractive.

It is natural to hope that a comprehenſive is likewiſe an elevated ſoul, and that whoever is wiſe is alſo honeſt. I am willing to believe that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different ſtudies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controverſy, and wanted rather ſkill to diſcover the right than virtue

virtue to maintain it. But enquiries into the heart are not for man; we muſt now leave him to his Judge.

The prieſts, having ſtrengthened their cauſe by ſo powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controverſial papers found in the ſtrong-box of Charles the Second, and, what yet was harder, to defend them againſt Stillingfleet.

With hopes of promoting popery, he was employed to tranſlate Maimbourg's Hiſtory of the League; which he publiſhed, with a large Introduction. His name is likewiſe prefixed to the Engliſh Life of Francis Xavier; but I know not that he ever owned himſelf the tranſlator. Perhaps the uſe of his name was a pious fraud, which however ſeems not to have had much effect; for neither of the books, I believe, was ever popular.

The verſion of Xavier's Life is commended by Brown, in a pamphlet not written to flatter; and the occaſion of it is ſaid to have been, that the Queen, when ſhe ſolicited a ſon, made vows to him as her tutelary ſaint.

He was ſuppoſed to have undertaken to tranſlate *Varillas's Hiſtory of Hereſies*; and when *Burnet* publiſhed Remarks upon it, to have written an *Anſwer*; upon which Burnet makes the following obſervation:

" I have been informed from England, that " a gentleman, who is famous both for poe- " try and ſeveral other things, had ſpent three " months in tranſlating M. Varillas's Hiſtory; " but that, as ſoon as my Reflections appear- " ed, he diſcontinued his labour, finding the " credit

" credit of his author was gone. Now, if he
" thinks it is recovered by his Anſwer, he will
" perhaps go on with his tranſlation; and
" this may be, for aught I know, as good an
" entertainment for him as the converſation
" that he had ſet on between the Hinds and
" Panthers, and all the reſt of animals, for
" whom M. Varillas may ſerve well enough as
" an author: and this hiſtory and that poem
" are ſuch extraordinary things of their kind,
" that it will be but ſuitable to ſee the author
" of the worſt poem become likewiſe the tran-
" ſlator of the worſt hiſtory that the age has
" produced. If his grace and his wit improve
" both proportionably, he will hardly find
" that he has gained much by the change he
" has made, from having no religion to chuſe
" one of the worſt. It is true, he had ſome-
" what to ſink from in matter of wit; but
" as for his morals, it is ſcarce poſſible for
" him to grow a worſe man than he was.
" He has lately wreaked his malice on me for
" ſpoiling his three months labour; but in it
" he has done me all the honour that any man
" can receive from him, which is to be rail-
" ed at by him. If I had ill-nature enough
" to prompt me to wiſh a very bad wiſh for
" him, it ſhould be, that he would go on and
" finiſh his tranſlation. By that it will ap-
" pear, whether the Engliſh nation, which is
" the moſt competent judge in this matter,
" has, upon the ſeeing our debate, pronounc-
" ed in M. Varillas's favour, or in mine. It
" is true, Mr. D. will ſuffer a little by it; but
" at leaſt it will ſerve to keep him in from
" other extravagancies; and if he gains little

" honour by this work, yet he cannot loſe ſo " much by it as he has done by his laſt em- " ployment."

Having probably felt his own inferiority in Theological controverſy, he was deſirous of trying whether, by bringing poetry to aid his arguments, he might become a more efficacious defender of his new profeſſion. To reaſon in verſe was, indeed, one of his powers; but ſubtilty and harmony united are ſtill feeble, when oppoſed to truth.

Actuated therefore by zeal for Rome, or hope of fame, he publiſhed the *Hind and Panther*, a poem in which the church of Rome, figured by the *milk-white Hind*, defends her tenets againſt the church of England, repreſented by the *Panther*, a beaſt beautiful, but ſpotted.

A fable which exhibits two beaſts talking Theology, appears at once full of abſurdity; and it was accordingly ridiculed in the *City Mouſe* and *Country Mouſe*, a parody, written by Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the firſt ſpecimen of his abilities.

The converſion of ſuch a man, at ſuch a time, was not likely to paſs uncenſured. Three dialogues were publiſhed by the facetious *Thomas Brown*, of which the two firſt were called *Reaſons of Mr. Bays's changing his religion*; and the third *The Reaſons of Mr. Hains the player's converſion and re-converſion*. The firſt was printed in 1688, the ſecond not till 1690, the third in 1691. The clamour ſeems to have been long continued, and the ſubject to have ſtrongly fixed the publick attention.

In

In the two firſt dialogues *Bays* is brought into the company of *Crites* and *Eugenius*, with whom he had formerly debated on dramatick poetry. The two talkers in the third are Mr. *Bays* and Mr. *Hains*.

Brown was a man not deficient in literature, nor deſtitute of fancy; but he ſeems to have thought it the pinacle of excellence to be a *merry fellow*, and therefore laid out his powers upon ſmall jeſts or groſs buffoonery, ſo that his performances have little intrinſick value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty of the events that occaſioned them.

Theſe dialogues are like his other works: what ſenſe or knowledge they contain, is diſgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited. One great ſource of pleaſure is to call Dryden *little Bays*. *Ajax*, who happens to be mentioned, is *he that wore as many cowhides upon his ſhield as would have furniſhed half the king's army with ſhoe-leather*.

Being aſked whether he has ſeen the *Hind and Panther*, Crites anſwers: *Seen it*, Mr. Bays, *why I can ſtir no where but it perſues me; it haunts me worſe than a pewter-buttoned ſerjeant does a decayed cit. Sometimes I meet it in a band-box, when my laundreſs brings home my linen; ſometimes, whether I will or no, it lights my pipe at a coffee houſe; ſometimes it ſurpriſes me in a trunkmaker's ſhop; and ſometimes it refreſhes my memory for me on the backſide of a Chancery-lane parcel. For your comfort too, Mr. Bays, I have not only ſeen it, as you may perceive, but have read it too, and can quote it as freely upon occaſion as a frugal tradeſman can quote that noble treatiſe*

tiſe the Worth of a Penny *to his extravagant 'prentice, that revels in ſtewed apples, and penny cuſtards.*

The whole animation of theſe compoſitions ariſes from a profuſion of ludicrous and affected compariſons. *To ſecure one's chaſtity,* ſays Bays, *little more is neceſſary than to leave off a correſpondence with the other ſex, which, to a wiſe man, is no greater a puniſhment than it would be to a fanatick parſon to be forbid* ſeeing *the* Cheats *and the* Committee; *or for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to be interdicted the ſight of the* London Cuckold.—This is the general ſtrain, and therefore I ſhall be eaſily excuſed the labour of more tranſcription.

Brown does not wholly forget paſt tranſactions: *You began,* ſay Crites to Bays, *with a very indifferent religion, and have not mended the matter in your laſt choice. It was but reaſon that your Muſe, which appeared firſt in a Tyrant's quarrel, ſhould employ her laſt efforts to juſtify the uſurpations of the* Hind.

Next year the nation was ſummoned to celebrate the birth of the Prince. Now was the time for Dryden to rouſe his imagination, and ſtrain his voice. Happy days were at hand, and he was willing to enjoy and diffuſe the anticipated bleſſings. He publiſhed a poem, filled with predictions of greatneſs and proſperity; predictions of which it is not neceſſary to tell how they have been verified.

A few months paſſed after theſe joyful notes, and every bloſſom of popiſh hope was blaſted for ever by the Revolution. A papiſt now could be no longer Laureat. The revenue, which he had enjoyed with ſo much pride and

and praiſe, was transferred to Shadwel, an old enemy, whom he had formerly ſtigmatiſed by the name of *Og*. Dryden could not decently complain that he was depoſed; but ſeemed very angry that Shadwel ſucceeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquiſitely ſatirical, called *Mac Flecno*; of which the *Dunciad*, as Pope himſelf declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diverſified in its incidents.

It is related by Prior, that Lord Dorſet, when, as chamberlain, he was conſtrained to eject Dryden from his office, gave him from his own purſe an allowance equal to the ſalary. This is no romantick or incredible act of generoſity; an hundred a year is often enough given to claims leſs cogent, by men leſs famed for liberality. Yet Dryden always repreſented himſelf as ſuffering under a publick infliction; and once particularly demands reſpect for the patience with which he endured the loſs of his little fortune. His patron might, indeed, enjoin him to ſuppreſs his bounty; but if he ſuffered nothing, he ſhould not have complained.

During the ſhort reign of king James he had written nothing for the ſtage, being, in his own opinion, more profitably employed in controverſy and flattery. Of praiſe he might perhaps have been leſs laviſh without inconvenience, for James was never ſaid to have much regard to poetry: he was to be flattered only by adopting his religion.

Times were now changed: Dryden was no longer the court-poet, and was to look back for ſupport to his former trade; and having waited

waited about two years, either conſidering himſelf as diſcountenanced by the publick, or perhaps expecting a ſecond revolution, he produced *Don Sebaſtian*, in 1690; and in the next four years four dramas more.

In 1693 appeared a new verſion of Juvenal and Perſius. Of Juvenal he tranſlated the firſt, third, ſixth, tenth, and ſixteenth ſatires; and of Perſius the whole work. On this occaſion he introduced his two ſons to the publick, as nurſelings of the muſes. The fourteenth of Juvenal was the work of John, and the ſeventh of Charles Dryden. He prefixed a very ample preface in the form of a dedication to lord Dorſet; and there gives an account of the deſign which he had once formed to write an epick poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince. He conſidered the epick as neceſſarily including ſome kind of ſupernatural agency, and had imaged a new kind of conteſt between the guardian angels of kingdoms, of whom he conceived that each might be repreſented zealous for his charge, without any intended oppoſition to the purpoſes of the Supreme Being, of which all created minds muſt in part be ignorant.

This is the moſt reaſonable ſcheme of celeſtial interpoſition that ever was formed. The ſurprizes and terrors of enchantments, which have ſucceeded to the intrigues and oppoſitions of pagan deities, afford very ſtriking ſcenes, and open a vaſt extent to the imagination; but as Boileau obſerves, and Boileau will be ſeldom found miſtaken, with this incurable defect, that in a conteſt between heaven and

and hell we know at the beginning which is to prevail; for this reaſon we follow Rinaldo to the enchanted wood with more curioſity than terror.

In the ſcheme of Dryden there is one great difficulty, which yet he would perhaps have had addreſs enough to ſurmount. In a war juſtice can be but on one ſide; and to entitle the hero to the protection of angels, he muſt fight in the defence of indubitable right. Yet ſome of the celeſtial beings, thus oppoſed to each other, muſt have been repreſented as defending guilt.

That this poem was never written, is reaſonably to be lamented. It would doubtleſs have improved our numbers and enlarged our language, and might perhaps have contributed by pleaſing inſtruction to rectify our opinions, and purify our manners.

What he required as the indiſpenſable condition of ſuch an undertaking, a publick ſtipend, was not likely in thoſe times to be obtained. Riches were not become familiar to us, and the nation had not yet learned to be liberal.

This plan he charged Blackmore with ſtealing; only, ſays he, *the guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage.*

In 1694, he began the moſt laborious and difficult of all his works, the tranſlation of Virgil; from which he borrowed two months, that he might turn Freſnoy's Art of Painting into Engliſh proſe. The preface, which he boaſts to have written in twelve mornings, exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with

with a miſcellaneous collection of critical remarks, ſuch as coſt a mind ſtored like his no labour to produce them.

In 1697, he publiſhed his verſion of the works of Virgil; and, that no opportunity of profit might be loſt, dedicated the Paſtorals to the lord Clifford, the Georgics to the earl of Cheſterfield, and the Eneid to the earl of Mulgrave. This œconomy of flattery, at once laviſh and diſcreet, did not paſs without obſervation.

This tranſlation was cenſured by Milbourne, a clergyman, ſtiled by Pope *the faireſt of criticks*, becauſe he exhibited his own verſion to be compared with that which he condemned.

His laſt work was his Fables, publiſhed in 1699, in conſequence, as is ſuppoſed, of a contract now in the hands of Mr. Tonſon; by which he obliged himſelf in conſideration of three hundred pounds, to finiſh for the preſs ten thouſand verſes.

In this volume is compriſed the well-known ode on St. Cecilia's day, which, as appeared by a letter communicated to Dr. Birch, he ſpent a fortnight in compoſing and correcting. But what is this to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whoſe *Equivoque*, a poem of only three hundred forty-ſix lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to reviſe it!

Part of this book of Fables is the firſt Iliad in Engliſh, intended as a ſpecimen of a verſion of the whole. Conſidering into what hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that this project went no further.

The

The time was now at hand which was to put an end to all his ſchemes and labours. On the firſt of May 1701, having been ſome time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died in Gerrard-ſtreet of a mortification in his leg.

There is extant a wild ſtory relating to ſome vexatious events that happened at his funeral, which, at the end of Congreve's Life, by a writer of I know not what credit, are thus related, as I find the account transferred to a biographical dictionary:

"Mr. Dryden dying on the Wedneſday "morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then biſhop "of Rocheſter and dean of Weſtminſter, ſent "the next day to the lady Elizabeth Howard, "Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make "a preſent of the ground, which was forty "pounds, with all the other Abbey-fees. The "lord Hallifax likewiſe ſent to the lady Eli-"zabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden her ſon, "that, if they would give him leave to bury "Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a "gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards "beſtow five hundred pounds on a monu-"ment in the Abbey; which, as they had no "reaſon to refuſe, they accepted. On the "Saturday following the company came; the "corpſe was put into a velvet hearſe, and "eighteen mourning coaches, filled with "company, attended. When they were juſt "ready to move, the lord Jefferies, ſon of the "lord chancellor Jefferies, with ſome of his "rakiſh companions coming by, aſked whoſe "funeral it was: and being told Mr. Dryden's, "he ſaid, "What ſhall Dryden, the greateſt "honour and ornament of the nation, be

"buried

" buried after this private manner! No, gen-
" tlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and
" honour his memory, alight and join with
" me in gaining my lady's conſent to let me
" have the honour of his interment, which
" ſhall be after another manner than this;
" and I will beſtow a thouſand pounds on a
" monument in the Abbey for him." The
" gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of
" the biſhop of Rocheſter's favour, nor of the
" lord Hallifax's generous deſign (they both
" having, out of reſpect to the family, enjoined
" the lady Elizabeth and her ſon to keep their
" favour concealed to the world, and let it paſs
" for their own expence), readily came out of
" the coaches, and attended lord Jefferies up
" to the lady's bedſide, who was then ſick: he
" repeated the purport of what he had before
" ſaid; but ſhe abſolutely refuſing, he fell on
" his knees, vowing never to riſe till his requeſt
" was granted. The reſt of the company by
" his deſire kneeled alſo; and the lady, be-
" ing under a ſudden ſurprize, fainted away.
" As ſoon as ſhe recovered her ſpeech, ſhe cri-
" ed, *No, no.* Enough, gentlemen, replied
" he; my lady is very good, ſhe ſays, *Go, go.*"
" She repeated her former words with all her
" ſtrength, but in vain; for her feeble voice
" was loſt in their acclamations of joy; and
" the lord Jefferies ordered the hearſemen to
" carry the corps to Mr. Ruſſel's, an under-
" taker's in Cheapſide, and leave it there till
" he ſhould ſend orders for the embalment,
" which, he added, ſhould be after the royal
" manner. His directions were obeyed, the
" company diſperſed, and lady Elizabeth and
" her

" her ſon remained inconſolable. The next
" day Mr. Charles Dryden waited on the lord
" Hallifax and the biſhop, to excuſe his mo-
" ther and himſelf, by relating the real truth.
" But neither his lordſhip nor the biſhop would
" admit of any plea; eſpecially the latter, who
" had the Abbey lighted, the ground opened,
" the choir attending, an anthem ready ſet,
" and himſelf waiting for ſome time without
" any corpſe to bury. The undertaker, after
" three days expectance of orders for embal-
" ment without receiving any, waited on the
" lord Jefferies; who, pretending ignorance of
" the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured
" jeſt, ſaying, That thoſe who obſerved the
" orders of a drunken frolick deſerved no
" better; that he remembered nothing at all
" of it; and that he might do what he pleaſed
" with the corpſe. Upon this, the undertaker
" waited upon the lady Elizabeth and her ſon,
" and threatened to bring the corpſe home,
" and ſet it before the door. They deſired a
" day's reſpite, which was granted. Mr.
" Charles Dryden wrote a handſome letter to
" the lord Jefferies, who returned it with this
" cool anſwer, " That he knew nothing of
" the matter, and would be troubled no more
" about it." He then addreſſed the lord Hal-
" lifax and the biſhop of Rocheſter, who ab-
" ſolutely refuſed to do any thing in it. In
" this diſtreſs Dr. Garth ſent for the corpſe
" to the College of Phyſicians, and propoſed a
" funeral by ſubſcription, to which himſelf
" ſet a moſt noble example. At laſt a day,
" about three weeks after Mr. Dryden's de-
" ceaſe, was appointed for the interment: Dr.

" Garth pronounced a fine Latin oration, at " the College, over the corpſe; which was at- " tended to the Abbey by a numerous train " of coaches. When the funeral was over, " Mr. Charles Dryden ſent a challenge to the " lord Jefferies, who refuſing to anſwer it, he " ſent ſeveral others, and went often himſelf; " but could neither get a letter delivered, nor " admittance to ſpeak to him: which ſo in- " cenſed him, that he reſolved, ſince his lord- " ſhip refuſed to anſwer him like a gentleman, " that he would watch an opportunity to " meet, and fight off-hand, though with all " the rules of honour; which his lordſhip " hearing, left the town: and Mr. Charles " Dryden could never have the ſatisfaction of " meeting him, though he ſought it till his " death with the utmoſt application."

This ſtory I once intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence; but having been ſince informed that there is in the regiſter of the College of Phyſicians an order relating to Dryden's funeral, I can doubt its truth no longer.

This gradual change of manners, though imperceptible in the proceſs, appears great when different times, and thoſe not very diſtant, are compared. If at this time a young drunken Lord ſhould interrupt the pompous regularity of a magnificent funeral, what would be the event, but that he would be juſtled out of the way, and compelled to be quiet? If he ſhould thruſt himſelf into a houſe, he would be ſent roughly away; and what is yet more to the honour of the preſent time, I believe, that thoſe who had ſubſcribed to the funeral

neral of a man like Dryden, would not, for ſuch an accident, have withdrawn their contributions.

He was buried among the poets in Weſtminſter Abbey, where, though the duke of Newcaſtle had, in a general dedication prefixed by Congreve to his dramatick works, accepted thanks for his intention of erecting him a monument, he lay long without diſtinction, till the duke of Buckinghamſhire gave him a tablet, inſcribed only with the name of DRYDEN.

He married the lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the earl of Berkſhire, with circumſtances, according to the ſatire imputed to lord Somers, not very honourable to either party: by her he had three ſons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles was uſher of the palace to pope Clement the XIth, and viſiting England in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to ſwim croſs the Thames at Windſor.

John was author of a comedy called *The Huſband his own Cuckold.* He is ſaid to have died at Rome. Henry entered into ſome religious order. It is ſome proof of Dryden's ſincerity in his ſecond religion, that he taught it to his ſons. A man conſcious of hypocritical profeſſion in himſelf, is not likely to convert others; and as his ſons were qualified in 1693 to appear among the tranſlators of Juvenal, they muſt have been taught ſome religion before their father's change.

Of the perſon of Dryden I know not any account; of his mind, the portrait which has been left by Congreve, who knew him with great familiarity, is ſuch as adds our love of

his manners to our admiration of his genius. "He was," we are told, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compaſſionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a ſincere reconciliation with thoſe that had offended him. His friendſhip, where he profeſſed it, went beyond his profeſſions. He was of a very eaſy, of very pleaſing acceſs; but ſomewhat ſlow, and, as it were, diffident in his advances to others: he had that in his nature which abhorred intruſion into any ſociety whatever. He was therefore leſs known, and conſequently his character became more liable to miſapprehenſions and miſrepreſentations: he was very modeſt, and very eaſily to be diſcountenanced in his approaches to his equals or ſuperiors. As his reading had been very extenſive, ſo was he very happy in a memory tenacious of every thing that he had read. He was not more poſſeſſed of knowledge than he was communicative of it; but then his communication was by no means pedantick, or impoſed upon the converſation, but juſt ſuch, and went ſo far, as by the natural turn of the converſation in which he was engaged, it was neceſſarily promoted or required. He was extreme ready, and gentle in his correction of the errors of any writer who thought fit to conſult him, and full as ready and patient to admit of the reprehenſion of others, in reſpect of his own overſights or miſtakes."

To this account of Congreve nothing can be objected but the fondneſs of friendſhip; and to have excited that fondneſs in ſuch a mind is no ſmall degree of praiſe. The diſpoſition of

Dryden,

Dryden, however, is ſhewn in this character rather as it exhibited itſelf in curſory converſation, than as it operated on the more important parts of life. His placability and his friendſhip indeed were ſolid virtues; but courteſy and good-humour are often found with little real worth. Since Congreve, who knew him well, has told us no more, the reſt muſt be collected as it can from other teſtimonies, and particularly from thoſe notices which Dryden has very liberally given us of himſelf.

The modeſty which made him ſo ſlow to advance, and ſo eaſy to be repulſed, was certainly no ſuſpicion of deficient merit, or unconſciouſneſs of his own value: he appears to have known, in its whole extent, the dignity of his character, and to have ſet a very high value on his own powers and performances. He probably did not offer his converſation, becauſe he expected it to be ſolicited; and he retired from a cold reception, not ſubmiſſive but indignant, with ſuch reverence of his own greatneſs as made him unwilling to expoſe it to neglect or violation.

His modeſty was by no means inconſiſtent with oſtentatiouſneſs: he is diligent enough to remind the world of his merit, and expreſſes with very little ſcruple his high opinion of his own powers; but his ſelf-commendations are read without ſcorn or indignation; we allow his claims, and love his frankneſs.

Tradition, however, has not allowed that his confidence in himſelf exempted him from jealouſy of others. He is accuſed of envy and inſidiouſneſs; and is particularly charged with inciting Creech to tranſlate Horace, that he might

might loſe the reputation which Lucretius had given him.

Of this charge we immediately diſcover that it is merely conjectural; the purpoſe was ſuch as no man would confeſs; and a crime that admits no proof, why ſhould we believe?

He has been deſcribed as magiſterially preſiding over the younger writers, and aſſuming the diſtribution of poetical fame; but he who excels has a right to teach, and he whoſe judgement is inconteſtable may, without uſurpation, examine and decide.

Congreve repreſents him as ready to adviſe and inſtruct; but there is reaſon to believe that his communication was rather uſeful than entertaining. He declares of himſelf that he was ſaturnine, and not one of thoſe whoſe ſpritely ſayings diverted company; and one of his cenſurers makes him ſay,

Nor wine nor love could ever ſee me gay;
To writing bred, I knew not what to ſay.

There are men whoſe powers operate only at leiſure and in retirement, and whoſe intellectual vigour deſerts them in converſation; whom merriment confuſes, and objection diſconcerts; whoſe baſhfulneſs reſtrains their exertion, and ſuffers them not to ſpeak till the time of ſpeaking is paſt; or whoſe attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter at hazard what has not been conſidered, and cannot be recalled.

Of Dryden's ſluggiſhneſs in converſation it is vain to ſearch or to gueſs the cauſe. He certainly wanted neither ſentiments nor language; his intellectual treaſures were great, though they were locked up from his own uſe.

His

His thoughts, when he wrote, *flowed in upon him ſo faſt, that his only care was which to chuſe, and which to reject*. Such rapidity of compoſition naturally promiſes a flow of talk, yet we muſt be content to believe what an enemy ſays of him, when he likewiſe ſays it of himſelf. But whatever was his character as a companion, it appears that he lived in familiarity with the higheſt perſons of his time. It is related by Carte, of the duke of Ormond, that he uſed often to paſs a night with Dryden, and thoſe with whom Dryden conſorted: who they were Carte has not told; but certainly the convivial table at which Ormond ſat was not ſurrounded with a plebeian ſociety. He was indeed reproached with boaſting of his familiarity with the great; and Horace will ſupport him in the opinion, that to pleaſe ſuperiours is not the loweſt kind of merit.

The merit of pleaſing muſt, however, be eſtimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions or laudable qualities. Careſſes and preferments are often beſtowed on the auxiliaries of vice, the procurers of pleaſure, or the flatterers of vanity. Dryden has never been charged with any perſonal agency unworthy of a good character: he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen. One of his enemies has accuſed him of lewdneſs in his converſation; but if accuſation without proof be credited, who ſhall be innocent?

His works afford too many examples of diſſolute licentiouſneſs, and abject adulation; but they were probably, like his merriment, artificial and conſtrained; the effects of ſtudy and

and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleaſure.

Of the mind that can trade in corruption, and can deliberately pollute itſelf with ideal wickedneſs for the ſake of ſpreading the contagion in ſociety, I wiſh not to conceal or excuſe the depravity.—Such degradation of the dignity of genius, ſuch abuſe of ſuperlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation. What conſolation can be had, Dryden has afforded, by living to repent, and to teſtify his repentance.

Of dramatick immorality he did not want examples among his predeceſſors, or companions among his contemporaries; but in the meanneſs and ſervility of hyperbolical adulation, I know not whether, ſince the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled, except by Afra Behn in an addreſs to Eleanor Gwyn. When once he has undertaken the taſk of praiſe, he no longer retains ſhame in himſelf, nor ſuppoſes it in his patron. As many odoriferous bodies are obſerved to diffuſe perfumes from year to year, without ſenſible diminution of bulk or weight, he appears never to have impoveriſhed his mint of flattery by his expences, however laviſh. He had all the forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endleſs variation; and when he had ſcattered on the hero of the day the golden ſhower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wiſhed to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue with another ſtamp. Of this kind of meanneſs he never ſeems to decline the practice, or lament the

neceſſity:

neceſſity: he conſiders the great as entitled to encomiaſtick homage, and brings praiſe rather as a tribute than a gift, more delighted with the fertility of his invention than mortified by the proſtitution of his judgement. It is indeed not certain, that on theſe occaſions his judgement much rebelled againſt his intereſt. There are minds which eaſily ſink into ſubmiſſion, that look on grandeur with undiſtinguiſhing reverence, and diſcover no defect where there is elevation of rank and affluence of riches.

With his praiſes of others and of himſelf is always intermingled a ſtrain of diſcontent and lamentation, a ſullen growl of reſentment, or a querulous murmur of diſtreſs. His works are under-valued, his merit is unrewarded, and *he has few thanks to pay his ſtars that he was born among Engliſhmen.* To his criticks he is ſometimes contemptuous, ſometimes reſentful, and ſometimes ſubmiſſive. The writer who thinks his works formed for duration, miſtakes his intereſt when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by ſhewing that he was affected by their cenſures, and gives laſting importance to names, which, left to themſelves, would vaniſh from remembrance. From this principle Dryden did not oft depart; his complaints are, for the greater part, general; he ſeldom pollutes his page with an adverſe name. He condeſcended indeed to a controverſy with Settle, in which he perhaps may be conſidered rather as aſſaulting than repelling; and ſince Settle has ſunk into oblivion, his libel remains injurious only to himſelf.

Among anſwers to criticks, no poetical attacks, or altercations, are to be included: they are, like other poems, effuſions of genius, produced as much to obtain praiſe as to obviate cenſure. Theſe Dryden practiſed, and in theſe he excelled.

Of Collier, Blackmore, and Milbourne, he has made mention in the preface to his Fables. To the cenſure of Collier, whoſe remarks may be rather termed admonitions than criticiſms, he makes little reply; being, at the age of ſixty-eight, attentive to better things than the claps of a playhouſe. He complains of Collier's rudeneſs, and the *horſe-play of his raillery*; and aſſerts that *in many places he has perverted by his gloſſes the meaning* of what he cenſures; but in other things he confeſſes that he is juſtly taxed; and ſays, with great calmneſs and candour, *I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts or expreſſions of mine that can be truly accuſed of obſcenity, immorality, or profaneneſs, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, he will be glad of my repentance.* Yet, as our beſt diſpoſitions are imperfect, he left ſtanding in the ſame book a reflection on Collier of great aſperity, and indeed of more aſperity than wit.

Blackmore he repreſents as made his enemy by the poem of *Abſalom and Achitophel*, which *he thinks a little hard upon his fanatick patrons*; and charges him with borrowing the plan of his *Arthur* from the preface to Juvenal, *though he had*, ſays he, *the baſeneſs not to acknowledge his benefactor, but inſtead of it to traduce me in a libel.*

The

The libel in which Blackmore traduced him was a *Satire upon Wit*; in which, having lamented the exuberance of falſe wit and the deficiency of true, he propoſes that all wit ſhould be recoined before it is current, and appoints maſters of aſſay who ſhall reject all that is light or debaſed.

'Tis true, that when the coarſe and worthleſs droſs
Is purg'd away, there will be mighty loſs;
Ev'n Congreve, Southern, manly Wycherly,
When thus refin'd, will grievous ſuff'rers be;
Into the melting-pot when Dryden comes,
What horrid ſtench will riſe, what noiſome fumes!
How will he ſhrink, when all his lewd allay,
And wicked mixture, ſhall be purg'd away?

Thus ſtands the paſſage in the laſt edition; but in the original there was an abatement of the cenſure, beginning thus;

But what remains will be ſo pure, 'twill bear
Th' examination of the moſt ſevere.

Blackmore finding the cenſure reſented, and the civility diſregarded, ungenerouſly omitted the ſofter part. Such variations diſcover a writer who conſults his paſſions more than his virtue; and it may be reaſonably ſuppoſed that Dryden imputes his enmity to its true cauſe.

Of Milbourne he wrote only in general terms, ſuch as are always ready at the call of anger, whether juſt or not: a ſhort extract will be ſufficient. *He pretends a quarrel to me, that*

that I have fallen foul upon prieſthood; if I have, I am only to aſk pardon of good prieſts, and am afraid his ſhare of the reparation will come to little. Let him be ſatisfied that he ſhall never be able to force himſelf upon me for an adverſary; I contemn him too much to enter into competition with him.

As for the reſt of thoſe who have written againſt me, they are ſuch ſcoundrels that they deſerve not the leaſt notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourne are only diſtinguiſhed from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy.

Dryden indeed diſcovered, in many of his writings, an affected and abſurd malignity to prieſts and prieſthood, which naturally raiſed him many enemies, and which was ſometimes as unſeaſonably reſented as it was exerted. Trapp is angry that he calls the ſacrificer in the *Georgicks* the *holy butcher*: the tranſlation is indeed ridiculous; but Trapp's anger ariſes from his zeal, not for the author, but the prieſt; as if any reproach of the follies of paganiſm could be extended to the preachers of truth.

Dryden's diſlike of the prieſthood is imputed by Langbaine, and I think by Brown, to a repulſe which he ſuffered when he ſolicited ordination; but he denies, in the preface to his Fables, that he ever deſigned to enter into the church; and ſuch a denial he would not have hazarded, if he could have been convicted of falſehood.

Malevolence to the clergy is ſeldom at a great diſtance from irreverence of religion, and Dryden affords no exception to this obſervation.

vation. His writings exhibit many paſſages, which, with all the allowance that can be made for characters and occaſions, are ſuch as piety would not have admitted, and ſuch as may vitiate light and unprincipled minds. But there is no reaſon for ſuppoſing that he diſbelieved the religion which he diſobeyed. He forgot his duty rather than diſowned it. His tendency to profaneneſs is the effect of levity, negligence, and looſe converſation, with a deſire of accommodating himſelf to the corruption of the times, by venturing to be wicked as far as he durſt. When he profeſſed himſelf a convert to Popery, he did not pretend to have received any new conviction of the fundamental doctrines of Chriſtianity.

The perſecution of criticks was not the worſt of his vexations; he was much more diſturbed by the importunities of want. His complaints of poverty are ſo frequently repeated, either with the dejection of weakneſs ſinking in helpleſs miſery, or the indignation of merit claiming its tribute from mankind, that it is impoſſible not to deteſt the age which could impoſe on ſuch a man the neceſſity of ſuch ſolicitations, or not to deſpiſe the man who could ſubmit to ſuch ſolicitations without neceſſity.

Whether by the world's neglect, or his own imprudence, I am afraid that the greateſt part of his life was paſſed in exigencies. Such outcries were ſurely never uttered but in ſevere pain. Of his ſupplies or his expences no probable eſtimate can now be made. Except the ſalary of the Laureate, to which king James added the office of Hiſtoriographer, perhaps with ſome additional emoluments, his whole revenue

revenue ſeems to have been caſual; and it is well known that he ſeldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that truſt her promiſes make little ſcruple of revelling to-day on the profits of the morrow.

Of his plays the profit was not great, and of the produce of his other works very little intelligence can be had. By diſcourſing with the late amiable Mr. Tonſon, I could not find that any memorials of the tranſactions between his predeceſſor and Dryden had been preſerved, except the following papers:

" I do hereby promiſe to pay John Dryden, " Eſq; or order, on the 25th of March 1699, " the ſum of two hundred and fifty guineas, " in conſideration of ten thouſand verſes, " which the ſaid John Dryden, Eſq; is to de- " liver to me Jacob Tonſon, when finiſhed, " whereof ſeven thouſand five hundred verſes, " more or leſs, are already in the ſaid Jacob " Tonſon's poſſeſſion. And I do hereby far- " ther promiſe, and engage myſelf, to make " up the ſaid ſum of two hundred and fifty " guineas three hundred pounds ſterling to " the ſaid John Dryden, Eſq; his executors, " adminiſtrators, or aſſigns, at the beginning " of the ſecond impreſſion of the ſaid ten thou- " ſand verſes.

" In witneſs whereof I have hereunto ſet " my hand and ſeal, this 20th day of March, " 169$\frac{9}{9}$.

" Jacob Tonſon.

" Sealed

" Sealed and delivered, being firſt ſtampt,
" purſuant to the acts of parliament for
" that purpoſe, in the preſence of
" Ben. Portlock.
" Will. Congreve."
" March 24th, 1698.

" Received then of Mr. Jacob Tonſon the
" ſum of two hundred ſixty-eight pounds fif-
" teen ſhillings, in purſuance of an agreement
" for ten thouſand verſes, to be delivered by
" me to the ſaid Jacob Tonſon, whereof I
" have already delivered to him about ſeven
" thouſand five hundred, more or leſs; he
" the ſaid Jacob Tonſon being obliged to
" make up the foreſaid ſum of two hundred
" ſixty-eight pounds fifteen ſhillings three
" hundred pounds, at the beginning of the
" ſecond impreſſion of the foreſaid ten thou-
" ſand verſes;
" I ſay, received by me
" John Dryden.
" Witneſs Charles Dryden."

Two hundred and fifty guineas, at 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* is 268*l.* 15*s.*

It is manifeſt from the date of this contract, that it relates to the volume of Fables, which contains about twelve thouſand verſes, and for which therefore the payment muſt have been afterwards enlarged.

I have been told of another letter yet remaining, in which he deſires Tonſon to bring him money, to pay for a watch which he had ordered for his ſon, and which the maker would not leave without the price.

The inevitable conſequence of poverty is dependence. Dryden had probably no re-

courſe in his exigencies but to his bookſeller. The particular character of Tonſon I do not know; but the general conduct of traders was much leſs liberal in thoſe times than in our own; their views were narrower, and their manners groſſer. To the mercantile ruggedneſs of that race, the delicacy of the poet was ſometimes expoſed. Lord Bolingbroke, who in his youth had cultivated poetry, related to Dr. King of Oxford, that one day, when he viſited Dryden, they heard, as they were converſing, another perſon entering the houſe. "This, ſaid Dryden, is Tonſon. You will "take care not to depart before he goes away; "for I have not completed the ſheet which I "promiſed him; and if you leave me unpro-"tected, I muſt ſuffer all the rudeneſs to "which his reſentment can prompt his "tongue."

What rewards he obtained for his poems, beſides the payment of the bookſeller, cannot be known: Mr. Derrick, who conſulted ſome of his relations, was informed that his Fables obtained five hundred pounds from the dutcheſs of Ormond; a preſent not unſuitable to the magnificence of that ſplendid family; and he quotes Moyle, as relating that forty pounds were paid by a muſical ſociety for the uſe of *Alexander's Feaſt.*

In thoſe days the œconomy of government was yet unſettled, and the payments of the Exchequer were dilatory and uncertain: of this diſorder there is reaſon to believe that the Laureat ſometimes felt the effects; for in one of his prefaces he complains of thoſe, who, being intruſted with the diſtribution of the Prince's

Prince's bounty, ſuffer thoſe that depend upon it to languiſh in penury.

Of his petty habits or ſlight amuſements, tradition has retained little. Of the only two men whom I have found to whom he was perſonally known, one told me that at the houſe which he frequented, called Will's Coffee-houſe, the appeal upon any literary diſpute was made to him; and the other related, that his armed chair, which in the winter had a ſettled and preſcriptive place by the fire, was in the ſummer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his ſummer ſeat. This is all the intelligence which his two ſurvivors afforded me.

Of one opinion he is very reaſonably ſuſpected, which will do him no honour in the preſent age, though in his own time, at leaſt in the beginning of it, he was far from having it confined to himſelf. There is little doubt that he put confidence in the prognoſtications of judicial aſtrology. In the Appendix to the Life of Congreve is a narrative of ſome of his predictions wonderfully fulfilled; but I know not the writer's means of information, or character of veracity; and, without authority, it is uſeleſs to mention what is ſo unlikely to be true. That he had the configurations of the planets in his mind, and conſidered them as influencing the affairs of men, he does not forbear to hint.

The utmoſt malice of the ſtars is paſt.—
Now frequent *trines* the happier lights among,
And *high-rais'd Jove*, from his dark priſon freed,

Thoſe weights took off that on his planet hung,
Will glorioufly the new-laid works ſucceed.

He has elſewhere ſhewn his attention to the planetary powers; and in the preface to his Fables has endeavoured obliquely to juſtify his ſuperſtition, by attributing the ſame to ſome of the Ancients.

So ſlight and ſo ſcanty is the knowledge which I have been able to collect concerning the private life and domeſtick manners of a man, whom every Engliſh generation muſt mention with reverence as a critick and a poet.

DRYDEN may be properly conſidered as the father of Engliſh criticiſm, as the writer who firſt taught us to determine upon principles the merit of compoſition. Of our former poets, the greateſt dramatiſt wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely miſled, and rarely deſerted him. Of the reſt, thoſe who knew the laws of propriety had neglected to teach them.

Two *Arts of Engliſh Poetry* were written in the days of Elizabeth by Webb and Puttenham, from which ſomething might be learned, and a few hints had been given by Jonſon and Cowley; but Dryden's *Eſſay on Dramatick Poetry* was the firſt regular treatiſe on the art of writing.

He who, having formed his opinions in the preſent age of Engliſh literature, turns back to

to peruſe this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increaſe of knowledge, or much novelty of inſtruction; but he is to remember that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the Ancients, and partly from the Italians and French. The ſtructure of dramatick poems was not then generally underſtood. Audiences applauded by inſtinct, and poets perhaps often pleaſed by chance.

A writer who obtains his full purpoſe loſes himſelf in his own luſtre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceaſes to be examined. Of an art univerſally practiſed, the teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of ſomething which we have beſtowed upon ourſelves, as the dew appears to riſe from the field which it refreſhes.

To judge rightly of an author, we muſt tranſport ourſelves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his cotemporaries, and what were his means of ſupplying them. That which is eaſy at one time was difficult at another. Dryden at leaſt imported his ſcience, and gave his country what it wanted before; or rather, he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own ſkill.

The dialogue on the Drama was one of his firſt eſſays of criticiſm, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence which he might allow himſelf ſomewhat to remit, when his name gave ſanction to his poſitions, and his awe of the public was abated, partly

by cuſtom, and partly by ſucceſs. It will not be eaſy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatiſe ſo artfully variegated with ſucceſſive repreſentations of oppoſite probabilities, ſo enlivened with imagery, ſo brightened with illuſtrations. His portraits of the Engliſh dramatiſts are wrought with great ſpirit and diligence. The account of Shakeſpeare may ſtand as a perpetual model of encomiaſtick criticiſm; exact without minuteneſs, and lofty without exaggeration. The praiſe laviſhed by Longinus, on the atteſtation of the heroes of Marathon, by Demoſthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, ſo extenſive in its comprehenſion, and ſo curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminiſhed, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakeſpeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boaſt of much more than of having diffuſed and paraphraſed this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baſer metal, of lower value though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other eſſays on the ſame ſubject, the criticiſm of Dryden is the criticiſm of a poet; not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults, which perhaps the cenſor was not able to have committed; but a gay and vigorous diſſertation, where delight is mingled with inſtruction, and where the author proves his right of judgement, by his power of performance.

The different manner and effect with which critical knowledge may be conveyed, was perhaps never more clearly exemplified than in the performances of Rymer and Dryden. It was ſaid

ſaid of a diſpute between two mathematicians, "malim cum Scaligero errare, quam cum "Clavio recte ſapere; that *it was more eligible to go wrong with one than right with the other*. A tendency of the ſame kind every mind muſt feel at the peruſal of Dryden's prefaces and Rymer's diſcourſes. With Dryden we are wandering in queſt of Truth; whom we find, if we find her at all, dreſt in the graces of elegance; and if we miſs her, the labour of the purſuit rewards itſelf; we are led only through fragrance and flowers: Rymer, without taking a nearer, takes a rougher way; every ſtep is to be made through thorns and brambles; and Truth, if we meet her, appears repulſive by her mien, and ungraceful by her habit. Dryden's criticiſm has the majeſty of a queen; Rymer's has the ferocity of a tyrant.

As he had ſtudied with great diligence the art of poetry, and enlarged or rectified his notions, by experience perpetually increaſing, he had his mind ſtored with principles and obſervations; he poured out his knowledge with great liberality, and ſeldom publiſhed any work without a critical diſſertation, by which he encreaſed the book and the price, with little labour to himſelf; for of labour, notwithſtanding the multiplicity of his productions, there is ſufficient reaſon to ſuſpect that he was not a lover. To write *con amore*, with fondneſs for the employment, with perpetual touches and retouches, with unwillingneſs to take leave of his own idea, and an unwearied purſuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character.

His

His Criticiſm may be conſidered as general or occaſional. In his general precepts, which depend upon the nature of things and the ſtructure of the human mind, he may doubtleſs be ſafely recommended to the confidence of the reader; but his occaſional and particular poſitions were ſometimes intereſted, ſometimes negligent, and ſometimes capricious. It is not without reaſon that Trapp, ſpeaking of the praiſes which he beſtows on Palamon and Arcite, ſays, "Novimus judicium Drydeni de "poemate quodam *Chauceri*, pulchro ſane il-"lo, et admodum laudando, nimirum quod "non modo vere epicum ſit, ſed Iliada etiam "atque Æneada æquet, imo ſuperet. Sed "novimus eodem tempore viri illius maximi "non ſemper accuratiſſimas eſſe cenſuras, nec "ad ſeveriſſimam critices normam exactas: "illo judice id plerumque optimum eſt, quod "nunc præ manibus habet, & in quo nunc "occupatur."

He is therefore by no means conſtant to himſelf. His defence and deſertion of dramatick rhyme is generally known. *Spence*, in his remarks on Pope's Odyſſey, produces what he thinks an unconquerable quotation from Dryden's preface to the Eneid, in favour of tranſlating an epick poem into blank verſe; but he forgets that when his author attempted the Iliad, ſome years afterwards, he departed from his own deciſion, and again tranſlated into rhyme.

When he has any objection to obviate, or any licenſe to defend, he is not very ſcrupulous about what he aſſerts, nor very cautious,

ous, if the preſent purpoſe be ſerved, not to entangle himſelf in his own ſophiſtries. But when all arts are exhauſted, like other hunted animals, he ſometimes ſtands at bay; as he cannot diſown the groſſneſs of one of his plays, he declares that he knows not any law that preſcribes morality to a comick poet.

His remarks on ancient or modern writers are not always to be truſted. His parallel of the verſification of Ovid with that of Claudian has been very juſtly cenſured by *Sewel*. His compariſon of the firſt line of Virgil with the firſt of Statius is not happier. Virgil, he ſays, is ſoft and gentle, and would have thought Statius mad if he had heard him thunder out

Quæ ſuperimpoſito moles geminata coloſſo.

Statius perhaps heats himſelf, as he proceeds, to exaggerations ſomewhat hyperbolical; but undoubtedly Virgil would have been too haſty, if he had condemned him to ſtraw for one ſounding line. Dryden wanted an inſtance, and the firſt that occurred was impreſt into the ſervice.

What he wiſhes to ſay, he ſays at hazard; he cited *Gorbuduc*, which he had never ſeen; gives a falſe account of *Chapman's* verſification; and diſcovers, in the preface to his Fables, that he tranſlated the firſt book of the Iliad, without knowing what was in the ſecond.

It will be difficult to prove that Dryden ever made any great advances in literature. As having diſtinguiſhed himſelf at Weſtminſter under the tuition of Buſby, who advanced his ſcholars to a height of knowledge very rarely attained in grammar-ſchools, he reſided afterwards at Cambridge, it is not to be ſuppoſed that

that his ſkill in the ancient languages was deficient, compared with that of common ſtudents; but his ſcholaſtick acquiſitions ſeem not proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. He could not, like Milton or Cowley, have made his name illuſtrious merely by his learning. He mentions but few books, and thoſe ſuch as lie in the beaten track of regular ſtudy; from which if ever he departs, he is in danger of loſing himſelf in unknown regions.

In his Dialogue on the Drama, he pronounces with great confidence that the Latin tragedy of Medea is not Ovid's, becauſe it is not ſufficiently intereſting and pathetick. He might have determined the queſtion upon ſurer evidence; for it is quoted by Quintilian as the work of Seneca; and the only line which remains of Ovid's play, for one line is left us, is not there to be found. There was therefore no need of the gravity of conjecture, or the diſcuſſion of plot or ſentiment, to find what was already known upon higher authority than ſuch diſcuſſions can ever reach.

His literature, though not always free from oſtentation, will be commonly found either obvious, and made his own by the art of dreſſing it; or ſuperficial, which, by what he gives, ſhews what he wanted; or erroneous, haſtily collected, and negligently ſcattered.

Yet it cannot be ſaid that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languiſhes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and ſparkle with illuſtrations. There is ſcarcely any ſcience or faculty that does not ſupply him with occaſional images and lucky ſimilitudes; every page diſcovers a mind

mind very widely acquainted both with art and nature, and in full poſſeſſion of great ſtores of intellectual wealth. Of him that knows much, it is natural to ſuppoſe that he has read with diligence; yet I rather believe that the knowledge of Dryden was gleaned from accidental intelligence and various converſation, by a quick apprehenſion, a judicious ſelection, and a happy memory, a keen appetite of knowledge, and a powerful digeſtion; by vigilance that permitted nothing to paſs without notice, and a habit of reflection that ſuffered nothing uſeful to be loſt. A mind like Dryden's, always curious, always active, to which every underſtanding was proud to be aſſociated, and of which every one ſolicited the regard, by an ambitious diſplay of himſelf, had a more pleaſant, perhaps a nearer, way to knowledge than by the ſilent progreſs of ſolitary reading. I do not ſuppoſe that he deſpiſed books, or intentionally neglected them; but that he was carried out, by the impetuoſity of his genius, to more vivid and ſpeedy inſtructors; and that his ſtudies were rather deſultory and fortuitous than conſtant and ſyſtematical.

It muſt be confeſſed that he ſcarcely ever appears to want book-learning but when he mentions books; and to him may be transferred the praiſe which he gives his maſter Charles.

His converſation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the nobleſt uſeful arts,
Were ſuch, dead authors could not give,
But habitudes of thoſe that live;
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew,
His apprehenſion quick, his judgement true:

That

That the moſt learn'd with ſhame confeſs
His knowledge more, his reading only leſs.

Of all this, however, if the proof be demanded, I will not undertake to give it; the atoms of probability, of which my opinion has been formed, lie ſcattered over all his works; and by him who thinks the queſtion worth his notice, his works muſt be peruſed with very cloſe attention.

Criticiſm, either didactick or defenſive, occupies almoſt all his proſe, except thoſe pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a ſettled ſtyle, in which the firſt half of the ſentence betrays the other. The clauſes are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word ſeems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little, is gay; what is great, is ſplendid. He may be thought to mention himſelf too frequently; but while he forces himſelf upon our eſteem, we cannot refuſe him to ſtand high in his own. Every thing is excuſed by the play of images and the ſpritelineſs of expreſſion. Though all is eaſy, nothing is feeble; though all ſeems careleſs, there is nothing harſh; and though, ſince his earlier works, more than a century has paſſed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obſolete.

He who writes much, will not eaſily eſcape a manner, ſuch a recurrence of particular modes as may be eaſily noted. Dryden is always *another and the ſame*,, he does not exhibit a ſecond time the ſame elegancies in the ſame form, nor appears to have any art other than

that

that of expreſſing with clearneſs what he thinks with vigour. His ſtile could not eaſily be imitated, either ſeriouſly or ludicrouſly, for being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or diſcriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from diſproportion of parts and features cannot be ridiculed by an over-charged reſemblance.

From his proſe however, Dryden derives only his accidental and ſecondary praiſe; the veneration with which his name is pronounced by every cultivator of Engliſh Literature, is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the ſentiments, and tuned the numbers of Engliſh Poetry.

After about half a century of forced thoughts, and rugged metre, ſome advances towards nature and harmony had been already made by Waller and Denham; they had ſhewn that long diſcourſes in rhyme grew more pleaſing when they were broken into couplets, and that verſe conſiſted not only in the number but the arrangement of ſyllables.

But though they did much, who can deny that they left much to do? Their works were not many, nor were their minds of very ample comprehenſion. More examples of more modes of compoſition were neceſſary for the eſtabliſhment of regularity, and the introduction of propriety in word and thought.

Every language of a learned nation neceſſarily divides itſelf into diction ſcholaſtick and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and groſs; and from a nice diſtinction of theſe different parts, ariſes a great part of the beauty of ſtile. But if we except a few minds, the favourites of

of nature, to whom their original rectitude was in the place of rules, this delicacy of ſelection was little known to our authors; our ſpeech lay before them in a heap of confuſion, and every man took for every purpoſe what chance might offer him.

There was therefore before the time of Dryden no poetical diction, no ſyſtem of words at once refined from the groſſneſs of domeſtick uſe, and free from the harſhneſs of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpoſe of a poet. From thoſe ſounds which we hear on ſmall or on coarſe occaſions, we do not eaſily receive ſtrong impreſſions, or delightful images, and words to which we are nearly ſtrangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themſelves which they ſhould convey to things.

Thoſe happy combinations of words which diſtinguiſh poetry from proſe, had been rarely attempted; we had few elegancies or flowers of ſpeech, the roſes had not yet been plucked from the bramble, or different colours had not been joined to enliven one another.

It may be doubted whether Waller and Denham could have over-born the prejudices which had long prevailed, and which even then were ſheltered by the protection of Cowley. The new verſification, as it was called, may be conſidered as owing its eſtabliſhment to Dryden; from whoſe time it is apparent that Engliſh poetry has had no tendency to relapſe to its former ſavageneſs.

The affluence and comprehenſion of our language is very illuſtriouſly diſplayed in our poetical tranſlations of Ancient Writers; a work

work which the French ſeem to relinquiſh in deſpair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity. Ben Jonſon thought it neceſſary to copy Horace almoſt word by word; Feltham, his contemporary and adverſary, conſiders it as indiſpenſably requiſite in a tranſlation to give line for line. It is ſaid that Sandys, whom Dryden calls the beſt verſifier of the laſt age, has ſtruggled hard to compriſe every book of his Engliſh Metamorphoſes in the ſame number of verſes with the original. Holyday had nothing in view but to ſhew that he underſtood his author, with ſo little regard to the grandeur of his diction, or the volubility of his numbers, that his metres can hardly be called verſes; they cannot be read without reluctance, nor will the labour always be rewarded by underſtanding them. Cowley ſaw that ſuch *copyers* were a *ſervile race*; he aſſerted his liberty, and ſpread his wings ſo boldly that he left his authors. It was reſerved for Dryden to fix the limits of poetical liberty, and give us juſt rules and examples of tranſlation.

When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impoſſible that the ſame modes of expreſſion ſhould always be elegant in both. While they run on together, the cloſeſt tranſlation may be conſidered as the beſt; but when they divaricate, each muſt take its natural courſe. Where correſpondence cannot be obtained, it is neceſſary to be content with ſomething equivalent. *Tranſlation therefore*, ſays Dryden, *is not ſo looſe as paraphraſe, nor ſo cloſe as metaphraſe.*

All poliſhed languages have different ſtyles; the conciſe, the diffuſe, the lofty, and the humble. In the proper choice of ſtyle conſiſts the reſemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the tranſlator. He is to exhibit his author's thoughts in ſuch a dreſs of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been Engliſh: rugged magnificence is not to be ſoftened: hyperbolical oſtentation is not to be repreſſed, nor ſententious affectation to have its points blunted. A tranſlator is to be like his author; it is not his buſineſs to excel him.

The reaſonableneſs of theſe rules ſeem ſufficient for their vindication; and the effects produced by obſerving them were ſo happy, that I know not whether they were ever oppoſed but by Sir Edward Sherburne, a man whoſe learning was greater than his powers of poetry; and who, being better qualified to give the meaning than the ſpirit of Seneca, has introduced his verſion of three tragedies by a defence of cloſe tranſlation. The authority of Horace, which the new tranſlators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reaſon wants not Horace to ſupport it.

It ſeldom happens that all the neceſſary cauſes concur to any great effect: will is wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obſtructions. The exigencies in which Dryden was condemned to paſs his life, are reaſonably ſuppoſed to have blaſted his genius, to have driven out his works in a ſtate of immaturity, and to have inter-

intercepted the full-blown elegance which longer growth would have ſupplied.

Poverty, like other rigid powers, is ſometimes too haſtily accuſed. If the excellence of Dryden's works was leſſened by his indigence, their number was increaſed; and I know not how it will be proved, that if he had written leſs he would have written better; or that indeed he would have undergone the toil of an author, if he had not been ſolicited by ſomething more preſſing than the love of praiſe.

But as is ſaid by his Sebaſtian,

What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.

We know that Dryden's ſeveral productions were ſo many ſucceſſive expedients for his ſupport; his plays were therefore often borrowed, and his poems were almoſt all occaſional.

In an occaſional performance no height of excellence can be expected from any mind, however fertile in itſelf, and however ſtored with acquiſitions. He whoſe work is general and arbitrary, has the choice of his matter, and takes that which his inclination and his ſtudies have beſt qualified him to diſplay and decorate. He is at liberty to delay his publication, till he has ſatisfied his friends and himſelf; till he has reformed his firſt thoughts by ſubſequent examination; and poliſhed away thoſe faults which the precipitance of ardent compoſition is likely to leave behind it. Virgil is related to have poured out a great number of lines in the morning, and to have paſſed the day in reducing them to fewer.

The occaſional poet is circumſcribed by the narrowneſs of his ſubject. Whatever can happen

pen to man has happened ſo often, that little remains for fancy or invention. We have been all born; we have moſt of us been married; and ſo many have died before us, that our deaths can ſupply but few materials for a poet. In the fate of princes the publick has an intereſt; and what happens to them of good or evil, the poets have always conſidered as buſineſs for the Muſe. But after ſo many inauguratory gratulations, nuptial hymns, and funeral dirges, he muſt be highly favoured by nature, or by fortune, who ſays any thing not ſaid before. Even war and conqueſt, however ſplendid, ſuggeſt no new images; the triumphal chariot of a victorious monarch can be decked only with thoſe ornaments that have graced his predeceſſors.

Not only matter but time is wanting. The poem muſt not be delayed till the occaſion is forgotten. The lucky moments of animated imagination cannot be attended; elegancies and illuſtrations cannot be multiplied by gradual accumulation; the compoſition muſt be diſpatched while converſation is yet buſy, and admiration freſh; and haſte is to be made, leſt ſome other event ſhould lay hold upon mankind.

Occaſional compoſitions may however ſecure to a writer the praiſe both of learning and facility; for they cannot be the effect of long ſtudy, and muſt be furniſhed immediately from the treaſures of the mind.

The death of Cromwel was the firſt publick event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroick ſtanzas have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and though

though not always proper, ſhew a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are ſmooth, and the diction if not altogether correct, is elegant and eaſy.

Davenant ſeems at this time to have been his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears to have been popular; and from Davenant he learned to pleaſe his ear with the ſtanza of four lines alternately rhymed.

Dryden very early formed his verſification: there are in this early production no traces of Donne's or Jonſon's ruggedneſs; but he did not ſo ſoon free his mind from the ambition of forced conceits. In his verſes on the Reſtoration, he ſays of the King's exile,

He, toſs'd by Fate—
Could taſte no ſweets of youth's deſired age,
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.

And afterwards, to ſhew how virtue and wiſdom are increaſed by adverſity, he makes this remark:

Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honour'd name of *counſellor*,
Since, ſtruck with rays of proſperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.

His praiſe of Monk's dexterity compriſes ſuch a cluſter of thoughts unallied to one another, as will not elſewhere be eaſily found:

'Twas Monk, whom providence deſign'd to looſe
Thoſe real bonds falſe freedom did impoſe.
The bleſſed ſaints that watch'd this turning ſcene,
Did from their ſtars with joyful wonder lean,

To ſee ſmall clues draw vaſteſt weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order ſtrong.
Thus pencils can by one ſlight touch reſtore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With eaſe ſuch fond chimæras we purſue,
As fancy frames for fancy to ſubdue:
But when ourſelves to action we betake,
It ſhuns the mint like gold that chymiſts make:
How hard was then his taſk, at once to be
What in the body natural we ſee!
Man's Architect diſtinctly did ordain
The charge of muſcles, nerves, and of the brain;
Thro' viewleſs conduits ſpirits to diſpenſe
The ſprings of motion from the ſeat of ſenſe.
'Twas not the haſty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wiſe delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he ſtrook,
Would let them play a-while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the ſtomach labours thus,
At firſt embracing what it ſtraight doth cruſh.
Wiſe leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;
Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,
Till ſome ſafe criſis authorize their ſkill.

He had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to forbear the improper uſe of mythology. After having rewarded the heathen deities for their care,

With *Alga* who the ſacred altar ſtrows?
To all the ſea-gods Charles an offering owes;
A bull to thee, Portunus, ſhall be ſlain;
A ram to you, ye Tempeſts of the Main.

He

He tells us, in the language of religion,

Prayer ſtorm'd the ſkies, and raviſh'd Charles from thence,
As heav'n itſelf is took by violence.

And afterwards mentions one of the moſt awful paſſages of Sacred Hiſtory.

Other conceits there are, too curious to be quite omitted; as,

For by example moſt we ſinn'd before,
And, glaſs-like, clearneſs mix'd with frailty bore.

How far he was yet from thinking it neceſſary to found his ſentiments on Nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles:

The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their ſtraiten'd lungs.—

It is no longer motion cheats your view;
As you meet it, the land approacheth you;
The land returns, and in the white it wears
The marks of penitence and ſorrow bears.

I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe ſome verſes, in which he repreſents France as moving out of its place to receive the King. "Though this," ſaid Malherbe, "was in my time, I do not "remember, it."

His poem on the *Coronation* has a more even tenour of thought. Some lines deſerve to be quoted:

You have already quench'd ſedition's brand,
And zeal that burnt it, only warms the land;

The jealous ſects that durſt not truſt their cauſe
So far from their own will as to the laws,
Him for their umpire and their ſynod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæſar make.

Here may be found one particle of that old verſification, of which, I believe, in all his works, there is not another:

Nor is it duty, or our hope alone,
Creates that joy, but full *fruition.*

In the verſes to the lord chancellor Clarendon, two years afterwards, is a conceit ſo hopeleſs at the firſt view, that few would have attempted it; and ſo ſucceſsfully laboured, that though at laſt it gives the mind more perplexity than pleaſure, and ſeems hardly worth the ſtudy that it coſts, yet it muſt be valued as a proof of a mind at once ſubtle and comprehenſive:

In open proſpect nothing bounds our eye,
Until the earth ſeems join'd unto the ſky:
So in this hemiſphere our utmoſt view
Is only bounded by our king and you:
Our ſight is limited where you are join'd,
And beyond that no farther heav'n can find.
So well your virtues do with his agree,
That, tho' your orbs of different greatneſs be,
Yet both are for each other's uſe diſpos'd,
His to encloſe, and your's to be enclos'd.
Nor could another in your room have been,
Except an emptineſs had come between.

The compariſon of the Chancellor to the Indies leaves all reſemblance too far behind it:

And as the Indies were not found before
Thoſe rich perfumes which from the happy ſhore

The

The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
Whoſe guilty ſweetneſs firſt their world betray'd,
So by your counſels we are brought to view
A new and undiſcover'd world in you.

There is another compariſon, for there is little elſe in the poem, of which, though perhaps it cannot be explained into plain proſaick meaning, the mind perceives enough to be delighted, and readily forgives its obſcurity for its magnificence:

How ſtrangely active are the arts of peace,
Whoſe reſtleſs motions leſs than wars do ceaſe!
Peace is not freed from labour, but from noiſe;
And war more force, but not more pains employs:
Such is the mighty ſwiftneſs of your mind,
That, like the earth's, it leaves our ſenſe behind,
While you ſo ſmoothly turn and rowl our ſphere,
That rapid motion does but reſt appear.
For as in nature's ſwiftneſs, with the throng
Of flying orbs while our's is born along,
All ſeems at reſt to the deluded eye,
Mov'd by the ſoul of the ſame harmony:
So carry'd on by our unwearied care,
We reſt in peace, and yet in motion ſhare.

To this ſucceed four lines, which perhaps afford Dryden's firſt attempt at thoſe penetrating remarks on human nature, for which he ſeems to have been peculiar formed:

Let envy then thoſe crimes within you ſee,
From which the happy never muſt be free;
Envy that does with miſery reſide,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.

Into

Into this poem he ſeems to have collected all his powers; and after this he did not often bring upon his anvil ſuch ſtubborn and unmalleable thoughts; but, as a ſpecimen of his abilities to unite the moſt unſociable matter, he has concluded with lines, of which I think not myſelf obliged to tell the meaning:

Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but ſeems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget,
And meaſure change, but ſhare no part of it:
And ſtill it ſhall without a weight increaſe,
Like this new year, whoſe motions never ceaſe.
For ſince the glorious courſe you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the ſun,
It muſt both weightleſs and immortal prove,
Becauſe the centre of it is above.

In the *Annus Mirabilis* he returned to the quatrain, which from that time he totally quitted, perhaps from this experience of its inconvenience. This is one of his greateſt attempts. He had ſubjects equal to his abilities, a great naval war, and the Fire of London. Battles have always been deſcribed in heroick poetry; but a ſea-fight and artillery had yet ſomething of novelty. New arts are long in the world before poets deſcribe them: for they borrow every thing from their predeceſſors, and commonly derive very little from nature or from life. Boileau was the firſt French writer that had ever hazarded in verſe the mention of modern war, or the effects of gunpowder. We, who are leſs afraid of novelty, had already poſſeſſion of thoſe dreadful images: Waller had deſcribed a ſea-fight. Milton had not

not yet transferred the invention of fire-arms to the rebellious angels.

This poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully anſwer the expectation raiſed by ſuch ſubjects and ſuch a writer. With the ſtanza of Davenant he has ſometimes his vein of parentheſis, and incidental diſquiſition, and ſtops his narrative for a wiſe remark.

The general fault is, that he affords more ſentiment than deſcription, and does not ſo much impreſs ſcenes upon the fancy, as deduce conſequences and make compariſons.

The initial ſtanzas have rather too much reſemblance to the firſt lines of Waller's poem on the war with Spain; perhaps ſuch a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided without affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the civil war of Rome, *Orbem jam totum, &c.*

Of the king collecting his navy, he ſays,

It ſeems as every ſhip their ſovereign knows,
His awful ſummons they ſo ſoon obey;
So hear the ſcaly herds when Proteus blows,
And ſo to paſture follow through the ſea.

It would not be hard to believe that Dryden had written the two firſt lines ſeriouſly, and that ſome wag had added the two latter in burleſque. Who would expect the lines that immediately follow, which are indeed perhaps indecently hyperbolical, but certainly in a mode totally different?

To ſee this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the ſkies;
And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets riſe.

The

The deſcription of the attempt at Bergen will afford a very compleat ſpecimen of the deſcriptions in this poem:

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
With all the riches of the riſing ſun:
And precious ſand from ſouthern climates brought,
The fatal regions where the war begun.
Like hunted caſtors, conſcious of their ſtore,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coaſt they bring:
Then firſt the North's cold boſom ſpices bore,
And winter brooded on the eaſtern ſpring.
By the rich ſcent we found our perfum'd prey,
Which, flank'd with rocks, did cloſe in covert lie:
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
At once to threaten and invite the eye.
Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
The Engliſh undertake th' unequal war:
Seven ſhips alone, by which the port is barr'd,
Beſiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.
Theſe fight like huſbands, but like lovers thoſe:
Theſe fain would keep, and thoſe more fain enjoy:
And to ſuch height their frantic paſſion grows,
That what both love, both hazard to deſtroy.
Amidſt whole heaps of ſpices lights a ball,
And now their odours arm'd againſt them fly:
Some preciouſly by ſhatter'd porcelain fall,
And ſome by aromatic ſplinters die.

And

And tho' by tempeſts of the prize bereft,
In heaven's inclemency ſome eaſe we find:
Our foes we vanquiſh'd by our valour left,
And only yielded to the ſeas and wind.

In this manner is the ſublime too often mingled with the ridiculous. The Dutch ſeek a ſhelter for a wealthy fleet: this ſurely needed no illuſtration, yet they muſt fly, not like all the reſt of mankind on the ſame occaſion, but *like hunted caſtors*; and they might with ſtrict propriety be hunted; for we winded them by our noſes—their *perfumes* betrayed them. The *Huſband* and the *Lover*, though of more dignity than the Caſtor, are images too domeſtick to mingle properly with the horrors of war. The two quatrains that follow are worthy of the author.

The account of the different ſenſations with which the two fleets retired, when the night parted them, is one of the faireſt flowers of Engliſh poetry.

The night comes on, we eager to purſue
The combat ſtill, and they aſham'd to leave:
Till the laſt ſtreaks of dying day withdrew,
And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.
In th' Engliſh fleet each ſhip reſounds with joy,
And loud applauſe of their great leader's fame:
In firy dreams the Dutch they ſtill deſtroy,
And, ſlumbering, ſmile at the imagin'd flame.
Not ſo the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie;
Faint ſweats all down their mighty members run,
(Vaſt bulks which little ſouls but ill ſupply.)

In

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
Or, ſhipwreck'd, labour to ſome diſtant ſhore:
Or, in dark churches, walk among the dead;
They wake with horror, and dare ſleep no more.

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art ſhould be ſunk in general expreſſions, becauſe poetry is to ſpeak an univerſal language. This rule is ſtill ſtronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge; and of this kind, certainly, is technical navigation. Yet Dryden was of opinion that a ſea-fight ought to be deſcribed in the nautical language; *and certainly*, ſays he, *as thoſe who in a logical diſputation keep to general terms would hide a fallacy, ſo thoſe who do it in any poetical deſcription would veil their ignorance.*

Let us then appeal to experience; for by experience at laſt we learn as well what will pleaſe as what will profit. In the battle, his terms ſeem to have been blown away; but he deals them liberally in the dock:

So here ſome pick out bullets from the ſides,
Some drive old *okum* thro' each *ſeam* and rift:
Their left-hand does the *calking iron* guide,
The rattling mallet with the right they lift.
With boiling pitch another near at hand
(From friendly Sweden brought) the *ſeams inſtops:*
Which, well laid o'er, the ſalt-ſea waves withſtand,
And ſhake them from the riſing beak in drops.

Some

Some the *gall'd* ropes with dawby *marling* bind,
Or ſear-cloth maſts with ſtrong *tarpawling* coats:
To try new *ſhrouds* one mounts into the wind,
And one below, their eaſe or ſtiffneſs notes.

I ſuppoſe here is not one term which every reader does not wiſh away.

His digreſſion to the original and progreſs of navigation, with his proſpect of the advancement which it ſhall receive from the Royal Society, then newly inſtituted, may be conſidered as an example ſeldom equalled of ſeaſonable excurſion and artful return.

One line, however, leaves me diſcontented; he ſays, that, by the help of the philoſophers,

Inſtructed ſhips ſhall ſail to quick commerce,
By which remoteſt regions are allied.—

Which he is conſtrained to explain in a note, *By a more exact meaſure of longitude.* It had better become Dryden's learning and genius to have laboured ſcience into poetry, and have ſhewn, by explaining longitude, that verſe did not refuſe the ideas of philoſophy.

His deſcription of the Fire is painted by reſolute meditation, out of a mind better formed to reaſon than to feel. The conflagration of a city, with all its tumults of concomitant diſtreſs, is one of the moſt dreadful ſpectacles which this world can offer to human eyes; yet it ſeems to raiſe little emotion in the breaſt of the poet; he watches the flame coolly from ſtreet to ſtreet, with now a reflection, and now a ſimile, till at laſt he meets the king, for whom he makes a ſpeech, rather tedious in a time

a time ſo buſy; and then follows again the progreſs of the fire.

There are, however, in this part ſome paſſages that deſerve attention; as in the beginning.

The diligence of trades and noiſeful gain
And luxury more late aſleep were laid;
All was the night's, and in her ſilent reign
No ſound the reſt of Nature did invade
In this deep quiet —

The expreſſion *All was the night's* is taken from Seneca, who remarks on Virgil's line,

Omnia noctis erant placida compoſta quiete,

that he might have concluded better,

Omnia noctis erant.

The following quatrain is vigorous and animated.

The ghoſts of traytors from the bridge deſcend
With bold fanatick ſpectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend
And ſing their ſabbath notes with feeble voice.

His prediction of the improvements which ſhall be made in the new city is elegant and poetical, and, with an event which Poets cannot always boaſt, has been happily verified. The poem concludes with a ſimile that might have better been omitted.

Dryden, when he wrote this poem, ſeems not yet fully to have formed his verſification, or ſettled his ſyſtem of propriety.

From this time, he addicted himſelf almoſt wholly to the ſtage, *to which*, ſays he, *my genius never much inclined me*, merely as the moſt profitable market for poetry. By writing tragedies in rhyme he continued to improve his diction

diction and his numbers. According to the opinion of *Harte*, who had ſtudied his works with great attention, he ſettled his principles of verſification in 1676, when he produced the play of *Aureng Zeb*; and according to his own account of the ſhort time in which he wrote *Tyrannick Love*, and the *State of Innocence*, he ſoon obtained the full effect of diligence, and added facility to exactneſs.

Rhyme has been ſo long baniſhed from the theatre, that we know not its effect upon the paſſions of an audience; but it has this convenience, that ſentences ſtand more independent on each other, and ſtriking paſſages are therefore eaſily ſelected and retained. Thus the deſcription of Night in the *Indian Emperor*, and the riſe and fall of empire in the *Conqueſt of Granada* are more frequently repeated than any lines in *All for Love*, or *Don Sebaſtian*.

To ſearch his plays for vigorous ſallies, and ſententious elegancies, or to fix the dates of any little pieces which he wrote by chance, or by ſolicitation, were labour too tedious and minute.

His dramatick labours did not ſo wholly abſorb his thoughts but that he promulgated the laws of tranſlation in a preface to the Engliſh Epiſtles of Ovid, one of which he tranſlated himſelf, and another in conjunction with the earl of Mulgrave.

Abſalom and Achitophel is a work ſo well known, that particular criticiſm is ſuperfluous. If it be conſidered as a poem political and controverſial, it will be found to compriſe all the excellencies of which the ſubject is ſuſceptible; acrimony of cenſure, elegance of praiſe,

praiſe, artful delineation of characters, variety and vigour of ſentiment, happy turns of language and pleaſing harmony of numbers; and all theſe raiſed to ſuch a height as can ſcarcely be found in any other Engliſh compoſition.

It is not, however, without faults; ſome lines are inelegant or improper, and too many are irreligiouſly licentious. The original ſtructure of the poem was defective; allegories drawn to great length will always break; Charles could not run continually parallel with David.

The ſubject had likewiſe another inconvenience: it admitted little imagery or deſcription, and a long poem of mere ſentiments eaſily becomes tedious; though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader, if not relieved by the interpoſition of ſomething that ſooths the fancy, grows weary of admiration, and defers the reſt.

As an approach to hiſtorical truth was neceſſary, the action and cataſtrophe were not in the poet's power; there is therefore an unpleaſing diſproportion between the beginning and the end. We are alarmed by a faction formed out of many ſects various in their principles, but agreeing in their purpoſe of miſchief, formidable for their numbers and ſtrong by their ſupports, while the king's friends are few and weak. The chiefs on either part are ſet forth to view; but when expectation is at the height, the king makes a ſpeech, and

Henceforth a ſeries of new times began.

Who can forbear to think of an enchanted caſtle, with a wide moat and lofty battlements,

ments, walls of marble, and gates of braſs, which vaniſhes at once into air, when the deſtined knight blows his horn before it?

In the ſecond part, written by *Tate*, there is a long inſertion, which for poignancy of ſatire, exceeds any part of the former. Perſonal reſentment, though no laudable motive to ſatire, can add great force to general principles. Self-love is a buſy prompter.

The *Medal*, written upon the ſame principles with *Abſalom and Achitophel*, but upon a narrower plan, gives leſs pleaſure, though it diſcovers equal abilities in the writer. The ſuperſtructure cannot extend beyond the foundation; a ſingle character or incident cannot furniſh as many ideas, as a ſeries of events, or multiplicity of agents. This poem therefore, ſince time has left it to itſelf, is not much read, nor perhaps generally underſtood, yet it abounds with touches both of humorous and ſerious ſatire. The picture of a man whoſe propenſions to miſchief are ſuch, that his beſt actions are but inability of wickedneſs, is very ſkilfully delineated and ſtrongly coloured.

Power was his aim: but thrown from that pretence,
The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
And malice reconcil'd him to his Prince.
Him, in the anguiſh of his ſoul, he ſerv'd;
Rewarded faſter ſtill than he deſerv'd:
Behold him now exalted into truſt;
His counſels oft convenient, ſeldom juſt.
E'en in the moſt ſincere advice he gave,
He had a grudging ſtill to be a knave.

The

The frauds he learnt in his fanatic years,
Made him uneaſy in his lawful gears:
At leaſt as little honeſt as he cou'd:
And, like white witches, miſchievouſly good.
To his firſt bias, longingly, he leans;
And rather wou'd be great by wicked means.

The *Threnodia*, which by a term, I am afriad neither authorized nor analogical, he calls *Auguſtalis*, is not among his happieſt productions. Its firſt and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accuſtomed. What is worſe, it has neither tenderneſs nor dignity, it is neither magnificent nor pathetick. He ſeems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he diſtorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. He is, he ſays, *petrified with grief*; but the marble ſometimes relents, and trickles in a joke.

The ſons of art all med'cines try'd,
And every noble remedy apply'd;
With emulation each eſſay'd
His utmoſt ſkill; *nay more, they pray'd:*
Was never loſing game with better conduct play'd.

He had been a little inclined to merriment before upon the prayers of a nation for their dying ſovereign, nor was he ſerious enough to keep heathen fables out of his religion.

With him th' innumberable croud of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of heav'n and knock'd aloud;
The firſt well-meaning rude petitioners,
All for his life aſſail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the ſkies by offering up their own.

So

So great a throng not heaven itſelf could bar;
'Twas almoſt borne by force as in the giants war.
The prayers, at leaſt, for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd.

There is throughout the compoſition a deſire of ſplendor without wealth. In the concluſion he ſeems too much pleaſed with the proſpect of the new reign to have lamented his old maſter with much ſincerity.

He did not miſcarry in this attempt for want of ſkill either in lyrick or elegiack poetry. His poem *on the death* of Mrs. *Killigrew*, is undoubtedly the nobleſt ode that our language ever has produced. The firſt part flows with a torrent of enthuſiaſm. *Fervet immenſuſque ruit.* All the ſtanzas indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond; the gems muſt be held together by ſome leſs valuable matter.

In his firſt ode for Cecilia's day, which is loſt in the ſplendor of the ſecond, there are paſſages which would have dignified any other poet. The firſt ſtanza is vigorous and elegant, though the word *diapaſon* is too technical, and the rhymes are too remote from one another,

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:
When nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Ariſe ye more than dead.

Then cold and hot, and moiſt and dry,
In order to their ſtations leap,
And muſic's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This univerſal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compaſs of the notes it ran,
The diapaſon cloſing full in man.

The concluſion is likewiſe ſtriking, but it includes an image ſo awful in itſelf, that it can owe little to poetry; and I could wiſh the antitheſis of *muſick untuning* had found ſome other place.

The ſpheres began to move,
And ſung the great Creator's praiſe
To all the bleſs'd above.
So when the laſt and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant ſhall devour,
The trumpet ſhall be heard on high,
The dead ſhall live, the living die,
And muſic ſhall untune the ſky.

Of his ſkill in Elegy he has given a ſpecimen in his *Eleonora*, of which the following lines diſcover their author.

Tho' all theſe rare endowments of the mind
Were in a narrow ſpace of life confin'd,
The figure was with full perfection crown'd;
Tho' not ſo large an orb, as truly round.
As when in glory, thro' the public place,
The ſpoils of conquer'd nations were to paſs,
And but one day of triumph was allow'd,
The conſul was conſtrain'd his pomp to crow'd;
And ſo the ſwift proceſſion hurry'd on,
That all, tho' not diſtinctly, might be ſhown:
So

So in the ſtraiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
She gave but glimpſes of her glorious mind;
And multitudes of virtues paſs'd along;
Each preſſing foremoſt in the mighty throng,
Ambitious to be ſeen, and then make room
For greater multitudes, that were to come.
Yet unemploy'd no minute ſlipp'd away;
Moments were precious in ſo ſhort a ſtay.
The haſte of heaven to have her was ſo great,
That ſome were ſingle acts, tho' each compleat;
And every act ſtood ready to repeat.

This piece, however, is not without its faults, there is ſo much likeneſs in the initial compariſon, that there is no illuſtration. As a king would be lamented, Eleonora was lamented.

As when ſome great and gracious monarch dies,
Soft whiſpers, firſt, and mournful murmurs riſe
Among the ſad attendants; then the ſound
Soon gathers voice, and ſpreads the news around,
Thro' town and country, till the dreadful blaſt
Is blown to diſtant colonies at laſt;
Who, then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
For his long life, and for his happy reign:
So ſlowly by degrees, unwilling fame
Did matchleſs Eleonora's fate proclaim,
Till public as the loſs the news became.

This is little better than to ſay in praiſe of a ſhrub, that it is as green as a tree, or of a brook, that it waters a garden, as a river waters a country.

Dryden confeſſes that he did not know the lady whom he celebrates; the praiſe being therefore inevitably general, fixes no impreſſion upon the reader, nor excites any tendency to love, nor much deſire of imitation. Know-

ledge of the ſubject is to the poet, what materials are to the architect.

The *Religio Laici*, which borrows its title from the *Religio Medici* of Browne, is almoſt the only work of Dryden which can be conſidered as a voluntary effuſion; in this, therefore, it might be hoped, that the full effulgence of his genius would be found. But unhappily the ſubject is rather argumentative than poetical: he intended only a ſpecimen of metrical diſputation.

And this unpoliſh'd rugged verſe I choſe,
As fitteſt for diſcourſe, and neareſt proſe.

This, however, is a compoſition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diverſified with the ſolemn, and the grave with the humorous; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perſpicuity of argument; nor will it be eaſy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which though proſaick in ſome parts, riſes to high poetry in others, and neither towers to the ſkies, nor creeps along the ground.

Of the ſame kind or not far diſtant from it is, the *Hind and Panther*, the longeſt of all Dryden's original poems; an allegory intended to comprize and to decide the controverſy between the Romaniſts and Proteſtants. The ſcheme of the work is injudicious and incommodious; for what can be more abſurd than that one beaſt ſhould counſel another to reſt her faith upon a pope and council? He ſeems well enough ſkilled in the uſual topicks of argument, endeavours to ſhew the neceſſity of an infallible judge, and reproaches the Reformers

formers with want of unity; but is weak enough to aſk, why ſince we ſee without knowing how, we may not have an infallible judge without knowing where.

The *Hind* at one time is afraid to drink at the common brook, becauſe ſhe may be worried; but walking home with the *Panther*, talks by the way of the *Nicene Fathers*, and at laſt declares herſelf to be the Catholic church.

This abſurdity was very properly ridiculed in the *City Mouſe* and *Country Mouſe* of *Montague* and *Prior*; and in the detection and cenſure of the incongruity of the fiction chiefly conſiſts the value of their performance, which, whatever reputation it might obtain by the help of temporary paſſions, ſeems to readers almoſt a century diſtant, not very forcible or animated.

Pope, whoſe judgement was perhaps a little bribed by the ſubject, uſed to mention this poem as the moſt correct ſpecimen of Dryden's verſification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be ſuppoſed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate ſcheme of metre.

We may therefore reaſonably infer, that he did not approve the perpetual uniformity which confines the ſenſe to couplets, ſince he has broken his lines in the initial paragraph.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the foreſt rang'd;
Without unſpotted, innocent within,
She fear'd no danger, for ſhe knew no ſin,
Yet had ſhe oft been chac'd with horns and hounds
And Scythian ſhafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd

Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

Theſe lines are lofty, elegant, and muſical, notwithſtanding the interruption of the pauſe, of which the effect is rather increaſe of pleaſure by variety than offence by ruggedneſs.

To the firſt part it was his intention, he ſays, *to give the majeſtick turn of heroick poeſy*; and perhaps he might have executed his deſign not unſucceſsfully, had not an opportunity of ſatire, which he cannot forbear, fallen ſometimes in his way. The character of a Preſbyterian, whoſe emblem is the *Wolf*, is not very heroically majeſtick.

More haughty than the reſt, the wolfiſh race
Appear with belly gaunt and famiſh'd face:
Never was ſo deform'd a beaſt of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Cloſe clapp'd for ſhame; but his rough creaſt he rears,
And pricks up his predeſtinating ears.

His general character of the other ſorts of beaſts that never go to church, though ſpritely and keen, has, however, not much of heroick poeſy.

Theſe are the chief; to number o'er the reſt,
And ſtand, like Adam, naming every beaſt,
Were weary work; nor will the muſe deſcribe
A ſlimy-born, and ſun-begotten tribe;
Who far from ſteeples and their ſacred ſound,
In fields their ſullen conventicles found.
Theſe groſs, half animated, lumps I leave;
Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive;
But if they think at all, 'tis ſure no higher
Than matter, put in motion, may aſpire;

Souls

Souls that can ſcarce ferment their maſs of clay;
So droſſy, ſo diviſible are they,
As would but ſerve pure bodies for allay:
Such ſouls as ſhards produce, ſuch beetle things
As only buz to heaven with evening wings;
Strike in the dark, offending but by chance;
Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
They know not beings, and but hate a name;
To them the Hind and Panther are the ſame.

One more inſtance, and that taken from the narrative part, where ſtyle was more in his choice, will ſhow how ſteadily he kept his reſolution of heroic dignity.

For when the herd, ſuffic'd, did late repair
To ferny heaths, and to their foreſt laire,
She made a mannerly excuſe to ſtay,
Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way:
That ſince the ſky was clear, an hour of talk
Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.
With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
To chat a while on their adventures paſs'd:
Nor had the grateful Hind ſo ſoon forgot
Her friend and fellow-ſufferer in the plot,
Yet wondering how of late ſhe grew eſtrang'd,
Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,
She thought this hour th' occaſion would preſent
To learn her ſecret cauſe of diſcontent,
Which well ſhe hop'd, might be with eaſe redreſs'd,
Conſidering her a well-bred civil beaſt,
And more a gentlewoman than the reſt.
After ſome common talk what rumours ran,
The lady of the ſpotted muff began,

The

The ſecond and third parts he profeſſes to have reduced to diction more familiar and more ſuitable to diſpute and converſation; the difference is not, however, very eaſily perceived; the firſt has familiar and the two others have ſonorous lines. The original incongruity runs through the whole; the king is now *Cæſar*, and now the *Lion*; and the name *Pan* is given to the Supreme Being.

But when this conſtitutional abſurdity is forgiven, the poem muſt be confeſſed to be written with great ſmoothneſs of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images; the controverſy is embelliſhed with pointed ſentences, diverſified by illuſtrations, and enlivened by ſallies of invective. Some of the facts to which alluſions are made are now become obſcure, and perhaps there may be many ſatirical paſſages little underſtood.

As it was by its nature a work of defiance, a compoſition which would naturally be examined with the utmoſt acrimony of criticiſm, it was probably laboured with uncommon attention; and there are, indeed, few negligences in the ſubordinate parts. The original impropriety, and the ſubſequent unpopularity of the ſubject, added to the ridiculouſneſs of its firſt elements, has ſunk it into neglect; but it may be uſefully ſtudied, as an example of poetical ratiocination, in which the argument ſuffers little from the metre.

In the poem on *the Birth of the Prince of Wales*, nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation, and the inſenſibility of the precipice on which the king was then ſtanding,

which

which the laureate apparently ſhared with the reſt of the courtiers. A few months cured him of controverſy, diſmiſſed him from court, and made him again a playwright and tranſlator.

Of Juvenal there had been a tranſlation by Stapylton, and another by Holiday; neither of them is very poetical. Stapylton is more ſmooth, and Holiday's is more eſteemed for the learning of his notes. A new verſion was propoſed to the poets of that time, and undertaken by them in conjunction. The main deſign was conducted by Dryden, whoſe reputation was ſuch that no man was unwilling to ſerve the Muſes under him.

The general character of this tranſlation will be given, when it is ſaid to preſerve the wit, but to want the dignity of the original. The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and ſtatelineſs, of pointed ſentences and declamatory grandeur. His points have not been neglected; but his grandeur none of the band ſeemed to conſider as neceſſary to be imitated, except *Creech*, who undertook the thirteenth ſatire. It is therefore perhaps poſſible to give a better repreſentation of that great ſatiriſt, even in thoſe parts which Dryden himſelf has tranſlated, ſome paſſages excepted, which will never be excelled.

With Juvenal was publiſhed Perſius, tranſlated wholly by Dryden. This work, though like all the other productions of Dryden it may have ſhining parts, ſeems to have been written merely for wages, in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effort of the mind.

There wanders an opinion among the readers

ders of poetry, that one of theſe ſatires is an exerciſe of the ſchool. Dryden ſays that he once tranſlated it at ſchool; but not that he preſerved or publiſhed the juvenile performance.

Not long afterwards he undertook, perhaps the moſt arduous work of its kind, a tranſlation of Virgil, for which he had ſhewn how well he was qualified by his verſion of the Pollio, and two epiſodes, one of Niſus and Euryalus, the other of Mezentius and Lauſus.

In the compariſon of Homer and Virgil, the diſcriminative excellence of Homer is elevation and comprehenſion of thought, and that of Virgil is grace and ſplendor of diction. The beauties of Homer are therefore difficult to be loſt, and thoſe of Virgil difficult to be retained. The maſſy trunk of ſentiment is ſafe by its ſolidity, but the bloſſoms of elocution eaſily drop away. The author, having the choice of his own images, ſelects thoſe which he can beſt adorn: the tranſlator muſt, at all hazards, follow his original, and expreſs thoughts which perhaps he would not have choſen. When to this primary difficulty is added the inconvenience of a language ſo much inferior in harmony to the Latin, it cannot be expected that they who read the Georgick and the Eneid ſhould be much delighted with any verſion.

All theſe obſtacles Dryden ſaw, and all theſe he determined to encounter. The expectation of his work was undoubtedly great; the nation conſidered its honour as intereſted in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, and another helped him in the ſubordinate parts. The arguments of the ſeveral books were given him by Addiſon.

The hopes of the publick were not diſappointed. He produced, ſays Pope, *the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation that I know in any language.* It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in Engliſh, and appears to have ſatisfied his friends, and, for the moſt part, to have ſilenced his enemies. Milbourne, indeed, a clergyman, attacked it; but his outrages ſeem to be the ebullitions of a mind agitated by ſtronger reſentment than bad poetry can excite, and previouſly reſolved not to be pleaſed.

His criticiſm extends only to the Preface, Paſtorals, and Georgicks; and, as he profeſſes, to give this antagoniſt an opportunity of repriſal, he has added his own verſion of the firſt and fourth Paſtorals, and the firſt Georgick. The world has forgotten his book; but ſince his attempt has given him a place in literary hiſtory, I will preſerve a ſpecimen of his criticiſm, by inſerting his remarks on the invocation before the firſt Georgick, and of his poetry, by annexing his own verſion.

Ver. 1. "*What makes a plenteous harveſt,* "*when to turn, The fruitful ſoil, and when to* "*ſow the corn*—It's *unlucky*, they ſay, *to ſtumble* "*at the threſhold*, but what has a *plenteous har-* "*veſt* to do here? *Virgil* would not pretend "to preſcribe *rules* for *that* which depends not "on the *huſbandman's* care, but the *diſpoſition* "*of Heaven* altogether. Indeed, the *plenteous* "*crop* depends ſomewhat on the *good method of* "*tillage*, and where the *land*'s ill manur'd, the "*corn* without a miracle, can be but *indifferent*; "but the *harveſt* may be *good*, which is its "*propereſt* epithet, tho' the *huſbandman's ſkill*

"were

" were never ſo *indifferent*. The next *ſentence* " is *too literal*, and *when to plough* had been " *Virgil's* meaning, and intelligible to every " body; *and when to ſow the corn*, is a needleſs " *addition*.

Ver. 3. " *The care of ſheep, of oxen, and of* " *kine, And when to geld the lambs, and ſheer the* " *ſwine*, would as well have fallen under the " *cura boum, qui cultus habendo ſit pecori*, as " Mr. *D's deduction* of particulars.

Ver. 5. " *The birth and genius of the frugal bee,* " *I ſing*, Mecænas, *And I ſing to thee.* — But " where did *experientia* ever ſignify *birth and* " *genius?* or what ground was there for ſuch " a *figure* in this place? How much more " manly is Mr. *Ogylby's* verſion!

" What makes rich grounds, in what celeſ-
tial ſigns,
" 'Tis good to plough, and marry elms with
vines.
" What beſt fits cattle, what with ſheep agrees,
" And ſeveral arts improving frugal bees,
" I ſing, *Mecænas*.

" Which four lines, tho' faulty enough, are yet " much more to the purpoſe than Mr. *D's* ſix.

Ver. 22. " *From fields and mountains to my* " *ſong repair.* For *patrium linquens nemus,* " *ſaltuſque Lycæi*—Very well explain'd!

Ver. 23, 24. " *Inventor* Pallas, *of the fat-* " *ning oil, Thou founder of the plough, and* " *ploughman's toil!* Written as if *theſe* had " been *Pallas's invention. The ploughman's toil's* " impertinent.

Ver. 25. " —*The ſhroud-like cypreſs*—Why " *ſhroud-like?* Is a *cypreſs* pull'd up by the " *roots*, which the *ſculpture* in the *laſt Eclogue*

" fills

" fills *Sylvanus's* hand with ſo very like a " *ſhroud?* Or did not Mr. *D.* think of that " kind of *cypreſs* us'd often for *ſcarves and hat-* " *bands* at funerals formerly, or for *widow's* " *vail's* &c. if ſo, 'twas a *deep good thought.*

Ver. 26. " *—That wear the royal honours,* " *and increaſe the year*—What's meant by *in-* " *creaſing the year?* Did the *gods* or *goddeſſes* " add more *months*, or *days*, or *hours* to it? " Or how can *arva tueri*—ſignify to *wear ru-* " *ral honours?* Is this to *tranſlate*, or *abuſe* " an *author?* The next *couplet* are borrow'd " from *Ogylby*, I ſuppoſe, becauſe *leſs to the* " *purpoſe* than ordinary.

Ver. 33. " *The patron of the world, and* " Rome's *peculiar guard.—Idle* and none of " *Virgil's*, no more than the ſenſe of the *pre-* " *cedent couplet*; ſo again, he *interpolates Virgil* " with that and *the round circle of the year to* " *guide powerful of bleſſings, which thou ſtrew'ſt* " *around.* A ridiculous *Latiniſm*, and an *im-* " *pertinent addition*; indeed the whole *period* " is but one piece of *abſurdity* and *nonſenſe*, as " thoſe who lay it with the *original* muſt find.

Ver. 42, 43. " *And* Neptune *ſhall reſign the* " *faſces of the ſea.* Was he *conſul* or *dictator* " there? *And watry virgins for thy bed ſhall* " *ſtrive.* Both abſurd *interpolations.*

Ver. 47, 48. " *Where in the void of heaven a* " *place is free.* Ah happy *D-n*, were *that place* " for thee! But where is *that void?* Or what " does our *tranſlator* mean by it? He knows " what *Ovid* ſays, *God* did to prevent ſuch a " *void* in heaven; perhaps, this was then " forgotten: but *Virgil* talks more ſenſibly.

Ver.

Ver. 49. " *The ſcorpion ready to receive thy* " *laws.* No, he would not then have *gotten* " *out of his way* ſo faſt.

Ver. 56. " *The Proſerpine affects her ſilent* " *ſeat*—What made *her* then ſo *angry* with " *Aſcalaphus*, for preventing her return? She " was now mus'd to *Patience* under the *deter-* " *minations of Fate*, rather than *fond* of her *re-* " *ſidence.*

Ver. 61, 2, 3. " *Pity the poets, and the* " *ploughmans cares, Intereſt thy greatneſs in our* " *mean affairs. And uſe thyſelf betimes to hear* " *our prayers.* Which is ſuch a wretched *per-* " *verſion* of *Virgil's noble thought at Vicars* " would have bluſh'd at; but Mr. *Ogylby* " makes us ſome amends, by his better lines.

" O whereſoe'er thou art, from thence incline,
" And grant aſſiſtance to my bold deſign!
" Pity with me, poor huſbandmens affairs,
" And now, as if tranſlated, hear our prayers.

" This is *ſenſe*, and *to the purpoſe:* the other, " poor *miſtaken ſtuff.*"

Such were the ſtrictures of Milbourne, who found few abettors; and of whom it may be reaſonably imagined, that many who favoured his deſign were aſhamed of his inſolence.

When admiration had ſubſided, the tranſlation was more coolly examined, and found, like all others, to be ſometimes erroneous, and ſometimes licentious. Thoſe who could find faults, thought they could avoid them; and Dr. Brady attempted in blank verſe a tranſlation of the Eneid, which, when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry. I have never ſeen it; but that ſuch a verſion there is, or has been, perhaps ſome old catalogue informed me. With

With not much better ſucceſs, Trapp, when his Tragedy and his Prelections had given him reputation, attempted another blank verſion of the Eneid; to which, notwithſtanding the ſlight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perſeverance enough to add the Eclogues and Georgicks. His book may continue its exiſtence as long as it is the clandeſtine refuge of ſchoolboys.

Since the Engliſh ear has been accuſtomed to the mellifluence of Pope's numbers, and the diction of poetry has become more ſplendid, new attempts have been made to tranſlate Virgil; and all his works have been attempted by men better qualified to contend with Dryden. I will not engage myſelf in an invidious compariſon, by oppoſing one paſſage to another; a work of which there would be no end, and which might be often offenſive without uſe.

It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be eſtimated, but by their general effects and ultimate reſult. It is eaſy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place; to find a happineſs of expreſſion in the original, and tranſplant it by force into the verſion: but what is given to the parts, may be ſubducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critick may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurement and delight; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain, which the reader throws away. He only is the maſter, who keeps the mind in pleaſing captivity; whoſe pages are peruſed with eagerneſs, and in hope of new pleaſure are peruſed again; and

and whoſe concluſion is perceived with an eye of ſorrow, ſuch as the traveller caſts upon departing day.

By his proportion of this predomination I will conſent that Dryden ſhould be tried; of this, which, in oppoſition to reaſon, makes Arioſto the darling and the pride of Italy; of this, which, in defiance of criticiſm, continue Shakeſpeare the ſovereign of the drama.

His laſt work was his *Fables*, in which he gave us the firſt example of a mode of writing which the Italians call *refaccimento*, a renovation of antient writers, by modernizing their language. Thus the old poem of *Boiardo* has been new-dreſſed by *Domenichi* and *Berni*. The works of Chaucer, upon which this kind of rejuveneſcence has been beſtowed by Dryden, require little criticiſm. The tale of the Cock ſeems hardly worth revival; and the ſtory of *Palamon* and *Arcite*, containing an action unſuitable to the times in which it is placed, can hardly be ſuffered to paſs without cenſure of the hyperbolical commendation which Dryden has given it in the general Preface, and in a poetical Dedication, a piece where his original fondneſs of remote conceits ſeems to have revived.

Of the three pieces borrowed from Boccace, *Sigiſmunda* may be defended by the celebrity of the ſtory. *Theodore* and *Honoria*, though it contains not much moral, yet afforded opportunities of ſtriking deſcription. And *Cymon* was formerly a tale of ſuch reputation, that, at the revival of letters, it was tranſlated into Latin by one of the *Beroalds*.

Whatever

Whatever ſubjects employed his pen, he was ſtill improving our meaſures and embelliſhing our language.

In this volume are interſperſed ſome ſhort original poems, which, with his prologues, epilogues, and ſongs, may be compriſed in Congreve's remark, that even thoſe, if he had written nothing elſe, would have entitled him to the praiſe of excellence in his kind.

One compoſition muſt however be diſtinguiſhed. The ode for *St. Cecilia's* Day, perhaps the laſt effort of his poetry, has been always conſidered as exhibiting the higheſt flight of fancy, and the exacteſt nicety of art. This is allowed to ſtand without a rival. If indeed there is any excellence beyond it, in ſome other of Dryden's works that excellence muſt be found. Compared with the Ode on *Killigrew*, it may be pronounced perhaps ſuperior in the whole; but without any ſingle part, equal to the firſt ſtanza of the other.

It is ſaid to have coſt Dryden a fortnight's labour; but it does not want its negligences: ſome of the lines are without correſpondent rhymes; a defect, which I never detected but after an acquaintance of many years, and which the enthuſiaſm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving.

His laſt ſtanza has leſs emotion than the former; but is not leſs elegant in the diction. The concluſion is vitious; the muſick of *Timotheus*, which *raiſed a monarch to the ſkies*, had only a metaphorical power; that of *Cecilia*, which *drew an angel down*, had a real effect: the crown therefore could not reaſonably be divided.

IN a general ſurvey of Dryden's labours, he appears to have had a mind very comprehenſive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compoſitions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather ſtrong reaſon than quick ſenſibility. Upon all occaſions that were preſented, he ſtudied rather than felt, and produced ſentiments not ſuch as Nature enforces, but meditation ſupplies. With the ſimple and elemental paſſions, as they ſpring ſeparate in the mind, he ſeems not much acquainted; and ſeldom deſcribes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of ſociety, and confuſed in the tumults and agitations of life.

What he ſays of Love may contribute to the explanation of his character:

Love various minds does variouſly inſpire;
It ſtirs in gentle boſoms gentle fire,
Like that of incenſe on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade;
A fire which every windy paſſion blows,
With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.

Dryden's was not one of the *gentle boſoms*: Love, as it ſubſiſts in itſelf, with no tendency but to the perſon loved, and wiſhing only for correſpondent kindneſs; ſuch love as ſhuts out all other intereſt; the love of the Golden Age, was too ſoft and ſubtile to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it but in its turbulent effervescence with ſome other deſires; when it was inflamed by rivalry, or obſtructed by

by difficulties; when it invigorated ambition, or exaſperated revenge.

He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetick; and had ſo little ſenſibility of the power of effuſions purely natural, that he did not eſteem them in others. Simplicity gave him no pleaſure; and for the firſt part of his life he looked on *Otway* with contempt, though at laſt, indeed very late, he confeſſed that in his play *there* was *Nature, which is the chief beauty.*

We do not always know our own motives. I am not certain whether it was not rather the difficulty which he found in exhibiting the genuine operations of the heart, than a ſervile ſubmiſſion to an injudicious audience, that filled his plays with falſe magnificence. It was neceſſary to fix attention; and the mind can be captivated only by recollection, or by curioſity; by reviving former thoughts, or impreſſing new: ſentences were readier at his call than images; he could more eaſily fill the ear with ſome ſplendid novelty, than awaken thoſe ideas that ſlumber in the heart.

The favourite exerciſe of his mind was ratiocination; and, that argument might not be too ſoon at an end, he delighted to talk of liberty and neceſſity, deſtiny and contingence; theſe he diſcuſſes in the language of the ſchool with ſo much profundity, that the terms which he uſes are ſeldom underſtood. It is indeed learning, but learning out of place.

When once he had engaged himſelf in diſputation, thoughts flowed in on either ſide: he was now no longer at a loſs; he had always argument at command; *verbaque proviſam rem*

—give him matter for his verſe, and he finds without difficulty verſe for his matter.

In Comedy, for which he profeſſes himſelf not naturally qualified, the mirth which he excites will perhaps not be found ſo much to ariſe from any original humour, or peculiarity of character nicely diſtinguiſhed and diligently purſued, as from incidents and circumſtances, artifices and ſurprizes; from jeſts of action rather than of ſentiment. What he had of humorous or paſſionate, he ſeems to have had not from nature, but from other poets; if not always as a plagiary, at leaſt as an imitator.

Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring ſallies of ſentiment, in the irregular and excentrick violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkneſs begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of abſurdity, and hover over the abyſs of unideal vacancy. This inclination ſometimes produced nonſenſe, which he knew; as,

Move ſwiftly, ſun, and fly a lover's pace,
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race.

Amariel flies
To guard thee from the demons of the air;
My flaming ſword above them to diſplay,
All keen, and ground upon the edge of day.

And ſometimes it iſſued in abſurdities, of which perhaps he was not conſcious:

Then we upon our orb's laſt verge ſhall go,
And ſee the ocean leaning on the ſky;
From thence our rolling neighbours we ſhall know,
And on the lunar world ſecurely pry.

There

Theſe lines have no meaning; but may we not ſay, in imitation of Cowley on another book,

'Tis ſo like *ſenſe* 'twill ſerve the turn as well?

This endeavour after the grand and the new produced many ſentiments either great or bulky, and many images either juſt or ſplendid:

I am as free as Nature firſt made man,
Ere the baſe laws of ſervitude began,
When wild in woods the noble ſavage ran.

—'Tis but becauſe the Living death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new:
Let me th' experiment before you try,
I'll ſhow you firſt how eaſy 'tis to die.

—There with a foreſt of their darts he ſtrove,
And ſtood like *Capaneus* defying Jove;
With his broad ſword the boldeſt beating down,
While Fate grew pale leſt he ſhould win the town,
And turn'd the iron leaves of his dark book
To make new dooms, or mend what it miſtook.

—I beg no pity for this mouldering clay;
For if you give it burial, there it takes
Poſſeſſion of your earth;
If burnt, and ſcatter'd in the air, the winds
That ſtrew my duſt diffuſe my royalty,
And ſpread me o'er your clime; for where one atom
Of mine ſhall light, know there Sebaſtian reigns.

Of theſe quotations the two firſt may be allowed

ed to be great, the two latter only tumid.

Of ſuch ſelection there is no end. I will add only a few more paſſages; of which the firſt, though it may perhaps not be quite clear in proſe, is not too obſcure for poetry, as the meaning that it has is noble:

No, there is a neceſſity in Fate,
Why ſtill the brave bold man is fortunate;
He keeps his object ever full in ſight,
And that aſſurance holds him firm and right;
True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliſs,
But right before there is no precipice;
Fear makes men look aſide, and ſo their footing miſs.

Of the images which the following citations afford, the firſt is elegant, the ſecond magnificent; whether either be juſt, let the reader judge.

What precious drops are theſe,
Which ſilently each other's track purſue
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?
—Reſign your caſtle—
—Enter, brave Sir; for when you ſpeak the word,
The gates ſhall open of their own accord;
The genius of the place its Lord ſhall meet,
And bow its towery forehead at your feet.

Theſe burſts of extravagance, Dryden calls the *Dalilahs* of the Theatre; and owns that many noiſy lines of Maximin and Almanzor call out for vengeance upon him; but *I knew*, ſays he, *that they were bad enough to pleaſe, even when I wrote them.* There is ſurely reaſon to ſuſpect that he pleaſed himſelf as well as his audience; and that theſe, like the harlots of other

other men, had his love, though not his approbation.

He had ſometimes faults of a leſs generous and ſplendid kind. He makes, like almoſt all other poets, very frequent uſe of Mythology, and ſometimes connects religion and fable too cloſely, without diſtinction.

He deſcends to diſplay his knowledge with pedantick oſtentation; as when, in tranſlating Virgil, he ſays *tack to the larboard*—and *veer ſtarboard*; and talks in another work of *virtue ſpooming before the wind.* His vanity now and then betrays his ignorance:

They Nature's king thro' Nature's opticks viewed;
Revers'd they view'd him leſſen'd to their eyes.

He had heard of reverſing a teleſcope, and unluckily reverſes the object.

He is ſometimes unexpectedly mean. When he deſcribes the Supreme Being as moved by prayer to ſtop the Fire of London, what is his expreſſion?

A hollow cryſtal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipp'd above,
Of this a broad *extinguiſher* he makes,
And *hoods* the flames that to their quarry ſtrove.

When he deſcribes the Laſt Day, and the deciſive tribunal, he intermingles this image:

When rattling bones together fly,
From the four quarters of the ſky.

It was indeed never in his power to reſiſt the temptation of a jeſt. In his Elegy on Cromwel:

No ſooner was the Frenchman's cauſe embrac'd,
Than the *light Monſieur* the *grave Don* outweigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the ſcale—

He had a vanity unworthy of his abilities; to ſhew, as may be ſuſpected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the uſe of French words, which had then crept into converſation; ſuch as *fraicheur* for *coolneſs*, *fougue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they ſtood firſt, perpetual warnings to future innovators.

Theſe are his faults of affectation; his faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenneſs of his compoſitions, that ten lines are ſeldom found together without ſomething of which the reader is aſhamed. Dryden was no rigid judge of his own pages; he ſeldom ſtruggled after ſupreme excellence, but ſnatched in haſte what was within his reach, and when he could content others was himſelf contented. He did not keep preſent to his mind an idea of pure perfection, nor compare his works, ſuch as they were, with what they might be made. He knew to whom he ſhould be oppoſed. He had more muſick than Waller, more vigour than Denham, and more nature than Cowley; and from his contemporaries he was in no danger. Standing therefore in the higheſt place, he had no care to riſe by contending with himſelf; but while there was no name above his own, was willing to enjoy fame on the eaſieſt terms.

He was no lover of labour. What he thought ſufficient, he did not ſtop to make better; and allowed himſelf to leave many parts unfiniſhed, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he diſmiſſed from his thoughts; and,

and, I believe, there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The haſtineſs of his productions might be the effect of neceſſity; but his ſubſequent neglect could hardly have any other cauſe than impatience of ſtudy.

What can be ſaid of his verſification, will be little more than a dilatation of the praiſe given it by Pope.

Waller was ſmooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verſe, the full-reſounding line,
The long majeſtick march, and energy divine.

Some improvements had been already made in Engliſh numbers; but the full force of our language was not yet felt; the verſe that was ſmooth was commonly feeble. If Cowley had ſometimes a finiſhed line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to chuſe the flowing and the ſonorous words: to vary the pauſes, and adjuſt the accents; to diverſify the cadence, and yet preſerve the ſmoothneſs of his metre.

Of Triplets and Alexandrines, though he did not introduce the uſe, he eſtabliſhed it. The triplet has long ſubſiſted among us. Dryden ſeems not to have traced it higher than to Chapman's Homer; but it is to be found in Phaer's Virgil, written in the reign of Mary, and in Hall's Satires, publiſhed five years before the death of Elizabeth.

The Alexandrine was, I believe, firſt uſed by Spenſer, for the ſake of cloſing his ſtanza with a fuller ſound. We had a longer meaſure of fourteen ſyllables, into which the Eneid was tranſlated by Phaer, and other works of the

the ancients by other writers; of which Chapman's Iliad was, I believe, the laſt.

The two firſt lines of *Phaer's* third Eneid will exemplify this meaſure:

When Aſia's ſtate was overthrown, and
Priam's kingdom ſtout,
All giltleſs, by the power of gods above was
rooted out.

As theſe lines had their break, or *cæſura*, always at the eighth ſyllable, it was thought in time commodious to divide them; and quartrains of lines, alternately conſiſting of eight and ſix ſyllables, make the moſt ſoft and pleaſing of our lyrick meaſures; as,

Relentleſs Time, deſtroying power,
Which ſtone and braſs obey,
Who giv'ſt to every flying hour
To work ſome new decay.

In the Alexandrine, when its power was once felt, ſome poems, as *Drayton's Polyolbion*, were wholly written; and ſometimes the meaſures of twelve and fourteen ſyllables were interchanged with one another. Cowley was the firſt that inſerted the Alexandrine at pleaſure among the heroick lines of ten ſyllables, and from him Dryden profeſſes to have adopted it.

The Triplet and Alexandrine are not univerſally approved. *Swift* always cenſured them, and wrote ſome lines to ridicule them. In examining their propriety, it is to be conſidered that the eſſence of verſe is regularity, and its ornament is variety. To write verſe is to diſpoſe ſyllables and ſounds harmonically by ſome known and ſettled rule; a rule however lax enough to ſubſtitute ſimilitude for identity, to admit change without breach of order, and to relieve

relieve the ear without diſappointing it. Thus a Latin hexameter is formed from dactyls and ſpondees differently combined; the Engliſh heroick admits of acute or grave ſyllables variouſly diſpoſed. The Latin never deviates into ſeven feet, or exceeds the number of ſeventeen ſyllables; but the Engliſh Alexandrine breaks the lawful bounds, and ſurpriſes the reader with two ſyllables more than he expected.

The effect of the Triplet is the ſame: the ear has been accuſtomed to expect a new rhyme in every couplet; but is on a ſudden ſurpriſed with three rhymes together, to which the reader could not accommodate his voice, did he not obtain notice of the change from the braces on the margins. Surely there is ſomething unſkilful in the neceſſity of ſuch mechanical direction.

Conſidering the metrical art ſimply as a ſcience, and conſequently excluding all caſualty, we muſt allow that Triplets and Alexandrines inſerted by caprice are interruptions of that conſtancy to which ſcience aſpires. And though the variety which they produce may very juſtly be deſired, yet to make our poetry exact there ought to be ſome ſtated mode of admitting them.

But till ſome ſuch regulation can be formed, I wiſh them ſtill to be retained in their preſent ſtate. They are ſometimes grateful to the reader, and ſometimes convenient to the poet. *Fenton* was of opinion that Dryden was too liberal and Pope too ſparing in their uſe.

The rhymes of Dryden are commonly juſt, and he valued himſelf for his readineſs in finding them; but he is ſometimes open to objection. It

It is the common practice of our poets to end the ſecond line with a weak or grave ſyllable:

Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fill'd with ideas of fair *Italy*.

Dryden ſometimes puts the weak rhyme in the firſt:

Laugh all the powers that favour *tyranny*,
And all the ſtanding army of the ſky.

Sometimes he concludes a period or paragraph with the firſt line of a couplet, which, though the French ſeem to do it without irregularity, always diſpleaſes in Engliſh poetry.

The Alexandrine, though much his favourite, is not always very diligently fabricated by him. It invariably requires a break at the ſixth ſyllable; a rule which the modern French poets never violate, but which Dryden ſometimes neglected:

And with paternal thunder vindicates his throne.

Of Dryden's works it was ſaid by Pope, that *he could ſelect from them better ſpecimens of every mode of poetry than any other Engliſh writer could ſupply*. Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with ſuch variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctneſs of our ſentiments. By him we were taught *ſapere & fari*, to think naturally and expreſs forcibly. He taught us that it was poſſible to reaſon in rhyme. He ſhewed us the true bounds of a tranſlator's liberty. What was ſaid of Rome, adorned by Auguſtus, may be applied by an eaſy metaphor

phor to Engliſh poetry embelliſhed by Dryden, *lateritiam invenit, marmoream reliquit*, he found it brick, and he left it marble.

THE invocation before the Georgicks is here inſerted from Mr. Milbourne's verſion, that, according to his own propoſal, his verſes may be compared with thoſe which he cenſures,

What makes the richeſt *tilth*, beneath what ſigns
To *plough*, and when to match your *elms* and *vines?*
What care with *flocks* and what with *herds* agrees,
And all the management of frugal *bees*,
I ſing, *Mæcenas!* Ye immenſely clear,
Vaſt orbs of light which guide the rolling year,
Bacchus, and mother *Ceres* if by you
We fat'ning *corn* for hungry *maſt* purſue,
If, taught by you, we firſt the *cluſter* preſt,
And *thin cold ſtreams* with *ſpritely juice* refreſht.
Ye *fawns* the preſent *numens* of the field,
Wood nymphs and *fawns*, your kind aſſiſtance yield,
Your gifts I ſing! and thou, at whoſe fear'd ſtroke
From rending earth the fiery *courſer* broke,
Great *Neptune*, O aſſiſt my artful ſong!
And thou to whom the woods and groves belong,
Whoſe ſnowy heifers on her flow'ry plains
In mighty herds the *Cæan Iſle* maintains!
Pan, happy ſhepherd, if thy cares divine,
E'er to improve thy *Mænalus* incline;
Leave thy *Lycæan wood* and *native grove*,
And with thy lucky ſmiles our work approve!
Be *Pallas* too, ſweet oils inventor, kind:
And he, who firſt the crooked *plough* deſign'd!
Sylvanus, god of all the woods appear,
Whoſe hands a new-drawn tender *cypreſs* bear!
Ye *gods* and *goddeſſes* who e'er with love,
Would guard our paſtures, and our fields improve!
You,

You, who new plants from unſown lands ſupply;
And with condenſing clouds obſcure the ſky,
And drop'em ſoftly thence in fruitful ſhowers,
Aſſiſt my enterprize, ye gentle powers!
And thou, great *Cæſar!* tho'we know not yet
Among what gods thou'lt fix thy lofty ſeat,
Whether thou'lt be the kind *tutelar god*
Of thy own *Rome*; or with thy awful nod,
Guide the vaſt world, while thy great hand ſhall bear,
The fruits and ſeaſons of the turning year,
And thy bright brows thy mother's myrtles wear:
Whether thou'lt all the boundleſs ocean ſway,
And ſea-men only to thyſelf ſhall pray,
Thule, the fartheſt iſland kneel to thee,
And, that thou may'ſt her ſon by marriage be,
Tethys will for the happy purchaſe yield
To make a *dowry* of her watry field;
Whether thou'lt add to heaven a *brighter ſign*,
And o'er the *ſummer months* ſerenely ſhine;
Where between *Cancer* and *Erigone*,
There yet remains a ſpacious *room* for thee.
Where the hot *Scorpion* too his arms declines,
And more to thee than half his *arch* reſigns;
Whate'er thou'lt be; for ſure the realms below
No juſt pretence to thy command can ſhow:
No ſuch ambition ſways thy vaſt deſires,
Tho'*Greece* her own *Elyſian Fields* admires.
And now, at laſt, contented *Proſerpine*
Can all her mother's earneſt prayers decline.
Whate'er thou'lt be, O guide our gentle courſe,
And with thy ſmiles our bold attempts enforce;
With me th'unknowing *ruſtics* wants relieve,
And, tho' on earth, our ſacred vows receive!

Mr.

Mr. Dryden, having received from Rymer his *Remarks on the Tragedies of the laſt Age*, wrote obſervations on the blank leaves; which, being now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Garrick, are by his favour communicated to the publick, that no particle of Dryden may be loſt.

" That we may the leſs wonder why pity and " terror are not now the only ſprings on " which our tragedies move, and that Shake- " ſpeare may be more excuſed, Rapin confeſ- " ſes that the French tragedies now all run " on the *tendre*; and gives the reaſon, becauſe " love is the paſſion which moſt predominates " in our ſouls, and that therefore the paſſions " repreſented become inſipid, unleſs they are " conformable to the thoughts of the audience. " But it is to be concluded that this paſſion " works not now amongſt the French ſo ſtrong- " ly as the other two did amongſt the ancients. " Amongſt us, who have a ſtronger genius " for writing, the operations from the writing " are much ſtronger: for the raiſing of Shake- " ſpeare's paſſions is more from the excellency " of the words and thoughts than the juſtneſs " of the occaſion; and if he has been able to " pick ſingle occaſions, he has never founded " the whole reaſonably: yet, by the genius of " poetry in writing, he has ſucceeded.

" Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that " is, to the words and diſcourſe of a tragedy, " than Ariſtotle has done, who places them in " the laſt rank of beauties; perhaps, only laſt " in order, becauſe they are the laſt product of

" the

" the deſign, of the diſpoſition or connection
" of its parts; of the characters, of the man-
" ners of thoſe characters, and of the thoughts
" proceeding from thoſe manners. Rapin's
" words are remarkable: 'Tis not the admi-
" rable intrigue, the ſurpriſing events, and
" extraordinary incidents, that make the
" beauty of a tragedy; 'tis the diſcourſes,
" when they are natural and paſſionate: ſo
" are Shakeſpeare's.

" The parts of a poem, tragic or heroick, are,

" 1. The fable itſelf.

" 2. The order or manner of its contrivance,
" in relation of the parts to the whole.

" 3. The manners, or decency of the cha-
" racters in ſpeaking or acting what is proper
" for them, and proper to be ſhewn by the
" poet.

" 4. The thoughts which expreſs the
" manners.

" 5. The words which expreſs thoſe thoughts.

" In the laſt of theſe, Homer excels Virgil;
" Virgil all other ancient poets; and Shakeſ-
" peare all modern poets.

" For the ſecond of theſe, the order: the
" meaning is, that a fable ought to have a
" beginning, middle, and an end, all juſt and
" natural: ſo that that part, *e. g.* which is the
" middle, could not naturally be the begin-
" ning or end, and ſo of the reſt: all depend
" on one another, like the links of a curious
" chain. If terror and pity are only to be
" raiſed, certainly this author follows Ariſ-
" totle's rules, and Sophocles' and Euripides's
" example: but joy may be raiſed too, and that
" doubly; either by ſeeing a wicked man

" puniſhed,

" puniſhed, or a good man at laſt fortunate;
" or perhaps indignation, to ſee wickedneſs
" proſperous and goodneſs depreſſed: both
" theſe may be profitable to the end of tra-
" gedy, reformation of manners; but the laſt
" improperly, only as it begets pity in the au-
" dience: tho' Ariſtotle, I confeſs, places tra-
" gedies of this kind in the ſecond form.

" He who undertakes to anſwer this excel-
" lent critique of Mr. Rymer, in behalf of
" our Engliſh poets againſt the Greek, ought
" to do it in this manner. Either by yielding
" to him the greateſt part of what he contends
" for, which conſiſts in this, that the μυθος, *i. e.*
" the deſign and conduct of it, is more con-
" ducing in the Greeks to thoſe ends of trage-
" dy, which Ariſtotle and he propoſe, namely,
" to cauſe terror and pity; yet the granting
" this does not ſet the Greeks above the En-
" gliſh poets.

" But the anſwer ought to prove two things:
" firſt, that the fable is not the greateſt maſ-
" ter-piece of a tragedy, tho' it be the foun-
" dation of it.

" Secondly, That other ends as ſuitable to
" the nature of tragedy may be found in the
" Engliſh, which were not in the Greek.

" Ariſtotle places the fable firſt; not *quoad*
" *dignitatem, ſed quoad fundamentum*: for a fa-
" ble, never ſo movingly contrived to thoſe ends
" of his, pity and terror, will operate nothing
" on our affections, except the characters,
" manners, thoughts, and words, are ſuitable.

" So that it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove,
" that in all thoſe, or the greateſt part of them,
" we are inferior to Sophocles and Euripides:

" and this he has offered at, in ſome mea-
" ſure; but, I think, a little partially to the
" ancients.

" For the fable itſelf; 'tis in the Engliſh
" more adorned with epiſodes, and larger than
" in the Greek poets; conſequently more di-
" verting. For, if the action be but one, and
" that plain, without any counter-turn of de-
" ſign or epiſode, *i. e.* under-plot, how can
" it be ſo pleaſing as the Engliſh, which have
" both under-plot and a turned deſign, which
" keeps the audience in expectation of the ca-
" taſtrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we
" ſee through the whole deſign at firſt.

" For the characters, they are neither ſo
" many nor ſo various in Sophocles and Euri-
" pides, as in Shakeſpeare and Fletcher; only
" they are more adapted to thoſe ends of tra-
" gedy which Ariſtotle commends to us, pity
" and terror.

" The manners flow from the characters,
" and conſequently muſt partake of their ad-
" vantages and diſadvantages.

" The thoughts and words, which are the
" fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are cer-
" tainly more noble and more poetical in the
" Engliſh than in the Greek, which muſt be
" proved by comparing them, ſomewhat more
" equitably than Mr. Rymer has done.

" After all, we need not yield that the Eng-
" liſh way is leſs conducing to move pity and
" terror, becauſe they often ſhew virtue op-
" preſſed and vice puniſhed: where they do
" not both, or either, they are not to be de-
" fended.

" And

" And if we ſhould grant that the Greeks " performed this better, perhaps it may admit " of diſpute whether pity and terror are either " the prime, or at leaſt the only ends of tra- " gedy.

" 'Tis not enough that Ariſtotle has ſaid ſo; " for Ariſtotle drew his models of tragedy " from Sophocles and Euripides; and, if he " had ſeen ours, might have changed his mind. " And chiefly we have to ſay (what I hinted " on pity and terror, in the laſt paragraph " ſave one), that the puniſhment of vice and " reward of virtue are the moſt adequate ends " of tragedy, becauſe moſt conducing to good " example of life. Now pity is not ſo eaſily " raiſed for a criminal, and the ancient tragedy " always repreſents its chief perſon ſuch, as it " is for an innocent man; and the ſuffering " of innocence and puniſhment of the offen- " der is of the nature of Engliſh tragedy: con- " trarily, in the Greek, innocence is unhap- " py often, and the offender eſcapes. Then " we are not touched with the ſufferings of " any ſort of men ſo much as of lovers; and " this was almoſt unknown to the ancients: " ſo that they neither adminiſtered poetical " juſtice, of which Mr. Rymer boaſts, ſo well " as we; nether knew they the beſt common " place of pity, which is love.

" He therefore unjuſtly blames us for not " building on what the ancients left us; for " it ſeems, upon conſideration of the premiſes, " that we have wholly finiſhed what they be- " gan.

" My judgement on this piece is this, that it " is extreamly learned; but that the author of

" it is better read in the Greek than in the " Engliſh poets: that all writers ought to ſtudy " this critique, as the beſt account I have " ever ſeen of the ancients: that the model of " tragedy he has here given is excellent, and " extreme correct; but that it is not the only " model of all tragedy, becauſe it is too much " circumſcribed in plot, characters, &c. and " laſtly, that we may be taught here juſtly to " admire and imitate the ancients, without " giving them the preference with this author, " in prejudice to our own country.

" Want of method in this excellent treatiſe, " makes the thoughts of the author ſometimes " obſcure.

" His meaning, that pity and terror are to " be moved, is, that they are to be moved as " the means conducing to the ends of trage- " dy, which are pleaſure and inſtruction.

" And theſe two ends may be thus diſtin- " guiſhed. The chief end of the poet is to " pleaſe; for his immediate reputation depends " on it.

" The great end of the poem is to inſtruct, " which is performed by making pleaſure the " vehicle of that inſtruction; for poeſy is an " art, and all arts are made to profit. *Rapin.*

" The pity, which the poet is to labour for, " is for the criminal, not for thoſe or him " whom he has murdered, or who have been " the occaſion of the tragedy. The terror is " likewiſe in the puniſhment of the ſame cri- " minal; who, if he be repreſented too great " an offender, will not be pitied: if altogether " innocent, his puniſhment will be unjuſt.

" Another

" Another obſcurity is, where he ſays So-
" phocles perfected tragedy by introducing the
" third actor; that is, he meant, three kinds
" of action; one company ſinging, or ano-
" ther playing on the muſick; a third danc-
" ing.

" To make a true judgment in this compe-
" tition betwixt the Greek poets and the Eng-
" liſh, in tragedy:

" Conſider, firſt, how Ariſtotle has defined
" a tragedy. Secondly, what he aſſigns the
" end of it to be. Thirdly, what he thinks
" the beauties of it. Fourthly, the means to
" attain the end propoſed.

" Compare the Greek and Engliſh tragick
" poets juſtly, and without partiality, accord-
" ing to thoſe rules.

" Then, ſecondly, conſider whether Ariſ-
" totle has made a juſt definition of tragedy;
" of its parts, of its ends, and of its beauties;
" and whether he, having not ſeen any others
" but thoſe of Sophocles, Euripides, &c. had
" or truly could determine what all the excel-
" lencies of tragedy are, and wherein they
" conſiſt.

" Next ſhew in what ancient tragedy was
" deficient: for example, in the narrowneſs
" of its plots, and fewneſs of perſons, and try
" whether that be not a fault in the Greek
" poets; and whether their excellency was ſo
" great, when the variety was viſibly ſo little;
" or whether what they did was not very eaſy
" to do.

" Then make a judgement on what the Eng-
" liſh have added to their beauties: as, for
" example, not only more plot, but alſo new
" paſſions;

" paſſions; as, namely, that of love, ſcarce " touched on by the ancients, except in this " one example of Phædra, cited by Mr. Ry- " mer; and in that how ſhort they were of " Fletcher!

" Prove alſo that love, being an heroick " paſſion, is fit for tragedy, which cannot be " denied, becauſe of the example alledged of " Phædra; and how far Shakeſpeare has out- " done them in friendſhip, &c.

" To return to the beginning of this enqui- " ry; conſider if pity and terror be enough " for tragedy to move; and I believe, upon a " true definition of tragedy, it will be found " that its work extends farther; and that it is " to reform manners, by a delightful repre- " ſentation of human life in great perſons, by " way of dialogue. If this be true, then not " only pity and terror are to be moved, as " the only means to bring us to virtue, but " generally love to virtue and hatred to vice; " by ſhewing the rewards of one, and puniſh- " ments of the other; at leaſt, by rendering " virtue always amiable, tho' it be ſhewn un- " fortunate; and vice deteſtable, tho' it be " ſhewn triumphant.

" If, then, the encouragement of virtue and " diſcouragement of vice be the proper ends of " poetry in tragedy, pity and terror, tho' good " means, are not the only. For all the paſ- " ſions, in their turns, are to be ſet in a fer- " ment: as joy, anger, love, fear, are to be " uſed as the poet's common-places; and a " general concernment for the principal actors " is to be raiſed, by making them appear ſuch " in their characters, their words, and acti-

" ons,

" ons, as will intereſt the audience in their " fortunes.

" And if, after all, in a larger ſenſe, pity " comprehends this concernment for the good, " and terror includes deteſtation for the bad, " then let us conſider whether the Engliſh " have not anſwered this end of tragedy, as " well as the ancients, or perhaps better.

" And here Mr. Rymer's objections againſt " theſe plays are to be impartially weighed, " that we may ſee whether they are of weight " enough to turn the balance againſt our " countrymen.

" 'Tis evident thoſe plays, which he ar- " raigns, have moved both thoſe paſſions in a " high degree upon the ſtage.

" To give the glory of this away from the " poet, and to place it upon the actors, ſeems " unjuſt.

" One reaſon is, becauſe whatever actors " they have found, the event has been the " ſame; that is, the ſame paſſions have been " always moved; which ſhews, that there is " ſomething of force and merit in the plays " themſelves, conducing to the deſign of rai- " ſing theſe two paſſions: and ſuppoſe them " ever to have been excellently acted, yet " action only adds grace, vigour, and more " life, upon the ſtage; but cannot give it " wholly where it is not firſt. But, ſecondly, I " dare appeal to thoſe who have never ſeen " them acted, if they have not found theſe " two paſſions moved within them: and if the " general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer's pre- " judice will take off his ſingle teſtimony.

" This,

" This, being matter of fact, is reaſonably " to be eſtabliſhed by this appeal: as if one " man ſays 'tis night, the reſt of the world " conclude it to be day; there needs no far- " ther argument againſt him, that it is ſo.

" If he urge, that the general taſte is de- " praved, his arguments to prove this can at " beſt but evince that our poets took not the " beſt way to raiſe thoſe paſſions; but expe- " rience proves againſt him, that theſe means, " which they have uſed, have been ſucceſsful, " and have produced them.

" And one reaſon of that ſucceſs is, in my " opinion, this, that Shakeſpeare and Flet- " cher have written to the genius of the age " and nation in which they lived; for though " nature, as he objects, is the ſame in all places, " and reaſon too the ſame; yet the climate, " the age, the diſpoſition of the people, to " whom a poet writes, may be ſo different, " that what pleaſed the Greeks would not ſa- " tisfy an Engliſh audience.

" And if they proceeded upon a foundation " of truer reaſon to pleaſe the Athenians than " Shakeſpeare and Fletcher to pleaſe the Eng- " liſh, it only ſhew that the Athenians were " a more judicious people; but the poet's bu- " ſineſs is certainly to pleaſe the audience.

" Whether our Engliſh audience have been " pleaſed hitherto with acorns, as he calls it, " or with bread, is the next queſtion; that is, " whether the means which Shakeſpeare and " Fletcher have uſed in their plays to raiſe " thoſe paſſions before named, be better ap- " plied to the ends by the Greek poets than " by them. And perhaps we ſhall not grant

" him

" him this wholly: let it be granted that " a writer is not to run down with the " ſtream, or to pleaſe the people by their own " uſual methods, but rather to reform their " judgements, it ſtill remains to prove that " our theatre needs this total reformation.

" The faults, which he has found in their " deſigns, are rather wittily aggravated in ma- " ny places than reaſonably urged; and as " much may be returned on the Greeks, by " one who were as witty as himſelf.

" 2. They deſtroy not, if they are granted, " the foundation of the fabrick; only take a- " way from the beauty of the ſymmetry: for " example, the faults in the character of the " King and No-king are not as he makes " them, ſuch as render him deteſtable, but on- " ly imperfections which accompany human " nature, and are for the moſt part excuſed " by the violence of his love; ſo that they deſ- " troy not our pity or concernment for him: " this anſwer may be applied to moſt of his " objections of that kind.

" And Rollo committing many murders, " when he is anſwerable but for one, is too " ſeverely arraigned by him; for it adds to our " horror and deteſtation of the criminal: and " poetick juſtice is not neglected neither; for " we ſtab him in our minds for every offence " which he commits; and the point, which " the poet is to gain on the audience, is not " ſo much in the death of an offender as the " raiſing an horror of his crimes.

" That the criminal ſhould neither be whol- " ly guilty, nor wholly innocent, but ſo par- " ticipating of both as to move both pity and " terror, is certainly a good rule, but not

" perpetually to be obſerved; for that were to " make all tragedies too much alike, which " objection he foreſaw, but has not fully " anſwered.

" To conclude, therefore; if the plays of the " ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are " more beautifully written. And if we can raiſe " paſſions as high on worſe foundations, it " ſhews our genius in tragedy is greater; for, " in all other parts of it, the Engliſh have " manifeſtly excelled them."

THE original of the following letter is preſerved in the library at Lambeth, and was kindly imparted to the publick by the reverend Dr. Vyſe.

Copy of an original Letter from John Dryden, Eſq; to his ſons in Italy, From a MS in the Lambeth Library, marked N°. 933. p. 56.

(Subſcribed)

Al Illuſtriſſimo Signre
Carlo Dryden Camariere
d' Honore A. S. S.

In Roma.

Franca per Mantoua.

" Sept. the 3d, our ſtile.

" Dear Sons,

" Being now at Sir William Bowyer's in " the country, I cannot write at large, becauſe " I find myſelf ſomewhat indiſpoſed with a " cold, and am thick of hearing, rather worſe " than I was in town. I am glad to find, by " your letter of July 26th, your ſtile, that

" you are both in health; but wonder you
" ſhould think me ſo negligent as to forget
" to give you an account of the ſhip in which
" your parcel is to come. I have written to
" you two or three letters concerning it, which
" I have ſent by ſafe hands, as I told you,
" and doubt not but you have them, before
" this can arrive to you. Being out of town,
" I have forgotten the ſhip's name, which
" your mother will enquire, and put it into
" her letter, which is joined with mine. But
" the maſter's name I remember: he is called
" Mr. Ralph Thorp; the ſhip is bound to
" Leghorn, conſigned to Mr. Peter and Mr.
" Tho. Ball, Merchants. I am of your opinion,
" that by Tonſon's means almoſt all our let-
" ters have miſcarried for this laſt year. But
" however he has miſſed of his deſign in the
" Dedication, though he had prepared the
" book for it; for in every figure of Eneas
" he has cauſed him to be drawn, like K.
" William, with a hoked noſe. After my return
" to town, I intend to alter a play of Sir Ro-
" bert Howard's, written long ſince, and late-
" ly put by him into my hands: 'tis called the
" *Conqueſt of China by the Tartars.* It will coſt
" me ſix weeks ſtudy, with the probable be-
" nefit of an hundred pounds. In the mean
" time I am writing a ſong for St. Cecilia's
" Feaſt, who, you know, is the patroneſs of
" muſick. This is troubleſome, and no way
" beneficial; but I could not deny the Stew-
" ards of the Feaſt, who came in a body to
" me to deſire that kindneſs, one of them being
" Mr. Bridgman, whoſe parents are your mo-
" ther's friends. I hope to ſend you thirty gui-

" neas

" neas between Michaelmas and Chriſtmaſs,
" of which I will give you an account when I
" come to town. I remember the counſel
" you give me in your letter; but diſſembling,
" though lawful in ſome caſes, is not my talent;
" yet, for your ſake, I will ſtruggle with the
" plain openneſs of my nature, and keep in
" my juſt reſentments againſt that degenerate
" order. In the mean time, I flatter not myſelf
" with any manner of hopes, but do my duty,
" and ſuffer for God's ſake; being aſſured, be-
" forehand, never to be rewarded, though the
" times ſhould alter. Towards the latter end
" of this month, September, Charles will be-
" gin to recover his perfect health, according
" to his nativity, which, caſting it myſelf, I
" am ſure is true, and all things hitherto have
" happened accordingly to the very time that
" I predicted them: I hope at the ſame
" time to recover more health, according to
" my age. Remember me to poor Harry,
" whoſe prayers I earneſtly deſire. My Virgil
" ſucceeds in the world beyond its deſert or
" my expectation. You know the profits might
" have been more; but neither my conſcience
" nor my honour would ſuffer me to take
" them: but I never can repent of my con-
" ſtancy, ſince I am thoroughly perſuaded of
" the juſtice of the cauſe for which I ſuffer. It
" has pleaſed God to raiſe up many friends
" to me amongſt my enemies, though they
" who ought to have been my friends are neg-
" ligent of me. I am called to dinner, and
" cannot go on with this letter, which I deſire
" you to excuſe; and am

" Your Moſt affectionate father

" JOHN DRYDEN."

DENHAM.

OF Sir JOHN DENHAM very little is known but what is related of him by Wood, or by himſelf.

He was born at Dublin in 1615; the only ſon of Sir John Denham, of Little Horſely in Eſſex, then chief baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and of Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garret Moore baron of Mellefont.

Two years afterwards, his father, being made one of the barons of the Exchequer in England, brought him away from his native country, and educated him in London.

In 1631 he was ſent to Oxford, where he was conſidered "as a dreaming young man, "given more to dice and cards than ſtudy;" and therefore gave no prognoſticks of his future eminence; nor was ſuſpected to conceal, under ſluggiſhneſs and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

When he was, three years afterwards, removed to Lincoln's Inn, he proſecuted the common law with ſufficient appearance of application; yet did not loſe his propenſity to cards and dice; but was very often plundered by gameſters.

Being

Being ſeverely reproved for this folly, he profeſſed, and perhaps believed, himſelf reclaimed; and, to teſtify the ſincerity of his repentance, wrote and publiſhed "An Eſſay upon Gaming."

He ſeems to have divided his ſtudies between law and poetry; for, in 1636, he tranſlated the ſecond book of the Eneid.

Two years after, his father died; and then, notwithſtanding his reſolutions and profeſſions, he returned again to the vice of gaming, and loſt ſeveral thouſand pounds that had been left him.

In 1641, he publiſhed "The Sophy." This ſeems to have given him his firſt hold of the publick attention; for Waller remarked, "that "he broke out like the Iriſh rebellion three-"ſcore thouſand ſtrong, when nobody was "aware, or in the leaſt ſuſpected it." An obſervation which could have had no propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

He was after that pricked for ſheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Caſtle for the king; but he ſoon reſigned that charge, and retreated to Oxford, where, in 1643, he publiſhed "Cooper's Hill."

This poem had ſuch reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence. A report was ſpread that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The ſame attempt was made to rob Addiſon of his Cato, and Pope of his Eſſay on Criticiſm.

In 1647, the diſtreſſes of the royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments.

ployments. He was entruſted by the queen with a meſſage to the king; and, by whatever means, ſo far ſoftened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his interceſſion, admiſſion was procured. Of the king's condeſcenſion he has given an account in the dedication of his works.

He was afterwards employed in carrying on the king's correſpondence; and, as he ſays, diſcharged this office with great ſafety to the royaliſts: and being accidentally diſcovered by the adverſe party's knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand, he happily eſcaped both for himſelf and his friends.

He was yet engaged in a greater undertaking. In April 1648, he conveyed James the duke of York from London into France, and delivered him there to the Queen and prince of Wales. This year he publiſhed his tranſlation of "Cato Major.

He now reſided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled king; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was ſometimes enjoined by his maſter to write occaſional verſes; one of which amuſements was probably his ode or ſong upon the Embaſſy to Poland, by which he and lord Crofts procured a contribution of ten thouſand pounds from the Scotch, that wandered over that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man reſided on his own eſtate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's houſe thoſe little neceſſaries which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troubleſome to fetch. I have

formerly

formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotchmen that travelled with their wares in Poland; and that their numbers were not ſmall, the ſucceſs of this negotiation gives ſufficient evidonce.

About this time, what eſtate the war and the gameſters had left him was ſold, by order of the parliament; and when, in 1652, he returned to England, he was entertained by the earl of Pembroke.

Of the next years of his life there is no account. At the reſtoration he obtained, what many miſſed, the reward of his loyalty; being made ſurveyor of the king's buildings, and dignified with the order of the Bath. He ſeems now to have learned ſome attention to money; for Wood ſays, that he got by his place ſeven thouſand pounds.

After the Reſtoration he wrote the poem on Prudence and Juſtice, and perhaps ſome of his other pieces: and as he appears, whenever any ſerious queſtion comes before him, to have been a man of piety, he conſecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical verſion of the Pſalms of David. In this attempt he has failed; but in ſacred poetry, who has ſucceeded?

It might be hoped that the favour of his maſter and eſteem of the publick would now make him happy. But human felicity is ſhort and uncertain: a ſecond marriage brought upon him ſo much diſquiet, as for a time diſordered his underſtanding; and Butler lampooned him for his lunacy. I know nor whether the malignant lines were then made publick, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuſe.

His frenzy laſted not long; and he ſeems to have regained his full force of mind; for he wrote afterwards his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley, whom he was not long to ſurvive; for on the 19th of March, 1668, he was buried by his ſide.

DENHAM is deſervedly conſidered as one of the fathers of Engliſh poetry. "Denham and "Waller," ſays Prior, "improved our verſifica-"tion and Dryden perfected it." He has given ſpecimens of various compoſition, deſcriptive, ludicrous, didactick, and ſublime.

He appears to have had, in common with almoſt all mankind, the ambition of being upon proper occaſions *a merry fellow*, and in common with moſt of them to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is leſs exhilarating than the ludicrouſneſs of Denham. He does not fail for want of efforts: he is familiar, he is groſs; but he is never merry, unleſs the "Speech againſt peace in the cloſe committee," be excepted. For grave burleſque, however, his imitation of Davenant ſhews him to have been well qualified.

Of his more elevated occaſional poems there is perhaps none that does not deſerve commendation. In the verſes to Fletcher, we have an image that has ſince been often adopted;

"But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
"Trophies to thee from other mens diſpraiſe;
"Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
"Nor need thy juſter title the foul guilt

" Of eaſtern kings, who to ſecure their reign,
" Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kin-
" dred ſlain."

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

" Poets are ſultans, if they had their will;
" For every author would his brother kill."

And Pope,

" Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule
" alone,
" Bear like the Turk no brother near the
" throne."

But this is not the beſt of his little pieces: it is excelled by his poem to Fanſhaw, and his elegy on Cowley.

His praiſe of Fanſhaw's verſion of Guarini, contains a very ſpritely and judicious character of a good tranſlator:

" That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline,
" Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
" Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh
" brains
" Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
" Cheap vulgar arts, whoſe narrowneſs
" affords
" No flight for thoughts, but poorly ſtick
" at words.
" A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue
" To make tranſlations and tranſlators too.
" They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
" True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame."

The excellence of theſe lines is greater, as the truth which they contain was not at that time generally known.

His poem on the death of Cowley was his laſt, and, among his ſhorter works, his beſt performance:

performance: the numbers are muſical, and the thoughts are juſt.

Cooper's Hill is the work that confers upon him the rank and dignity of an original author. He ſeems to have been, at leaſt among us, the author of a ſpecies of compoſition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental ſubject is ſome particular landſcape, to be poetically deſcribed, with the addition of ſome embelliſhments as may be ſupplied by hiſtorical retroſpection, or incidental meditation.

To trace a new ſcheme of poetry has in itſelf a very high claim to praiſe, and its praiſe is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth and Pope; after whoſe names little will be gained by an enumeration of ſmaller poets, that have left ſcarce a corner of the iſland undignified by rhime, or blank verſe.

Cooper's Hill, if it be maliciouſly inſpected, will not be found without its faults. The digreſſions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the ſentiments ſometimes ſuch as will not bear a rigorous enquiry.

The four verſes, which, ſince Dryden has commended them, almoſt every writer for a century paſt has imitated, are generally known:

" O could I flow like thee, and make thy
" ſtream
" My great example, as it is my theme!
" Tho' deep yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not
" dull;
" Strong without rage, without o'erflowing
" full."

The lines are in themſelves not perfect: for moſt of the words, thus artfully oppoſed, are

to be underſtood ſimply on one ſide of the compariſon, and metaphorically on the other; and if there be any language which does not expreſs intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be tranſlated. But ſo much meaning is compriſed in ſo few words; the particulars of reſemblance are ſo perſpicaciouſly collected, and every mode of excellence ſeparated from its adjacent fault by ſo nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the ſentence are ſo accurately adjuſted; and the flow of the laſt couplet is ſo ſmooth and ſweet, that the paſſage, however celebrated, has not been praiſed above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itſelf, and muſt be numbered among thoſe felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but muſt ariſe unexpectedly in ſome hour propitious to poetry.

He appears to have been one of the firſt that underſtood the neceſſity of emancipating tranſlation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting ſingle words. How much this ſervile practice obſcured the cleareſt and deformed the moſt beautiful parts of the ancient authors, may be diſcovered by a peruſal of our earlier verſions; ſome of them the works of men well qualified not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a miſtaken ambition of exactneſs, degraded at once their originals and themſelves.

Denham ſaw the better way, but has not perſued it with great ſucceſs. His verſions of Virgil are not pleaſing; but they taught Dryden to pleaſe better. His poetical imitation of Tully on "Old Age" has neither the clearneſs of proſe, nor the ſpritelineſs of poetry.

The "ſtrength of Denham," which Pope ſo emphatically mentions, is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the ſentiment with more weight than bulk.

On the Thames.

"Though with thoſe ſtreams he no reſem-
"blance hold,
"Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel
"gold;
"His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t'ex-
"plore,
"Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his
"ſhore."

On Strafford.

"His wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
"The kingdoms wonder, and three king-
"doms fear;
"Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd,
"although
"Each had an army, as an equal foe.
"Such was his force of eloquence, to make
"The hearers more concern'd than he that
"ſpake;
"Each ſeem'd to act that part he came to ſee,
"And none was more a looker-on than he;
"So did he move our paſſions, ſome were
"known
"To wiſh, for the defence, the crime their
"own.
"Now private pity ſtrove with publick hate,
"Reaſon with rage, and eloquence with fate."

On Cowley.

"To him no author was unknown,
"Yet what he wrote was all his own;

"Horace's

" Horace's wit, and Virgil's ſtate,
" He did not ſteal, but emulate!
" And when he would like them appear,
" Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear."

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of poſterity ariſes from his improvement of our numbers, his verſification ought to be conſidered. It will afford that pleaſure which ariſes from the obſervation of a man of right natural judgement forſaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice, as he gains more confidence in himſelf.

In his tranſlation of Virgil, written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be ſtill found the old manner of continuing the ſenſe ungracefully from verſe to verſe.

" Then all thoſe
" Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
" Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and
" ſhape,
" And differing dialect: then their numbers
" ſwell
" And grow upon us; firſt Chorœbus fell
" Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
" Juſt Ripheus, whom no Trojan did ex-
" ceed
" In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
" Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
" Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy
" piety,
" Nor conſecrated mitre, from the ſame
" Ill fate could ſave; my country's funeral
" flame
" And Troy's cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
" To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall

" No

" No foes, no death, no danger I declin'd,
" Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my fate to find."

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their ſenſe in couplets; which has perhaps been with rather too much conſtancy purſued.

This paſſage exhibits one of thoſe triplets which are not infrequent in this firſt eſſay, but which it is to be ſuppoſed his maturer judgement diſapproved, ſince in his latter works he had totally forborn them.

His rhymes are ſuch as ſeem found without difficulty, by following the ſenſe; and are for the moſt part as exact at leaſt as thoſe of other poets, though now and then the reader is ſhifted off with what he can get.

" O how *transform'd!*
" How much unlike that Hector who *re-*
" *turn'd*
" Clad in Achilles' ſpoils!"

And again,

" From thence a thouſand leſſer poets *ſprung*,
" Like petty princes from the fall of *Rome.*"

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to ſuſtain it:

" Troy confounded falls
" From all her glories: if it might have
" ſtood
" By any power, by this right hand it
" *ſhou'd.*
" —And though my outward ſtate misfor-
" tune *hath*
" Depreſt thus low, it cannot reach my
" faith."

" —Thus

" —Thus by his fraud and our own faith
" o'ercome,
" A feigned tear deſtroys us, againſt *whom*
" Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
" Nor ten years conflict, nor a thouſand fail."

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verſes: in one paſſage the word *die* rhymes three couplets in ſix.

Moſt of theſe petty faults are in his firſt productions, when he was leſs ſkilful, or at leaſt leſs dexterous in the uſe of words; and though they had been more frequent, they could only have leſſened the grace, not the ſtrength, of his compoſition. He is one of the writers that improved our taſte, and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

SPRAT.

THOMAS SPRAT was born in 1636, at Tallaton in Devonſhire, the ſon of a clergyman; and having been educated, as he tells of himſelf, not at Weſtminſter or Eton, but at a little ſchool by the churchyard ſide, became a commoner of Wadham College in Oxford in 1651; and, being choſen ſcholar next year, proceeded through the uſual academical courſe, and in 1657 became maſter of arts, He obtained a fellowſhip, and commenced poet.

In 1659, his poem on the death of Oliver was publiſhed, with thoſe of Dryden and Waller. In his dedication to Dr. Wilkins he appears a very willing and liberal encomiaſt, both of the living and the dead. He implores his patron's excuſe of his verſes, both as falling *ſo infinitely below the full and ſublime genius of that excellent poet who made this way of writing free of our nation*, and being *ſo little equal and proportioned to the renown of the prince on whom they were written; ſuch great actions and lives deſerving to be the ſubject of the nobleſt pens and moſt divine phanſies.* He proceeds: *Having ſo long experienced your care and indulgence, and been formed, as it were, by your own hands, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would be not only injuſtice but ſacrilege.*

He

He publiſhed the ſame year a poem on the *Plague of Athens*; a ſubject of which it is not eaſy to ſay what could recommend it. To theſe he added afterwards a poem on Mr. Cowley's death.

After the Reſtoration he took orders, and by Cowley's recommendation was made chaplain to the duke of Buckingham, whom he is ſaid to have helped in writing the *Rehearſal*. He was likewiſe chaplain to the king.

As he was the favourite of Wilkins, at whoſe houſe began thoſe philoſophical conferences and enquiries, which in time produced the Royal Society, he was conſequently engaged in the ſame ſtudies, and became one of the fellows; and when, after their incorporation, ſomething ſeemed neceſſary to reconcile the publick to the new inſtitution, he undertook to write its hiſtory, which he publiſhed in 1667. This is one of the few books which ſelection of ſentiment and elegance of diction have been able to preſerve, though written upon a ſubject flux and tranſitory. The Hiſtory of the Royal Society is now read not with the wiſh to know what they were then doing, but how their tranſactions are exhibited by Sprat.

In the next year he publiſhed *Obſervations on Sorbiere's Voyage into England, in a Letter to Mr. Wren.* This is a work not ill performed; but perhaps rewarded with at leaſt its full proportion of praiſe.

In 1668 he publiſhed Cowley's Latin poems, and prefixed in Latin the Life of the Author; which he afterwards amplified, and placed before Cowley's Engliſh works, which were by will committed to his care.

Eccleſiaſtical

Eccleſiaſtical benefices now fell faſt upon him. In 1668 he became a prebendary of Weſtminſter, and had afterwards the church of St. Margaret, adjoining to the Abbey. He was in 1680 made canon of Windſor, in 1683 dean of Weſtminſter, and in 1684 biſhop of Rocheſter.

The Court having thus a claim to his diligence and gratitude, he was required to write the Hiſtory of the Ryehouſe Plot; and in 1685 publiſhed *A true Account and Declaration of the horrid Conſpiracy againſt the late King, his preſent Majeſty, and the preſent Government*; a performance which he thought convenient, after the Revolution, to extenuate and excuſe.

The ſame year, being clerk of the cloſet to the king, he was made dean of the chapel royal; and the year afterwards received the laſt proof of his maſter's confidence, by being appointed one of the commiſſioners for eccleſiaſtical affairs. On the critical day, when the *Declaration* diſtinguiſhed the true ſons of the church of England, he ſtood neuter, and permitted it to be read at Weſtminſter; but preſſed none to violate his conſcience; and when the biſhop of London was brought before them, gave his voice in his favour.

Thus far he ſuffered intereſt or obedience to carry him; but further he refuſed to go. When he found that the powers of the eccleſiaſtical commiſſion were to be exerciſed againſt thoſe who had refuſed the Declaration, he wrote to the lords, and other commiſſioners, a formal profeſſion of his unwillingneſs to exerciſe that authority any longer, and withdrew himſelf from them. After they had read his letter, they adjourned

adjourned for ſix months, and ſcarcely ever met afterwards.

When king James was frighted away, and a new government was to be ſettled, Sprat was one of thoſe who conſidered, in a conference, the great queſtion, whether the Crown was vacant, and manfully ſpoke in favour of his old maſter.

He complied, however, with the new eſtabliſhment, and was left unmoleſted; but in 1692 a ſtrange attack was made upon him by one *Robert Young* and *Stephen Blackhead*, both men convicted of infamous crimes, and both, when the ſcheme was laid, priſoners in Newgate. Theſe men drew up an aſſociation, in which they whoſe names were ſubſcribed declared their reſolution to reſtore king James; to ſeize the princeſs of Orange, dead or alive; and to be ready with thirty thouſand men to meet king James; when he ſhould land. To this they put the names of Sancroft, Sprat, Marlborough, Saliſbury, and others. The copy of Dr. Sprat's name was obtained by a fictitious requeſt, to which an anſwer *in his own hand* was deſired. His hand was copied ſo well, that he confeſſed it might have deceived himſelf. Blackhead, who had carried the letter, being ſent again with a plauſible meſſage, was very curious to ſee the houſe, and particularly importunate to be let into the ſtudy; where, as is ſuppoſed, he deſigned to leave the Aſſociation. This however was denied him, and he dropt it in a flower-pot in the parlour.

Young now laid an information before the Privy Council; and May 7, 1692, the biſhop was arreſted, and kept at a meſſenger's under a ſtrict guard eleven days. His houſe was ſearched,

ed, and directions were given that the flower-pots ſhould be inſpected. The meſſengers however miſſed the room in which the paper was left. Blackhead went therefore a third time; and, finding his paper where he had left it, brought it away.

The biſhop, having been enlarged, was, on June the 10th and 13th, examined again before the Privy Counſel, and confronted with his accuſers. Young perſiſted with the moſt obdurate impudence, againſt the ſtrongeſt evidence; but the reſolution of Blackhead by degrees gave way. There remained at laſt no doubt of the biſhop's innocence, who, with great prudence and diligence, traced the progreſs, and detected the characters of the two informers, and publiſhed an account of his own examination, and deliverance; which made ſuch an impreſſion upon him, that he commemorated it through life by an yearly day of thankſgiving.

With what hope, or what intereſt, the villians had contrived an accuſation which they muſt know themſelves utterly unable to prove, was never diſcovered.

After this, he paſſed his days in the quiet exerciſe of his function. When the cauſe of Sacheverell put the publick in commotion, he honeſtly appeared among the friends of the church. He lived to his ſeventy-ninth year, and died May 20, 1713.

Burnet is not very favourable to his memory; but he and Burnet were old rivals. On ſome publick occaſion they both preached before the houſe of commons. There prevailed in thoſe days an indecent cuſtom: when the preacher touched any favourite topic in a manner that delighted his audience, their approbation was

expreſſed by a loud *hum*, continued in proportion to their zeal or pleaſure. When Burnet preached, part of his congregation *hummed* ſo loudly and ſo long, that he ſat down to enjoy it, and rubbed his face with his handkerchief. When Sprat preached, he likewiſe was honoured with the like animating *hum*; but he ſtretched out his hand to the congregation, and cried, "Peace, peace, I pray you, peace."

This I was told in my youth by an old man, who had been no careleſs obſerver of the paſſages of thoſe times.

Burnet's ſermon, ſays Salmon, was remarkable for ſedition, and Sprat's for loyalty. Burnet had the thanks of the houſe; Sprat had no thanks, but a good living from the king; which, he ſaid, was of as much value as the thanks of the Commons.

The works of Sprat, beſides his few poems, are, The Hiſtory of the Royal Society, The Life of Cowley, The Anſwer to Sorbiere, The Hiſtory of the Ryehouſe Plot; The Relation of his own Examination, and a volume of Sermons. I have heard it obſerved, with great juſtneſs, that every book is of a different kind, and that each has its diſtinct and characteriſtical excellence.

My buſineſs is only with his poems. He conſidered Cowley as a model; and ſuppoſed that as he was imitated, perfection was approached. Nothing therefore but Pindarick liberty was to be expected. There is in his few productions no want of ſuch conceits as he thought excellent; and of thoſe our judgement may be ſettled by the firſt that appears in his praiſe of Cromwell, where he ſays that Cromwell's *fame, like man, will grow white as it grows old.*

ROSCOMMON.

WENTWORTH DILLON, earl of Roſcommon, was born in Ireland, during the lieutenancy of Strafford, who, being his godfather, gave him his own ſurname. His father had been converted by Uſher to the proteſtant religion; and when the popiſh rebellion broke out, Strafford, thinking the family in great danger from the fury of the Iriſh, ſent for his godſon, and placed him at his own ſeat in Yorkſhire, where he was inſtructed in Latin; which he learned ſo as to write it with purity and elegance, though he was never able to retain the rules of grammar.

Such is the account given by Mr. *Fenton*, from whoſe notes on Waller moſt of this account muſt be borrowed, though I know not whether all that he relates is certain. The inſtructer whom he aſſigns to Roſcommon is one Dr. *Hall*, by whom he cannot mean the famous *Hall*, then an old man and a biſhop.

When the ſtorm broke out upon Strafford, his houſe was a ſhelter no longer; and Dillon, by the advice of Uſher, went to *Caen*, where the Proteſtants had then an univerſity, and continued his ſtudies under *Bochart*.

Young Dillon, who was ſent to ſtudy under Bochart, and who is repreſented as having already

ready made great proficiency in literature, could not be more than nine years old. Strafford went to govern Ireland in 1633, and was put to death eight years afterwards. Tha the was ſent to Caen is certain; that he was a great ſcholar may be doubted.

At Caen he is ſaid to have had ſome preternatural intelligence of his father's death.

" The lord Roſcommon, being a boy of ten " years of age, at Caen in Normandy, one day " was, as it were, madly extravagant, in playing, leaping, getting over the tables, boards, " &c. He was wont to be ſober enough; they " ſaid, God grant this bodes no ill-luck to him. " In the heat of this extravagant fit, he cries " out, *My father is dead.* A fortnight after " news came from Ireland that his father was " dead. This account I had from Mr. Knolles, " who was his governor, and then with him, " —ſince ſecretary to the earl of Strafford; " and I have heard his lordſhip's relations con- " firm the ſame." *Aubrey's Miſcellany.*

The preſent age is very little inclined to favour any accounts of this kind, nor will the name of Aubrey much recommend it to credit: it ought not, however, to be omitted, becauſe better evidence of a fact cannot eaſily be found than is here offered, and it muſt be by preſerving ſuch relations that we may at laſt judge how much they are to be regarded. If we ſtay to examine this account, we ſhall ſee difficulties on both ſides: here is a relation of a fact given by a man who had no intereſt to deceive, and who could not be deceived himſelf; and here is, on the other hand, a miracle which produces no effect; the order of nature is interrupted.

rupted to diſcover not a future, but only a diſtant event, the knowledge of which is of no uſe to him to whom it is revealed. Between theſe difficulties, what way ſhall be found? Is reaſon or teſtimony to be rejected? I believe what Oſborne ſays of an appearance of ſanctity, may be applied to ſuch impulſes or anticipations as this: *Do not wholly ſlight them, becauſe they may be true; but do not eaſily truſt them, becauſe they may be falſe.*

The ſtate both of England and Ireland was at this time ſuch, that he who was abſent from either country had very little temptation to return: and therefore Roſcommon, when he left Caen, travelled into Italy, and amuſed himſelf with its antiquities, and particularly with medals, in which he acquired uncommon ſkill.

At the Reſtoration, with the other friends of monarchy, he came to England, was made captain of the band of penſioners, and learned ſo much of the diſſoluteneſs of the court, that he addicted himſelf immoderately to gaming, by which he was engaged in frequent quarrels, and which undoubtedly brought upon him its uſual concomitants, extravagance and diſtreſs.

After ſome time a diſpute about part of his eſtate forced him into Ireland, where he was made by the duke of Ormond captain of the guards, and met with an adventure thus related by *Fenton:*

" He was at Dublin as much as ever diſtem-
" pered with the ſame fatal affection for play,
" which engaged him in one adventure that
" well deſerves to be related. As he returned
" to his lodgings from a gaming table, he was
" attacked in the dark by three ruffians, who

" were employed to aſſaſſinate him. The earl " defended himſelf with ſo much reſolution, " that he diſpatched one of the aggreſſors; " whilſt a gentleman, accidentally paſſing that " way, interpoſed and diſarmed another: the " third ſecured himſelf by flight. This gene- " rous aſſiſtant was a diſbanded officer, of a " good family and fair reputation; who, by " what we call partiality of fortune, to avoid " cenſuring the iniquities of the times, wanted " even a plain ſuit of cloaths to make a decent " appearance at the Caſtle. But his lordſhip, " on this occaſion, preſenting him to the duke " of Ormond, with great importunity prevail- " ed with his grace, that he might reſign his " poſt of captain of the guards to his friend; " which for about three years the gentleman " enjoyed, and, upon his death, the duke re- " turned the commiſſion to his generous bene- " factor."

When he had finiſhed his buſineſs, he returned to London; was made maſter of the horſe to the dutcheſs of York; and married the lady Frances, daughter of the earl of Burlington, and widow of colonel Courteney.

He now buſied his mind with literary projects, and formed the plan of a ſociety for refining our language, and fixing its ſtandard; *in imitation*, ſays Fenton, *of thoſe learned and polite ſocieties with which he had been acquainted abroad.* In this deſign his friend Dryden is ſaid to have aſſiſted him.

The ſame deſign, it is well known, was revived by Dr. Swift in the miniſtry of Oxford; but it has never ſince been publickly mentioned, though at that time great expectations were

were formed by ſome at leaſt of its eſtabliſhment and its effects. Such a ſociety might, perhaps, without much difficulty be collected; but that it would produce what is expected from it, may be doubted.

The Italian academy ſeems to have obtained its end. The language was refined, and ſo fixed that it has changed but little. The French academy thought that they refined their language, and doubtleſs thought rightly; but the event has not ſhewn that they fixed it; for the French of the preſent time is very different from that of the laſt century.

In this country an academy could be expected to do but little. If an academician's place were profitable, it would be given by intereſt; if attendance were gratuitous, it would be rarely paid, and no man would endure the leaſt diſguſt. Unanimity is impoſſible, and debate would ſeparate the aſſembly.

But ſuppoſe the philological decree made and promulgated, what would be its authority? In abſolute governments, there is ſometimes a general reverence paid to all that has the ſanction of power, and the countenance of greatneſs. How little this is the ſtate of our country needs not to be told. We live in an age in which it is a kind of publick ſport to refuſe all reſpect that cannot be enforced. The edicts of an Engliſh academy would probably be read by many, only that they might be ſure to diſobey them.

That our language is in perpetual danger of corruption cannot be denied; but what prevention can be found? The preſent manners of the nation would deride authority, and there-

fore nothing is left but that every writer ſhould criticiſe himſelf.

All hopes of new literary inſtitutions were quickly ſuppreſſed by the contentious turbulence of king James's reign; and Roſcommon, foreſeeing that ſome violent concuſſion of the State was at hand, purpoſed to retire to Rome, alleging, that *it was beſt to ſit near the chimney when the chamber ſmoaked*; a ſentence of which the application ſeems not very clear.

His departure was delayed by the gout; and he was ſo impatient either of hinderance or of pain, that he ſubmitted himſelf to a French empirick, who is ſaid to have repelled the diſeaſe into his bowels.

At the moment in which he expired, he uttered, with an energy of voice that expreſſed the moſt fervent devotion, two lines of his own verſion of *Dies Iræ:*

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forſake me in my end.

—He died in 1684; and was buried with great pomp in Weſtminſter-abbey.

His poetical character is given by Mr. Fenton:

" In his writings," ſays Fenton, " we view " the image of a mind which was naturally " ſerious and ſolid; richly furniſhed and adorned " with all the ornaments of learning, un- " affectedly diſpoſed in the moſt regular and " elegant order. His imagination might have " probably been more fruitful and ſprightly, " if his judgement had been leſs ſevere. But " that ſeverity (delivered in a maſculine, clear, " ſuccinct ſtile) contributed to make him ſo " eminent in the didactical manner, that no man,

" man, with juſtice, can affirm he was ever e-
" qualled by any of our nation, without con-
" feſſing at the ſame time that he is inferior to
" none. In ſome other kinds of writing his
" genius ſeems to have wanted fire to attain
" the point of perfection; but who can at-
" tain it?"

From this account of the riches of his mind, who would not imagine that they had been diſplayed in large volumes and numerous performances? Who would not, after the peruſal of this character, be ſurpriſed to find that all the proofs of this genius, and knowledge and judgement, are not ſufficient to form a ſingle book, or to appear otherwiſe than in conjunction with the works of ſome other writer of the ſame petty ſize? But thus it is that characters are written: we know ſomewhat, and we imagine the reſt. The obſervation, that his imagination would probably have been more fruitful and ſprightly if his judgement had been leſs ſevere, may be anſwered, by a remarker ſomewhat inclined to cavil, by a contrary ſuppoſition, that his judgement would probably have been leſs ſevere, if his imagination had been more fruitful. It is ridiculous to oppoſe judgement to imagination; for it does not appear that men have neceſſarily leſs of one as they have more of the other.

We muſt allow of Roſcommon, what Fenton has not mentioned ſo diſtinctly as he ought, and, what is yet very much to his honour, that he is perhaps the only correct writer in verſe before Addiſon; and that, if there are not ſo many or ſo great beauties in his compoſitions as in thoſe of ſome contemporaries, there are

at

at leaſt fewer faults. Nor is this his higheſt praiſe; for Mr. Pope has celebrated him as the only moral writer of king Charles's reign:

Unhappy Dryden! in all Charles's days,
Roſcommon only boaſts unſpotted lays.

His great work is his Eſſay on tranſlated Verſe; of which Dryden writes thus in the preface to his Miſcellanies:

" It was my lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on " tranſlated Verſe," ſays Dryden, " which made " me uneaſy, till I tried whether or no I was " capable of following his rules, and of reduc- " ing the ſpeculation into practice. For ma- " ny a fair precept in poetry is like a ſeeming " demonſtration in mathematicks, very ſpeci- " ous in the diagram, but failing in the me- " chanick operation. I think I have generally " obſerved his inſtructions: I am ſure my rea- " ſon is ſufficiently convinced both of their " truth and uſefulneſs; which, in other words, " is to confeſs no leſs a vanity than to pretend " that I have, at leaſt in ſome places, made " examples to his rules."

This declaration of Dryden will, I am afraid, be found little more than one of thoſe curſory civilities which one author pays to another; for when the ſum of lord Roſcommon's precepts is collected, it will not be eaſy to diſcover how they can qualify their reader for a better performance of tranſlation than might have been attained by his own reflections.

He that can abſtract his mind from the elegance of the poetry, and confine it to the ſenſe of the precepts, will find no other direction than that the author ſhould be ſuitable to the tranſlator's genius; that he ſhould be ſuch as may

may deſerve a tranſlation; that he who intends to tranſlate him ſhould endeavour to underſtand him; that perſpicuity ſhould be ſtudied, and unuſual and uncouth names ſparingly inſerted; and that the ſtile of the original ſhould be copied in its elevation and depreſſion. Theſe are the rules that are celebrated as ſo definite and important, and for the delivery of which to mankind ſo much honour has been paid. Roſcommon has indeed deſerved his praiſes, had they been given with diſcernment, and beſtowed not on the rules themſelves, but the art with which they are introduced, and the decorations with which they are adorned.

The Eſſay, though generally excellent, is not without its faults. The ſtory of the Quack, borrowed from Boileau, was not worth the importation: he has confounded the Britiſh and Saxon mythology:

I grant that from ſome moſſy idol oak,
In double rhymes, our *Thor* and *Woden* ſpoke.

The oak, as I think Gildon has obſerved, belonged to the Britiſh druids, and *Thor* and *Woden* were Saxon deities. Of the *double rhymes*, which he ſo liberally ſuppoſes, he certainly had no knowledge.

His interpoſition of a long paragraph of blank verſes is unwarrantably licentious. Latin poets might as well have introduced a ſeries of iambicks among their heroicks.

His next work is the tranſlation of the Art of Poetry; which has received, in my opinion, not leſs praiſe than it deſerves. Blank verſe, left merely to its numbers, has little operation either on the ear or mind: it can hardly ſupport itſelf without bold figures and ſtriking images.

images. A poem frigidly didactick, without rhyme, is ſo near to proſe, that the reader only ſcorns it for pretending to be verſe.

Having diſentangled himſelf from the difficulties of rhyme, he may juſtly be expected to give the ſenſe of Horace with great exactneſs, and to ſuppreſs no ſubtilty of ſentiment for the difficulty of expreſſing it. This demand, however, his tranſlation will not ſatisfy; what he found obſcure, I do not know that he has ever cleared.

Among his ſmaller works, the Eclogue of Virgil and the *Dies Iræ* are well tranſlated; though the beſt line in the *Dies Iræ* is borrowed from Dryden. In return, ſucceeding poets have borrowed from Roſcommon.

In the verſes on the Lap-dog, the pronouns *thou* and *you* are offenſively confounded; and the turn at the end is from Waller.

His verſions of the two odes of Horace are made with great liberty, which is not recompenſed by much elegance or vigour.

His political verſes are ſpritely, and when they were written muſt have been very popular.

Of the ſcene of *Guarini*, and the prologue to *Pompey*, Mrs. Phillips, in her letters to Sir Charles Cotterel, has given the hiſtory.

"Lord Roſcommon," ſays ſhe, "is certainly one of the moſt promiſing young noblemen in Ireland. He has paraphraſed a Pſalm admirably, and a ſcene of *Paſtor Fido* very finely, in ſome places much better than Sir Richard Fanſhaw. This was undertaken merely in compliment to me, who happened to ſay that it was the beſt ſcene in Italian,

" Italian, and the worſt in Engliſh. He was " only two hours about it. It begins thus:

" Dear happy groves, and you the dark " retreat
" Of ſilent horrour, Reſt's eternal ſeat."

From theſe lines, which are ſince ſomewhat mended, it appears that he did not think a work of two hours fit to endure the eye of criticiſm without reviſal.

When Mrs. Phillips was in Ireland, ſome ladies that had ſeen her tranſlation of Pompey, reſolved to bring it on the ſtage at Dublin; and, to promote their deſign, Lord Roſcommon gave them a prologue, and Sir Edward Dering an epilogue; " which," ſays ſhe, " are " the beſt performances of thoſe kinds I ever " ſaw." If this is not criticiſm, it is at leaſt gratitude. The thought of bringing Cæſar and Pompey into Ireland, the only country over which Cæſar never had any power, is lucky.

Of Roſcommon's works, the judgement of the publick ſeems to be right. He is elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquiſite beauties, and ſeldom falls into groſs faults. His verſification is ſmooth, but rarely vigorous, and his rhymes are remarkably exact. He improved taſte, if he did not enlarge knowledge, and may be numbered among the benefactors to Engliſh literature.

ROCHESTER,

JOHN WILMOT, afterwards earl of Rocheſter, the ſon of Henry earl of Rocheſter, better known by the title of Lord Wilmot, ſo often mentioned in Clarendon's Hiſtory, was born in April, 1648, at Ditchley in Oxfordſhire. After a grammatical education at the ſchool of Burford, he entered a nobleman into Wadham College in 1659, only eleven years old; and in 1661, at thirteen, was, with ſome other perſons of high rank, made maſter of arts by lord Clarendon in perſon.

He travelled afterwards into France and Italy; and, at his return, devoted himſelf to a Court. In 1665 he went to ſea with Sandwich, and diſtinguiſhed himſelf at Bergen by uncommon intrepidity; and the next ſummer ſerved again on board Sir Edward Spragge, who, in the heat of the engagement, having a meſſage of reproof to ſend to one of his captains, could find no man ready to carry it but Wilmot, who, in an open boat, went and returned amidſt the ſtorm of ſhot.

But his reputation for bravery was not laſting: he was reproached with ſlinking away in ſtreet quarrels, and leaving his companions to ſhift as they could without him; and Sheffield duke of Buckingham has left a ſtory of his refuſal to fight him.

He

He had very early an inclination to intemperance, which he totally ſubdued in his travels; but when he became a courtier, he unhappily addicted himſelf to diſſolute and vitious company, by which his principles were corrupted, and his manners depraved. He loſt all ſenſe of religious reſtraint; and, finding it not convenient to admit the authority of laws which he was reſolved not to obey, ſheltered his wickedneſs behind infidelity.

As he excelled in that noiſy and licentious merriment which wine incites, his companions eagerly encouraged him in exceſs, and he willingly indulged it; till, as he confeſſed to Dr. Burnet, he was for five years together continually drunk, or ſo much inflamed by frequent ebriety, as in no interval to be maſter of himſelf.

In this ſtate he played many frolicks, which it is not for his honour that we ſhould remember, and which are not now diſtinctly known. He often purſued low amours in mean diſguiſes, and always acted with great exactneſs and dexterity the characters which he aſſumed.

He once erected a ſtage on Tower-hill, and harangued the populace as a mountebank; and, having made phyſick part of his ſtudy, is ſaid to have practiſed it ſucceſsfully.

He was ſo much in favour with King Charles, that he was made one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber, and comptroller of Woodſtock Park.

Having an active and inquiſitive mind, he never, except in his paroxyſms of intemperance, was wholly negligent of ſtudy: he read what is conſidered as polite learning ſo much, that he is mentioned

mentioned by Wood as the greateſt ſcholar of all the nobility. Sometimes he retired into the country, and amuſed himſelf with writing libels, in which he did not pretend to confine himſelf to truth.

His favourite author in French was Boileau, and in Engliſh Cowley.

Thus in a courſe of drunken gaiety, and groſs ſenſuality, with intervals of ſtudy perhaps yet more criminal, with an avowed contempt of all decency and order, a total diſregard to every moral, and a reſolute denial of every religious obligation, he lived worthleſs and uſeleſs, and blazed out his youth and his health in laviſh voluptuouſneſs; till, at the age of one and thirty, he had exhauſted the fund of life, and reduced himſelf to a ſtate of weakneſs and decay.

At this time he was led to an acquaintance with Dr. Burnet, to whom he laid open with great freedom the tenour of his opinions, and the courſe of his life, and from whom he received ſuch conviction of the reaſonableneſs of moral duty, and the truth of Chriſtianity, as produced a total change both of his manners and opinions. The account of thoſe ſalutary conferences is given by Burnet, in a book intituled, *Some Paſſages of the Life and Death of* John *earl of* Rocheſter; which the critick ought to read for its elegance, the philoſopher for its arguments, and the ſaint for its piety. It were an injury to the reader to offer him an abridgement.

He died July 26, 1680, before he had completed his thirty-third year; and was ſo worn away

away by a long illneſs, that life went out without a ſtruggle.

Lord Rocheſter was eminent for the vigour of his colloquial wit, and remarkable for many wild pranks, and ſallies of extravagance. The glare of his general character diffuſed itſelf upon his writings; the compoſitions of a man whoſe name was heard ſo often, were certain of attention, and from many readers certain of applauſe. This blaze of reputation is not yet quite extinguiſhed, and his poetry ſtill retains ſome ſplendour beyond that which genius has beſtowed.

Wood and Burnet give us reaſon to believe, that much was imputed to him which he did not write. I know not by whom the original collection was made, or by what authority its genuineneſs was aſcertained. The firſt edition was publiſhed in the year of his death, with an air of concealment, profeſſing in the title-page to be printed at *Antwerp*.

Of ſome of the pieces, however, there is no doubt. The Imitation of Horace's Satire, the Verſes to Lord Mulgrave, the Satire againſt Man, the Verſes upon *Nothing*, and perhaps ſome others, are I believe genuine, and perhaps moſt of thoſe which this collection exhibits.

As he cannot be ſuppoſed to have found leiſure for any courſe of continued ſtudy, his pieces are commonly ſhort, ſuch as one fit of reſolution would produce.

His ſongs have no particular character: they tell, like other ſongs, in ſmooth and eaſy language, of ſcorn and kindneſs, diſmiſſion and deſertion, abſence and inconſtancy, with the common

common places of artificial courtſhip. They are commonly ſmooth and eaſy; but have little nature, and little ſentiment.

His imitation of Horace on Lucilius is not inelegant or unhappy. In the reign of Charles the Second began that adaptation, which has ſince been very frequent, of ancient poetry to preſent times, and perhaps few will be found where the paralleliſm is better preſerved than in this. The verſification is indeed ſometimes careleſs, but it is ſometimes vigorous and weighty.

The ſtrongeſt effort of his muſe is his poem upon *Nothing*. He is not the firſt who has choſen this barren topic for the boaſt of his fertility. There is a poem called *Nihil* in Latin by *Paſſerat*, a poet and critick of the ſixteenth century in France; who, in his own epitaph, expreſſes his zeal for good poetry thus:

—Molliter oſſa quieſcent
Sint modo carminibus non onerata malis.

His works are not common, and therefore I ſhall ſubjoin his verſes.

In examining this performance, *Nothing* muſt be conſidered as having not only a negative but a kind of poſitive ſignification; as, I need not fear thieves, I have *nothing*; and *nothing* is a very powerful protector. In the firſt part of the ſentence it is taken negatively; in the ſecond it is taken poſitively, as an agent. In one of Boileau's lines it was a queſtion, whether he ſhould uſe *a rien faire*, or *a ne rien faire*; and the firſt was preferred, becauſe it gave *rien* a ſenſe in ſome ſort poſitive. *Nothing* can be a ſubject only in its poſitive ſenſe, and ſuch a ſenſe is given it in the firſt line:

Nothing,

Nothing, thou elder brother ev'n to ſhade.

In this line, I know not whether he does not allude to a curious book *de Umbra*, by Wowerus, which, having told the qualities of *Shade*, concludes with a poem in which are theſe lines:

Jam primum terram validis circumſpice clauſtris
Suſpenſam totam, decus admirabile mundi
Terraſque tractuſque maris, campoſque liquentes.
Aeris, & vaſti laqueata palatia cœl—
Omnibus UMBRA prior.

The poſitive ſenſe is generally preſerved, with great ſkill, through the whole poem; though ſometimes, in a ſubordinate ſenſe, the negative *nothing* is injudiciouſly mingled. Paſſerat confounds the two ſenſes.

Another of his moſt vigorous pieces is his Lampoon on Sir Car Scroop, who, in a poem called *The Praiſe of Satire*, had ſome lines like theſe *:

He who can puſh into a midnight fray
His brave companion, and then run away,
Leaving him to be murder'd in the ſtreet,
Then put it off with ſome buffoon conceit;
Him, thus diſhonour'd, for a wit you own,
And court him as top fidler of the town.

This was meant of Rocheſter, and drew from him thoſe furious verſes; to which Scroop made in reply an epigram, ending with theſe lines:

Thou canſt hurt no man's fame with thy ill word;
Thy pen is full as harmleſs as thy ſword.

Of the ſatire againſt *Man*, Rocheſter can only claim what remains when all Boileau's part is taken away.

In

In all his works there is ſprightlineſs and vigour, and every where may be found token of a mind which ſtudy might have carried to excellence; and what more can be expected from a life ſpent in oſtentatious contempt of regularity, and ended before the abilities of many other men began to be diſplayed?

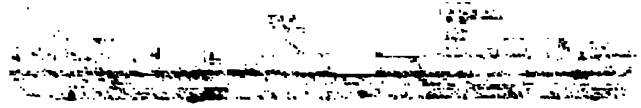
Poema CL. V. JOANNIS PASSERATII, Regij in Academia Pariſienſi Profeſſoris.

Ad ornatiſſimum virum ERRICVM MEMMIVM.

Janus adeſt, feſtæ poſcunt ſua dona Kalendæ,
Munus abeſt feſtis quod poſſim offerre Kalendis:
Siccine Caſtalius nobis exaruit humor?
Uſque adeò ingenii noſtri eſt exhauſta facultas,
Immunem ut videat redeuntis janitor anni?
Quod nuſquā eſt potius nova per veſtigia quærā.
Ecce autem partes dum ſeſe verſat in omnes
Invenit mea Muſa NIHIL, ne deſpice munus.
Nam NIHIL eſt gemmis, NIHIL eſt pretioſius auro.
Huc animum, huc igitur vultus adverte benignos:
Res nova narratur quæ nulli audita priorum,
Auſonii & Graii dixerunt cætera vates,
Auſoniæ indictum NIHIL eſt Græcæque Camœnæ.
E cœlo quacunque Ceres ſua proſpicit arva,
Aut genitor liquidis orbem complectitur ulnis
Oceanus, NIHIL interitus & originis expers.
Immortale NIHIL, NIHIL omni parte beatum.
Quòd ſi hinc majeſtas & vis divina probatur,
Num quid honore deûm num quid dignabimur, aris?
Conſpectu lucis NIHIL eſt jucundius almæ,
Vere NIHIL, NIHIL irriguo formoſius horto,
Floridius pratis, Zephyri clementius aura:

In bello ſanctum NIHIL eſt, Martiſque tumultu:
Juſtum in pace NIHIL, NIHIL eſt in fœdere tutum.
Felix cui NIHIL eſt, (fuerant hæc vota Tibullo)
Non timet inſidias: fures, incendia temnit:
Sollicitas ſequitur nullo ſub judice lites.
Ille ipſe invictis qui ſubjicit omnia fatis
Zenonis ſapiens, NIHIL admiratur & optat.
Socraticique gregis fuit iſta ſcientia quondam,
Scire NIHIL, ſtudio cui nunc incumbitur uni.
Nec quicquam in ludo mavult didiciſſe juventus,
Ad magnas quia ducit opes, & culmen honorum.
Noſce NIHIL, noſces fertur quod Pythagoreæ
Grano hærere fabæ, cui vox adjuncta negantis.
Multi Mercurio freti duce viſcera terræ
Pura liquefaciunt ſimul, & patrimonia miſcent,
Arcano inſtantes operi, & carbonibus atris,
Qui tandem exhauſti damnis, fractique labore,
Inveniunt atque inventum NIHIL, uſque requirunt.
Hoc dimetiri non ulla decempeda poſſit;
Nec numeret Libycæ numerum qui callet arenæ:
Et Phœbo ignotum NIHIL eſt, NIHIL altius aſtris.
Túque, tibi licet eximium ſit mentis acumen,
Omnem in naturam penetrans, & in abdita rerum,
Pace tua, Memmi, NIHIL ignorare vidêris.
Sole tamen NIHIL eſt, & puro clarius igne.
Tange NIHIL, diceſque NIHIL ſine corpore tangi.
Cerne NIHIL, cerni dices NIHIL abſque colore.
Surdum audit loquitúrque NIHIL ſine voce, volátque

Abſque ope pennarum, & graditur ſine cruribus ullis.
Abſque loco motuque NIHIL per inane vagatur.
Humano generi utilius NIHIL arte medendi.
Ne rhombos igitur, neu Theſſala murmura tentet
Idalia vacuum trajectus arundine pectus,
Neu legat Idæo Dictæum in vertice gramen.
Vulneribus ſævi NIHIL auxiliatur amoris.
Vexerit & quemvis trans mœſtas portitor undas,
Ad ſuperos imo NIHIL hunc revocabit ab orco.
Inferni NIHIL inflectit præcordia regis,
Parcarúmque colos, & inexorable penſum.
Obruta Phlegræis campis Titania pubes
Fulmineo ſenſit NIHIL eſſe potentius ictu:
Porrigitur magni NIHIL extra mœnia mundi:
Diíque NIHIL metuunt. Quid longo carmine plura
Commemorem? virtute NIHIL præſtantius ipſa,
Splendidius NIHIL eſt; NIHIL eſt Jove denique majus.
Sed tempus finem argutis imponere nugis;
Ne tibi ſi multa laudem mea carmina charta,
De NIHILO NIHILI pariant faſtidia verſus.



YALDEN.

THOMAS YALDEN, the ſixth ſon of Mr. John Yalden of Suſſex, was born in the city of Exeter in 1671. Having been educated in the grammar ſchool belonging to Magdalen College in Oxford, he was in 1690, at the age of nineteen, admitted commoner of Magdalen Hall, under the tuition of *Joſeph Pullen*, a man whoſe name is ſtill remembered in the univerſity. He became next year one of the ſcholars of Magdalen College, where he was diſtinguiſhed by a lucky accident.

It was his turn, one day, to pronounce a declamation; and Dr. Hough, the preſident, happening to attend, thought the compoſition too good to be the ſpeaker's. Some time after, the doctor, finding him a little irregularly buſy in the library, ſet him an exerciſe for puniſhment; and, that he might not be deceived by any artifice, locked the door. Yalden, as it happened, had been lately reading on the ſubject given, and produced with little difficulty a compoſition which ſo pleaſed the preſident, that he told him his former ſuſpicions, and promiſed to favour him.

Among his contemporaries in the college were Addiſon and Sacheverell, men who were in thoſe times friends, and who both adopted

Yalden

Yalden to their intimacy. Yalden continued, throughout his life, to think as probably he thought at firſt, yet did not loſe the friendſhip of Addiſon.

When Namur was taken by king William, Yalden made an ode. There was never any reign more celebrated by the poets than that of William, who had very little regard for ſong himſelf, but happened to employ miniſters who pleaſed themſelves with the praiſe of patronage.

Of this ode mention is made in an humorous poem of that time, called *The Oxford Laureat*; in which, after many claims had been made and rejected, Yalden is repreſented as demanding the laurel, and as being called to his trial, inſtead of receiving a reward

His crime was for being a felon in verſe,
And preſenting his theft to the king;
The firſt was a trick not uncommon or ſcarce,
But the laſt was an impudent thing:
Yet what he had ſtol'n was ſo little worth ſtealing,
They forgave him the damage and coſt;
Had he ta'en the whole ode, as he took it piece-mealing,
They had fin'd him but ten-pence at moſt.

The poet whom he was charged with robbing was Congreve.

He wrote another poem on the death of the duke of Glouceſter.

In 1710 he became fellow of the college; and next year, entering into orders, was preſented by the ſociety with a living in Warwickſhire, conſiſtent with his fellowſhip, and choſen lecturer of moral philoſophy, a very honourable office.

On the acceſſion of queen Anne he wrote another poem; and is ſaid, by the author of the *Biographia*, to have declared himſelf of the party who had the honourable diſtinction of High-churchmen.

In 1706 he was received into the family of the duke of Beaufort. Next year he became doctor in divinity, and ſoon after reſigned his fellowſhip and lecture; and, as a token of his gratitude, gave the college a picture of their founder.

He was made rector of *Chalton* and *Clearville*, two adjoining towns and benefices in Hertfordſhire; and had the prebends, or ſinecures, of *Deans*, *Hains*, and *Pendles* in Devonſhire. He had before been choſen, in 1698, preacher of Bridewell Hoſpital, upon the reſignation of Dr. Atterbury.

From this time he ſeems to have led a quiet and inoffenſive life, till the clamour was raiſed about Atterbury's plot. Every loyal eye was on the watch for abettors or partakers of the horrid conſpiracy; and Dr. Yalden having ſome acquaintance with the biſhop, and being familiarly converſant with Kelly his ſecretary, fell under ſuſpicion, and was taken into cuſtody.

Upon his examination he was charged with a dangerous correſpondence with Kelly. The correſpondence he acknowledged; but maintained, that it had no treaſonable tendency. His papers were ſeized; but nothing was found that could fix a crime upon him, except two words in his pocket-book, *thorough-paced doctrine*. This expreſſion the imagination of his examiners had impregnated with treaſon, and the doctor

doctor was enjoined to explain them. Thus preſſed, he told them that the words had lain unheeded in his pocket-book from the time of queen Anne, and that he was aſhamed to give an account of them; but the truth was, that he had gratified his curioſity one day, by hearing *Daniel Burgeſs* in the pulpit, and thoſe words was a memorial hint of a remarkable ſentence by which he warned his congregation to *beware of* thorough-paced doctrine, *that doctrine, which, coming in at one ear, paces through the head, and goes out at the other.*

Nothing worſe than this appearing in his papers, and no evidence ariſing againſt him, he was ſet at liberty.

It will not be ſuppoſed that a man of this character attained high dignities in the church; but he ſtill retained the friendſhip, and enjoyed the converſation, of a very numerous and ſplendid body of acquaintance. He died July 16, 1736, in the 66th year of his age.

Of his poems, many are of that irregular kind, which, when he formed his poetical character, was ſuppoſed to be Pindarick. Having fixed his attention on Cowley as a model, he has attempted in ſome ſort to rival him, and has written a *Hymn* to *Darkneſs*, evidently as a counter-part to Cowley's *Hymn* to *Light*.

This hymn ſeems to be his beſt performance, and is, for the moſt part, imagined with great vigour, and expreſſed with great propriety. I will not tranſcribe it. The ſeven firſt ſtanzas are good; but the third, fourth, and ſeventh are the beſt: the tenth is exquiſitely beautiful; the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, are partly mythological, and partly religious, and therefore

therefore not ſuitable to each other: he might better have made the whole merely philoſophical.

There are two ſtanzas in this poem where Yalden may be ſuſpected, though hardly convicted, of having conſulted the *Hymnus ad Umbram* of *Wowerus*, in the ſixth ſtanza, which anſwers in ſome ſort to theſe lines:

Illa ſuo præeſt nocturnis numine ſacris—
Perque vias errare novis dat ſpectra figuris,
Maneſque excitos medios ululare per agros
Sub noctem, & queſtu notos complere penates.

And again, at the concluſion;

Illa ſuo ſenium ſecludit corpore toto
Haud numerams jugi fugientia ſecula lapſu,
Ergo ubi poſtremum mundi compage ſolutâ
Hanc rerum molem ſuprema abſumpſerit hora
Ipſa leves cineres nube amplectetur opacâ,
Ea priſes imperio rurſus dominabitur UMBRA.

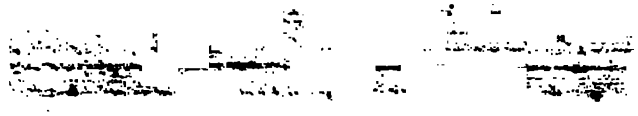
His *Hymn* to *Light* is not equal to the other. He ſeems to think that there is an Eaſt abſolute and poſitive where the Morning riſes.

In the laſt ſtanza, having mentioned the ſudden eruption of new created Light, he ſays,

Awhile th'Almighty wondering ſtood.

He ought to have remembered that Infinite Knowledge can never wonder. All wonder is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

Of his other poems it is ſufficient to ſay that they deſerve peruſal, though they are not always exactly poliſhed, and the rhymes are ſometimes very ill ſorted, and though his faults ſeem rather the omiſſions of idleneſs than the negligences of enthuſiaſm.



OTWAY.

OF THOMAS OTWAY, one of the firſt names in the Engliſh drama, little is known; nor is there any part of that little which his biographer can take pleaſure in relating.

He was born at Trottin in Suſſex, March 3, 1651, the ſon of Mr. Humphry Otway, rector of *Woolbeding*. From Wincheſter-ſchool, where he was educated, he was entered in 1669, a commoner of Chriſt-church; but left the univerſity without a degree, whether for want of money, or from impatience of academical reſtraint, or mere eagerneſs to mingle with the world, is not known.

It ſeems likely that he was in hope of being buſy and conſpicuous; for he went to London, and commenced player; but found himſelf unable to gain any reputation on the ſtage.

This kind of inability he ſhared with Shakeſpeare and Jonſon, as he ſhared likewiſe ſome of their excellencies. It ſeems reaſonable to expect that a great dramatic poet ſhould without difficulty become a great actor; that he who can feel, could expreſs; that he who can excite paſſion, ſhould exhibit with great readineſs its external modes: but ſince experience

rience has fully proved that of thoſe powers, whatever be their affinity, one may be poſſeſſed in a great degree by him who has very little of the other; it muſt be allowed that they depend upon different faculties, or on different uſe of the ſame faculty; that the actor muſt have a pliancy of mien, a flexibility of countenance, and a variety of tones, which the poet may be eaſily ſuppoſed to want; or that the attention of the poet and the player have been differently employed; the one has been conſidering thought, and the other action; one has watched the heart, and the other contemplated the face.

Though he could not gain much notice as a player, he felt in himſelf ſuch powers as might qualify him for a dramatick author; and in 1675, his twenty-fifth year, produced *Alcibiades*, a tragedy; whether from the *Alcibiade* of *Palaprat*, I have not means to enquire. Langbain, the great detector of plagiariſm, is ſilent.

In 1677 he publiſhed *Titus and Berenice*, tranſlated from Rapin, with the *Cheats of Scapin* from Moliere; and in 1678 *Friendſhip in Faſhion*, a comedy, which, whatever might be its firſt reception, was, upon its revival at Drury-lane in 1749, hiſſed off the ſtage for immorality and obſcenity.

Want of morals, or of decency, did not in thoſe days exclude any man from the company of the wealthy and the gay, if he brought with him any powers of entertainment; and Otway is ſaid to have been at this time a favourite companion of the diſſolute wits. But, as he who deſires no virtue in his companion has no virtue in himſelf, thoſe whom Otway fre-

quented had no purpoſe of doing more for him than to pay his reckoning. They deſired only to drink and laugh; their fondneſs was without benevolence, and their familiarity without friendſhip. Men of wit, ſays one of Otway's biographers, received at that time no favour from the great but to ſhare their riots; *from which they were diſmiſſed again to their own narrow circumſtances. Thus they languiſhed in poverty without the ſupport of eminence.*

Some exception, however, muſt be made. The earl of Plymouth, one of king Charles's natural ſons, procured for him a cornet's commiſſion in ſome troops then ſent into Flanders. But Otway did not proſper in his military character; for he ſoon left his commiſſion behind him, whatever was the reaſon, and came back to London in extreme indigence; which Rocheſter mentions with mercileſs inſolence in the *Seſſion of the Poets:*

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear zany,
And ſwears for heroicks he writes beſt of any;
Don Carlos his pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
That his mange was quite cured, and his lice were all kill'd.
But Apollo had ſeen his face on the ſtage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The ſcum of a play-houſe, for the prop of an age.

Don Carlos, from which he is repreſented as having received ſo much benefit, was played in 1675. It appears, by the Lampoon, to have had great ſucceſs, and is ſaid to have been played thirty nights together. This however it

it is reaſonable to doubt, as ſo long a continuance of one play upon the ſtage is a very wide deviation from the practice of that time; when the ardour for theatrical entertainments was not yet diffuſed through the whole people, and the audience, conſiſting nearly of the ſame perſons, could be drawn together only by variety.

The *Orphan* was exhibited in 1680. This is one of the few plays that keep poſſeſſion of the ſtage, and has pleaſed for almoſt a century, though all the viciſſitudes of dramatic faſhon. Of this play nothing new can eaſily be ſaid. It is a domeſtick tragedy drawn from middle life. Its whole power is upon the affections; for it is not written with much comprehenſion of thought, or elegance of expreſſion. But if the heart is intereſted, many other beauties may be wanting, yet not be miſſed.

The ſame year produced *The Hiſtory of Caius Marius*; much of which is borrowed from the *Romeo and Juliet* of Shakeſpeare.

In 1683 was publiſhed the firſt and next year the ſecond parts of *The Soldier's Fortune*, two comedies now forgotten; and in 1685 his laſt and greateſt dramatic work, *Venice preſerved*, a tragedy, which ſtill continues to be one of the favourites of the publick, notwithſtanding the want of morality in the original deſign, and the deſpicable ſcenes of vile comedy with which he has diverſified his tragick action. By comparing this with his *Orphan*, it will appear that his images were by time become ſtronger, and his language more energetick. The ſtriking paſſages are in every mouth; and the publick ſeems to judge rightly of the faults and excellencies

lencies of this play, that it is the work of a man not attentive to decency, nor zealous for virtue; but one who conceived forcibly, and drew originally, by conſulting nature in his own breaſt.

Together with thoſe plays he wrote the poems which are in this collection, and tranſlated from the French the *Hiſtory of the Triumvirate*.

All this was performed before he was thirty four years old; for he died April 14, 1685, in a manner which I am unwilling to mention. Having been compelled by his neceſſities to contract debts, and hunted, as is ſuppoſed, by the terriers of the law, he retired to a publick houſe on Tower-hill, where he died of want, or, as it is related by one of his biographers, by ſwallowing, after a long faſt, a piece of bread which charity had ſupplied. He went out, as is reported, almoſt naked, in the rage of hunger, and finding a gentleman in a neighbouring coffee-houſe, aſked him for a ſhilling. The gentleman gave him a guinea; and Otway going away bought a roll, and was choaked with the firſt mouthful. All this, I hope, is not true; but that indigence, and its concomitants, ſorrow and deſpondency, brought him to the grave has never been denied.

Of the poems which this collection admits, the longeſt is the *Poet's Complaint of his Muſe*, part of which I do not underſtand; and in that which is leſs obſcure I find little to commend. The language is often groſs, and the numbers are harſh. Otway had not much cultivated verſification, nor much repleniſhed his mind with general knowledge. His principal power was in moving the paſſions, to which Dryden in

in his latter years left an illuſtrious teſtimony. He appears, by ſome of his verſes, to have been a zealous royaliſt: and had what was in thoſe times the common reward of loyalty; he lived and died neglected.

DUKE.

DUKE.

OF Mr. RICHARD DUKE I can find few memorials. He was bred at Weſtminſter and Cambridge; and Jacob relates, that he was ſome time tutor to the duke of Richmond.

He appears from his writings to have been not ill qualified for poetical compoſitions; and being conſcious of his powers, when he left the univerſity he enliſted himſelf among the wits. He was the familiar friend of Otway; and was engaged, among other popular names, in the tranſlation of Ovid and Juvenal. In his *Review*, though unfiniſhed, are ſome vigorous lines. His poems are not below mediocrity; nor have I found much in them to be praiſed.

With the wit he ſeems to have ſhared the diſſoluteneſs of the times; for ſome of his compoſitions are ſuch as he muſt have reviewed with deteſtation in his later days, when he publiſhed thoſe Sermons which *Felton* has commended.

Perhaps, like ſome other fooliſh young men, he rather talked than lived viciouſly, in an age when he that would be thought a wit was afraid to ſay his prayers; and whatever might have been the firſt part of his life, it was ſurely condemned and reformed by his better judgement.

In 1683, being then maſter of arts, and fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, he wrote a poem on the marriage of the Lady Anne with George Prince of Denmark.

He took orders; and being made prebendary of Glouceſter, became a proctor in convocation for that church, and chaplain to Queen Anne.

In 1710, he was preſented by the biſhop of Wincheſter to the wealthy living of Witney in Oxfordſhire, which he enjoyed but a few months. On February 10, 1710-11, having returned from an entertainment, he was found dead the next morning. His death is mentioned in Swift's Journal.

DORSET.

OF the Earl of Dorſet the character has been drawn ſo largely and ſo elegantly by Prior, to whom he was familiarly known, that nothing can be added by a caſual hand; and, as it will appear in the ſubſequent volumes of this collection, it would be uſeleſs officiouſneſs to tranſcribe it.

Charles Sackville was born January 24, 1637. Having been educated under a private tutor, he travelled into Italy, and returned a little before the Reſtoration. He was choſen into the firſt parliament that was called, for Eaſt Grinſtead in Suſſex, and ſoon became a favourite of Charles the Second; but undertook no publick employment, being too eager of the riotous and licentious pleaſures which young men of high rank, who aſpired to be thought wits, at that time imagined themſelves intitled to indulge.

One of theſe frolicks has, by the induſtry of Wood, come down to poſterity. Sackville, who was then Lord Buckhurſt, with Sir Charles Sedley and Sir Thomas Ogle, got drunk at the Cock in Bow-ſtreet by Covent-garden, and, going into the balcony, expoſed themſelves to the populace in very indecent poſtures. At laſt, as they grew warmer, Sedley ſtood forth

naked, and harangued the populace in ſuch profane language, that the publick indignation was awakened; the crowd attempted to force the door, and being repulſed, drove in the performers with ſtones, and broke the windows of the houſe.

For this miſdemeanour they were indicted, and Sedley was fined five hundred pounds: what was the ſentence of the others is not known. Sedley employed Killigrew and another to procure a remiſſion from the king; but, mark the friendſhip of the diſſolute, they begged the fine for themſelves, and exacted it to the laſt groat.

In 1665, lord Buckhurſt attended the duke of York as a volunteer in the Dutch war; and was in the battle of June 3, when eighteen great Dutch ſhips were taken, and fourteen others deſtroyed; and Opdam the admiral, who engaged the duke, was blown up beſide him, with all his crew.

On the day before the battle, he is ſaid to have compoſed the celebrated ſong, *To all you Ladies now at land*, with equal tranquility of mind and promptitude of wit. Seldom any ſplendid ſtory is wholly true, I have heard from the late earl of Orrery, who was likely to have good hereditary intelligence, that lord Buckhurſt had been a week employed upon it, and only retouched or finiſhed it on the memorable evening. But even this, whatever it may ſubſtract from his facility, leaves him his courage.

He was ſoon after made a gentleman of the bedchamber, and ſent on ſhort embaſſies to France.

In 1674, the eſtate of his uncle James Cranfield, earl of Middleſex, came to him by its owner's death, and the title was conferred on him the year after. In 1677, he became, by the death of his father earl of Dorſet, and inherited the eſtate of his family.

In 1684, having buried his firſt wife, of the family of Bagot, who left him no child, he married a daughter of the earl of Northampton, celebrated both for beauty and underſtanding.

He received ſome favourable notice from king James; but ſoon found it neceſſary to oppoſe the violence of his innovations, and with ſome other lords appeared in Weſtminſter-hall to countenance the biſhops at their trial.

As enormities grew every day leſs ſupportable, he found it neceſſary to concur in the Revolution. He was one of thoſe lords who ſat every day in council to preſerve the publick peace, after the king's departure; and, what is not the moſt illuſtrious action of his life, was employed to conduct the princeſs Anne to Nottingham with a guard, ſuch as might alarm the populace, as they paſſed, with falſe apprehenſions of her danger. Whatever end may be deſigned, there is always ſomething deſpicable in a trick.

He became, as may be eaſily ſuppoſed, a favourite of king William, who, the day after his acceſſion, made him lord chamberlain of the houſehold, and gave him afterwards the garter. He happened to be among thoſe that were toſſed with the king in an open boat ſixteen hours, in very rough cold weather, on the

the coaſt of Holland. His health afterwards declined; and on Jan. 19, 1705-6, he died at Bath.

He was a man whoſe elegance and judgement were univerſally confeſſed, and whoſe bounty to the learned and witty was generally known. To the indulgent affection of the publick, lord Rocheſter bore ample teſtimony in this remark: *I know not how it is, but* lord Buckhurſt *may do what he will, yet is never in the wrong.*

If ſuch a man attempted poetry, we cannot wonder that his works were praiſed. Dryden, whom, if Prior tells truth, he diſtinguiſhed by his beneficence, and who laviſhed his blandiſhments on thoſe who are not known to have ſo well deſerved them, undertaking to produce authors of our own country ſuperior to thoſe of antiquity, ſays, *I would inſtance your lordſhip in ſatire, and Shakeſpeare in tragedy.* Would it be imagined that, of this rival to antiquity, all the ſatires were little perſonal invectives, and that his longeſt compoſition was a ſong of eleven ſtanzas?

The blame, however, of this exaggerated praiſe falls on the encomiaſt, not upon the author; whoſe performances are, what they pretend to be, the effuſions of a man of wit; gay, vigorous, and airy. His verſes to Howard ſhew great fertility of mind, and his *Dorinda* has been imitated by Pope.

HALIFAX.

HALIFAX.

THE life of the earl of Halifax was properly that of an artful and active ſtateſman, employed in balancing parties, contriving expedients, and combating oppoſition, and expoſed to the viciſſitudes of advancement and degradation: but in this collection poetical merit is the claim to attention; and the account which is here to be expected may properly be proportioned not to his influence in the ſtate, but to his rank among the writers of verſe.

Charles Montague was born April 16, 1661, at Horton in Northamptonſhire, the ſon of Mr. George Montague, a younger ſon of the earl of Mancheſter. He was educated firſt in the country, and then removed to Weſtminſter; where in 1677 he was choſen a king's ſcholar, and recommended himſelf to Buſby by his felicity in extemporary epigrams. He contracted a very intimate friendſhip with Mr. Stepney; and in 1682, when Stepney was elected to Cambridge, the election of Montague being not to proceed till the year following, he was afraid leſt by being placed at Oxford he might be ſeparated from his companion, and therefore ſolicited to be removed to Cambridge, without waiting for the advantages of another year.

It ſeems indeed time to wiſh for a removal; for he was already a ſchool-boy of one and twenty.

His relation Dr. Montague was then maſter of the college in which he was placed a fellow-commoner, and took him under his particular care. Here he commenced an acquaintance with the great Newton, which continued through his life, and was at laſt atteſted by a legacy.

In 1685, his verſes on the death of king Charles made ſuch impreſſion on the earl of Dorſet, that he was invited to town, and introduced by that univerſal patron to the other wits. In 1687, he joined with Prior in the *City Mouſe and Country Mouſe*, a burleſque of Dryden's *Hind and Panther*. He ſigned the invitation to the Prince of Orange, and ſat in the convention. He about the ſame time married the counteſs dowager of Mancheſter, and intended to have taken orders: but afterwards altering his purpoſe, he purchaſed for 1500*l.* the place of one of the clerks of the council.

After he had written his epiſtle on the victory of the *Boyne*, his patron Dorſet introduced him to king William with this expreſſion: *Sir, I have brought a* Mouſe *to wait on your Majeſty.* To which the king is ſaid to have replied, *You do well to put me in the way of making a* Man *of him*; and ordered him a penſion of five hundred pounds. This ſtory, however current, ſeems to have been made after the event. The king's anſwer implies a greater acquaintance with our proverbial and familiar diction than king William could poſſibly have attained.

In

In 1691, being member in the houſe of commons, he argued warmly in favour of a law to grant the aſſiſtance of counſel in trials for high treaſon: and in the midſt of his ſpeech falling into ſome confuſion was for a while ſilent; but, recovering himſelf, obſerved, "how reaſonable "it was to allow counſel to men called as cri- "minals before a court of juſtice, when it ap- "peared how much the preſence of that aſ- "ſembly could diſconcert one of their own "body."

After this he roſe faſt into honours and employments, being made one of the commiſſioners of the treaſury, and called to the privy council. In 1694, he became chancellor of the Exchequer; and the next year engaged in the great attempt of the recoinage, which was in two years happily completed. In 1696, he projected the *general fund*, and raiſed the credit of the Exchequer; and, after enquiry concerning a grant of Iriſh crown-lands, it was determined by a vote of the commons, that Charles Montague eſquire *had deſerved his Majeſty's favour*. In 1698, being advanced to the firſt commiſſion of the treaſury, he was appointed one of the regency in the king's abſence: the next year he was made auditor of the Exchequer; and the year after created *baron Halifax*. He was however impeached by the commons; but the articles were diſmiſſed by the lords.

At the acceſſion of queen Anne he was diſmiſſed from the council; and in the firſt parliament of her reign was again attacked by the commons, and again eſcaped by the protection of the lords. In 1704, he wrote an anſwer to Bromley's

Bromley's ſpeech againſt occaſional conformity. He headed the Enquiry into the danger of the Church. In 1706, he propoſed and negotiated the Union with Scotland; and when the elector of Hanover received the garter, after the act had paſſed for ſecuring the Proteſtant Succeſſion, he was appointed to carry the enſigns of the order to the electoral court. He ſat as one of the judges of Sacheverell; but voted for a mild ſentence. Being now no longer in favour, he contrived to obtain a writ for ſummoning the electoral prince to parliament as duke of Cambridge.

At the queen's death he was appointed one of the regents; and at the acceſſion of George the Firſt was made earl of Halifax, knight of the garter, and firſt commiſſioner of the treaſury, with a grant to his nephew of the reverſion of the auditorſhip of the Exchequer. More was not to be had, and this he kept but a little while; for on the 19th of May, 1715, he died of an inflammation of his lungs.

Of him, who from a poet became a patron of poets, it will be readily believed that the works would not miſs of celebration. Addiſon began to praiſe him early, and was followed or accompanied by other poets; perhaps by almoſt all, except Swift and Pope; who forbore to flatter him in his life, and after his death ſpoke of him, Swift with ſlight cenſure, and Pope in the character of Bufo with acrimonious contempt.

He was, as Pope ſays, *fed with dedications*; for Tickell affirms that no dedicator was unrewarded. To charge all unmerited praiſe with the guilt of flattery, and to ſuppoſe that the encomiaſt

encomiaſt always knows and feels the falſehood of his aſſertions, is ſurely to diſcover great ignorance of human nature and human life. In determinations depending not on rules, but on experience and compariſon, judgement is always in ſome degree ſubject to affection. Very near to admiration is the wiſh to admire.

Every man willingly gives value to the praiſe which he receives, and conſiders the ſentence paſſed in his favour as the ſentence of diſcernment. We admire in a friend that underſtanding that ſelected us for confidence; we admire more, in a patron, that judgement which, inſtead of ſcattering bounty indiſcriminately, directed it to us; and thoſe performances which gratitude forbids us to blame, affection will eaſily diſpoſe us to exalt.

To theſe prejudices, hardly culpable, intereſt adds a power always operating, though not always, becauſe not willingly, perceived. The modeſty of praiſe wears gradually away; and perhaps the pride of patronage may be in time ſo increaſed, that modeſt praiſe will no longer pleaſe.

Many a blandiſhment was practiſed upon Halifax, which he would never have known, had he had no other attractions than thoſe of his poetry, of which a ſhort time has withered the beauties. It would now be eſteemed no honour, by a contributor to the monthly bundles of verſes, to be told, that, in ſtrains either familiar or ſolemn, he ſings like Montague.

STEPNEY.

STEPNEY.

GEORGE STEPNEY, deſcended from the Stepneys of Pendegraſt in Pembrokeſhire, was born at Weſtminſter in 1663. Of his father's condition or fortune I have no account. Having received the firſt part of his education at Weſtminſter, he went to Cambridge, where he continued a friendſhip begun at ſchool with Mr. Montague, afterwards earl of Halifax. They came to London together, and are ſaid to have been invited into publick life by the duke of Dorſet.

His qualifications recommended him to many foreign employments, ſo that his time ſeems to have been ſpent in negotiations. In 1692 he was ſent envoy to the elector of Brandenburgh; in 1693 to the imperial Court; in 1694 to the elector of Saxony; in 1696 to the electors of Mentz and Cologne, and the congreſs at Francfort; in 1698 a ſecond time to Brandenburgh; in 1699 to the king of Poland; in 1701 again to the Emperor; and in 1706 to the States General. In 1697 he was made one of the commiſſioners of trade. His life was buſy, and not long. He died in 1707; and is buried in Weſtminſter-abbey with this epitaph, which *Jacob* tranſcribed.

H. S. E.

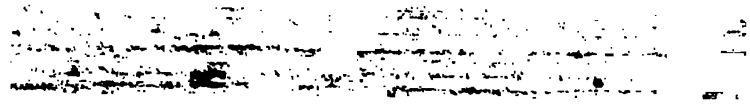
H. S. E.
GEORGIUS STEPNEIUS, Armiger,
Vir
Ob Ingenii acumen,
Literarum Scientiam,
Morum Suavitatem,
Rerum Uſum,
Virorum Ampliſſimorum Conſuetudinem,
Linguæ Styli ac Vitæ Elegantiam,
Præclara Officia cum Britanniæ tum Europæ
præſtita,
Suæ ætate multum celebratus,
Apud poſteros ſemper celebrandus;
Plurimas Legationes obiit
Ea Fide, Diligentia, ac Felicitate,
Ut Auguſtiſſimorum Principum
Gulielmi & Annæ
Spem in illo repoſitam
Nunquam fefellerit,
Haud raro ſuperavit.
Poſt longum honorum Curſum
Brevi Temporis Spatio confectum,
Cum Naturæ parvæ Fama ſatis vixerat,
Animam ad altiora aſpirantem placide effluvit.
On the Left Hand:
G. S.
Ex Equeſtri Familia Stepneiorum,
De Pendegraſt, in Comitatu
Pembrochienſi oriundus,
Weſtmonaſterii natus eſt, A. D. 1663.
Electus in Collegium
Sancti Petri Weſtmonaſt. A. 1676.
Sancti Trinitatis Cantab. 1682.
Conſiliariorum quibus Commercii
Cura commiſſa eſt 1697.
Chelſeiæ mortuus, & comitante
Magna

Magna Procerum
Frequentia huc elatus, 1707.

It is reported that the juvenile compoſitions of Stepney *made grey authors bluſh.* I know not whether his poems will appear ſuch wonders to the preſent age. One cannot always eaſily find the reaſon for which the world has ſometimes conſpired to ſquander praiſe. It is not very unlikely that he wrote very early as well as he ever wrote; and the performances of youth have many favourers, becauſe the authors yet lay no claim to publick honours, and are therefore not conſidered as rivals by the diſtributors of fame.

He apparently profeſſed himſelf a poet, and added his name to thoſe of the other wits in the verſion of Juvenal; but he is a very licentious tranſlator, and does not recompenſe his neglect of the author by beauties of his own. In his original poems, now and then, a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a ſhort compoſition may give pleaſure. But there is in the whole little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature.

WALSH.



WALSH.

WILLIAM WALSH, the ſon of Joſeph Walſh, Eſq; of Abberley in Worceſterſhire, was born in 1663, as appears from the account of Wood; who relates, that at the age of fifteen he became, in 1678, a gentleman commoner of Wadham college.

He left the univerſity without a degree, and purſued his ſtudies in London and at home; that he ſtudied, in whatever place, is apparent from the effect; for he became, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, *the beſt critick in the nation.*

He was not, however, merely a critick or a ſcholar. He was likewiſe a member of parliament and a courtier, knight of the ſhire for his native county in ſeveral parliaments; in another the repreſentative of Richmond in Yorkſhire, and gentleman of the horſe to Queen Anne under the duke of Somerſet.

Some of his verſes ſhew him to have been a zealous friend to the Revolution; but his political ardour did not abate his reverence or kindneſs for Dryden, to whom he gave a Diſſertation on Virgil's Paſtorals, in which, however ſtudied, he diſcovers ſome ignorance of the laws of French verſification.

In 1705, he began to correſpond with Mr. Pope, in whom he diſcovered very early the power of poetry. Their letters are written

upon the paſtoral comedy of the Italians, and thoſe paſtorals which Pope was then preparing to publiſh.

The kindneſſes which are firſt experienced are ſeldom forgotten. Pope always retained a grateful memory of Walſh's notice, and mentioned him in one of his latter pieces among thoſe that had encouraged his juvenile ſtudies;

——Granville the polite,
And knowing Walſh, would tell me I could write.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm he had given him more ſplendid praiſe, and, in the opinion of his learned commentator, ſacrificed a little of his judgement to his gratitude.

The time of his death I have not learned. It muſt have happened between 1707, when he wrote to Pope, and 1711, when Pope praiſed him in the Eſſay. The epitaph makes him forty-ſix years old: if Wood's account be right, he died in 1709.

He is known more by his familiarity with greater men, than by any thing done or written by himſelf.

His works are not numerous. In proſe he wrote *Eugenia, a defence of women*; which Dryden honoured with a Preface.

Eſculapius, or the Hoſpital of Fools, publiſhed after his death.

A Collection of Letters and Poems, amorous and gallant, was publiſhed in the volumes called Dryden's Miſcellany, and ſome other occaſional pieces.

To his Poems and Letters is prefixed a very judicious preface upon Epiſtolary Compoſition and Amorous Poetry. In

In his *Golden age reſtored*, there was ſomething of humour, when the facts were recent; but it now ſtrikes no longer. In his imitation of Horace, the firſt ſtanzas are happily turned; and in all his writings there are pleaſing paſſages. He has however more elegance than vigour, and ſeldom riſes higher than to be pretty.

GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH was of a good family in Yorkſhire, and from ſome ſchool in his own country became a ſtudent at Peterhouſe in Cambridge, where he reſided till he commenced doctor of phyſick on July the 7th 1691. He was examined before the College at London on March the 12th, 1691-2, and admitted fellow July 26th, 1692. He was ſoon ſo much diſtinguiſhed, by his converſation and accompliſhments, as to obtain very extenſive practice; and, if a pamphlet of thoſe times may be credited, had the favour and confidence of one party, as Ratcliffe had of the other.

He is always mentioned as a man of benevolence; and it is juſt to ſuppoſe that his deſire of helping the helpleſs, diſpoſed him to ſo much zeal for the *Diſpenſary*; an undertaking of which ſome account, however ſhort, is proper to be given.

Whether what Temple ſays be true, that phyſicians have had more learning than the other faculties, I will not ſtay to enquire; but, I believe, every man has found in phyſicians great liberality, and dignity of ſentiment, very prompt effuſion of beneficence, and willingneſs to exert a lucrative art, where there

there is no hope of lucre. Agreeably to this character, the college of phyſicians, in July 1687, publiſhed an edict, requiring all the fellows, candidates, and licentiates, to give gratuitous advice to the neighbouring poor.

This edict was ſent to the Court of Aldermen; and a queſtion being made to whom the appellation of the *poor* ſhould be extended, the College anſwered, that it ſhould be ſufficient to bring a teſtimonial from a clergyman officiating in the pariſh where the patient reſided.

After a year's experience, the phyſicians found their charity fruſtrated by ſome malignant oppoſition, and made to a great degree vain by the high price of phyſick; they therefore voted, in Auguſt 1688, that the laboratory of the College ſhould be accommodated to the preparation of medicines, and another room prepared for their reception; and that the contributers to the expence ſhould manage the charity.

It was now expected that the Apothecaries would have undertaken the care of providing medicines; but they took another courſe. Thinking the whole deſign pernicious to their intereſt, they endeavoured to raiſe a faction againſt it in the College, and found ſome phyſicians mean enough to ſolicit their patronage, by betraying to them the counſels of the College. The greater part, however, enforced by a new edict in 1694, the former order of 1687, and ſent it to the mayor and aldermen, who appointed a committee to treat with the College, and ſettle the mode of adminiſtering the Charity.

It

It was deſired by the aldermen, that the teſtimonials of churchwardens and overſeers ſhould be admitted; and that all hired ſervants, and all apprentices to handicraftſmen, ſhould be conſidered as *poor*. This likewiſe was granted by the College.

It was then conſidered who ſhould diſtribute the medicines, and who ſhould ſettle their prices. The phyſicians procured ſome apothecaries to undertake the diſpenſation, and offered that the warden and company of the apothecaries ſhould adjuſt the price. This offer was rejected; and the apothecaries who had engaged to aſſiſt the charity were conſidered as traytors to the company, threatened with the impoſition of troubleſome offices, and deterred from the performance of their engagements. The apothecaries ventured upon publick oppoſition, and preſented a kind of remonſtrance againſt the deſign to the committee of the city, which the phyſicians condeſcended to confute: and at laſt the traders ſeem to have prevailed among the ſons of trade; for the propoſal of the college having been conſidered, a paper of approbation was drawn up, but poſtponed and forgotten.

The phyſicians ſtill perſiſted; and in 1696 a ſubſcription was raiſed by themſelves, according to an agreement prefixed to the Diſpenſary. The poor were for a time ſupplied with medicines; for how long a time, I know not. The medicinal charity, like others, began with ardour, but ſoon remitted, and at laſt died gradually away.

About the time of the ſubſcription begins the action of the *Diſpenſary*. The poem, as its

its ſubject was preſent and popular, co-operated with paſſions and prejudices then prevalent, and with ſuch auxiliaries to its intrinſick merit, was univerſally and liberally applauded. It was on the ſide of charity againſt the intrigues of intereſt, and of regular learning againſt licentious uſurpation of medical authority, and was therefore naturally favoured by thoſe who read and can judge of poetry.

In 1697, Garth ſpoke that which is now called the *Harveian* Oration; which the authors of the Biographia mention with more praiſe than the paſſage quoted in their notes will fully juſtify. Garth, ſpeaking of the miſchiefs done by quacks, has theſe expreſſions: "Non tamen telis vulnerat iſta agyr-" tarum colluvies, ſed theriacâ quadam " magis pernicioſa, non pyrio, ſed pulvere " neſcio quo exotico certat, non globulis " plumbeis, ſed pilulis æque lethalibus inter-" ficit." This was certainly thought fine by the author, and is ſtill admired by his biographer. In October 1702 he became one of the cenſors of the College.

Garth, being an active and zealous Whig, was a member of the Kit-cat club, and by conſequence familiarly known to all the great men of that denomination. In 1710, when the government fell into other hands, he writ to lord Godolphin, on his diſmiſſion, a ſhort poem, which was criticiſed in the *Examiner*, and ſo ſucceſsfully either defended or excuſed by Mr. Addiſon, that, for the ſake of the vindication, it ought to be preſerved.

At the acceſſion of the preſent Family his merits were acknowledged and rewarded. He was

was knighted with the ſword of his hero, Marlborough; and was made phyſician in ordinary to the king, and phyſician-general to the army.

He then undertook an edition of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, tranſlated by ſeveral hands; which he recommended by a Preface, written with more oſtentation than ability: his notions are half-formed, and his materials immethodically confuſed. This was his laſt work. He died Jan. 18, 1717-18, and was buried at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

His perſonal character ſeems to have been ſocial and liberal. He communicated himſelf through a very wide extent of acquaintance; and though firm in a party, at a time when firmneſs included virulence, yet he imparted his kindneſs to thoſe who were not ſuppoſed to favour his principles. He was an early encourager of Pope, and was at once the friend of Addiſon and of Granville. He is accuſed of voluptuouſneſs and irreligion; and Pope, who ſays that "if ever there was a good "Chriſtian, without knowing himſelf to be "ſo, it was Dr. Garth," ſeems not able to deny what he is angry to hear and loth to confeſs.

His poetry has been praiſed at leaſt equally to its merit. In the *Diſpenſary* there is a ſtrain of ſmooth and free verſification; but few lines are eminently elegant. No paſſages fall below mediocrity, and few riſe much above it. The plan ſeems formed without juſt proportion to the ſubject; the means and end have no neceſſary connection. *Reſnel*, in his Preface to *Pope's* Eſſay, remarks, that Garth exhibits no diſcrimination of characters; and that what

any one ſays might with equal propriety have been ſaid by another. The general deſign is perhaps open to criticiſm; but the compoſition can ſeldom be charged with inaccuracy or negligence. The author never ſlumbers in ſelf-indulgence; his full vigour is always exerted; ſcarce a line is left unfiniſhed, nor is it eaſy to find an expreſſion uſed by conſtraint, or a thought imperfectly expreſſed. It was remarked by Pope, that the *Diſpenſary* had been corrected in every edition, and that every change was an improvement. It appears, however, to want ſomething of poetical ardour, and ſomething of general delectation; and therefore, ſince it has been no longer ſupported by accidental and extrinſick popularity, it has been ſcarcely able to ſupport itſelf.

K I N G.

WILLIAM KING was born in London in 1663, the ſon of Ezekiel King, a gentleman. He was allied to the family of Clarendon.

From Weſtminſter-ſchool, where he was a ſcholar on the foundation under the care of Dr. Buſby, he was at eighteen elected to Chriſt-church, in 1681; where he is ſaid to have proſecuted his ſtudies with ſo much intenſeneſs and activity, that, before he was eight years ſtanding, he had read over, and made remarks upon, twenty-two thouſand odd hundred books and manuſcripts. The books were certainly not very long, the manuſcripts not very difficult, nor the remarks very large; for the calculator will find that he diſpatched ſeven a-day, for every day of his eight years, with a remnant that more than ſatisfies moſt other ſtudents. He took his degree in the moſt expenſive manner, as a *grand compounder*; whence it is inferred that he inherited a conſiderable fortune.

In 1688, the ſame year in which he was made maſter of arts, he publiſhed a confutation of Varillas's account of Wickliffe; and, engaging in the ſtudy of the Civil Law, became

came doctor in 1692, and was admitted advocate at Doctors Commons.

He had already made ſome tranſlations from the French, and written ſome humorous and ſatirical pieces; when, in 1694, Moleſworth publiſhed his *Account of Denmark*, in which he treats the Danes and their monarch with great contempt; and takes the opportunity of inſinuating thoſe wild principles, by which he ſuppoſes liberty to be eſtabliſhed, and his adverſaries ſuſpect that all ſubordination and government is endangered.

This book offended prince George; and the Daniſh miniſter preſented a memorial againſt it. The principles of its author did not pleaſe Dr. King, and therefore he undertook to confute part, and laugh at the reſt. The controverſy is now forgotten; and books of this kind ſeldom live long, when intereſt and reſentment have ceaſed.

In 1697, he mingled in the controverſy between Boyle and Bentley; and was one of thoſe who tried what Wit could perform in oppoſition to Learning.

In 1699, was publiſhed by him *a Journey to London*, after the method of Dr. *Martin Liſter*. And in 1700, he ſatiriſed the Royal Society, at leaſt Sir *Hans Sloane* their preſident, in two dialogues, intituled, *The Tranſactioneer*.

Though he was a regular advocate in the courts of civil and canon law, he did not love his profeſſion, nor indeed any kind of buſineſs which interrupted his voluptuary dreams, or forced him to rouſe from that indulgence in which only he could find delight. His reputation

tation as a civilian was yet maintained by his judgements in the courts of Delegates, and raiſed very high by the addreſs and knowledge which he diſcovered in 1700, when he defended the earl of Angleſea againſt his lady, afterwards dutcheſs of Buckinghamſhire, who ſued for a divorce, and obtained it.

The expence of his pleaſures, and neglect of buſineſs, had now leſſened his revenues; and he was willing to accept of a ſettlement in Ireland, where, about 1702, he was made judge of the admiralty, commiſſioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Birmingham's tower, and vicar-general to Dr. Marſh the primate.

But it is vain to put wealth within the reach of him who will not ſtretch out his hand to take it. King ſoon found a friend as idle and thoughtleſs as himſelf, in *Upton*, one of the judges, who had a pleaſant houſe called Mount-town, near Dublin, to which King frequently retired; delighting to neglect his intereſt, forget his cares, and deſert his duty.

Here he wrote *Mully of Mount-town*, a poem, by which, though fanciful readers in the pride of ſagacity have given it a political interpretation, was meant originally no more than it expreſſed, as it was dictated only by the author's delight in the quiet of *Mount-town*.

In 1708, when lord Wharton was ſent to govern Ireland, King returned to London, with his poverty, his idleneſs, and his wit; and publiſhed ſome eſſays called *Uſeful Tranſactions*. His *Voyage to the Iſland of Cajamai* is particularly commended. He then wrote the *Art of Love*, a poem remarkable, notwithſtanding

ſtanding its title, for purity of ſentiment; and in 1709, imitated Horace in an *Art of Cookery*, which he publiſhed, with ſome letters to Dr. Liſter.

In 1710 he appeared, as a lover of the Church, on the ſide of Sacheverell; and was ſuppoſed to have concurred at leaſt in the projection of *The Examiner*. His eyes were open to all the operations of Whiggiſm; and he beſtowed ſome ſtrictures upon Dr. Kennet's adulatory ſermon at the funeral of the duke of Devonſhire.

The *Hiſtory of the Heathen Gods*, a book compoſed for ſchools, was written by him in 1711. The work is uſeful; but might have been produced without the powers of King. The ſame year he publiſhed *Rufinus*, an hiſtorical eſſay, and a poem, intended to diſpoſe the nation to think as he thought of the duke of Marlborough and his adherents.

In 1711, competence, if not plenty, was again put into his power. He was, without the trouble of attendance, or the mortification of a requeſt, made gazetteer. Swift, Freind, Prior, and other men of the ſame party, brought him the key of the gazetteer's office. He was now again placed in a profitable employment, and again threw the benefit away. An Act of Inſolvency made his buſineſs at that time particularly troubleſome; and he would not wait till hurry ſhould be at an end, but impatiently reſigned it, and returned to his wonted indigence and amuſements.

One of his amuſements at Lambeth, where he reſided, was to mortify Dr. Tenniſon, the archbiſhop, by a publick feſtivity, on the ſur-

render of Dunkirk to Hill; an event with which Tenniſon's political bigotry did not ſuffer him to be delighted. King was reſolved to counteract his ſullenneſs, and at the expence of a few barrels of ale filled the neighbourhood with honeſt merriment.

In the Autumn of 1712, his health declined; he grew weaker by degrees, and died on Chriſtmas-day. Though his life had not been without irregularity, his principles were pure and orthodox, and his death was pious.

After this relation, it will be naturally ſuppoſed that his poems were rather the amuſements of idleneſs than efforts of ſtudy; that he endeavoured rather to divert than aſtoniſh; that his thoughts ſeldom aſpired to ſublimity; and that, if his verſe was eaſy and his images familiar, he attained what he deſired, His purpoſe is to be merry; though perhaps, to enjoy his mirth, it may be ſometimes neceſſary to think well of his opinions.

J. PHILIPS.

PHILIPS.

JOHN PHILIPS was born on the 30th of December, 1676, at Bampton in Oxfordſhire; of which place his father Dr. Stephen Philips, archdeacon of Salop, was miniſter. The firſt part of his education was domeſtick, after which he was ſent to Wincheſter, where, as we are told by Dr. Sewel, his biographer, he was ſoon diſtinguiſhed by the ſuperiority of his exerciſes; and, what is leſs eaſily to be credited, ſo much endeared himſelf to his ſchool-fellows, by his civility and good-nature, that they, without murmur or ill-will, ſaw him indulged by the maſter with particular immunities. It is related, that, when he was at ſchool, he ſeldom mingled in play with the other boys, but retired to his chamber; where his ſovereign pleaſure was to ſit, hour after hour, while his hair was combed by ſomebody, whoſe ſervice he found means to procure.

At ſchool he became acquainted with the poets antient and modern, and fixed his attention particularly on Milton.

In 1694, he entered himſelf at Chriſt-church; a college at that time in the higheſt reputation, by the tranſmiſſion of Buſby's

ſcholars to the care firſt of *Fell*, and afterwards of *Aldrich*. Here he was diſtinguiſhed as a genius eminent among the eminent, and for a friendſhip particularly intimate with Mr. Smith, the author of *Phædra and Hippolytus*. The profeſſion which he intended to follow was that of phyſick; and he took much delight in natural hiſtory, of which botany was his favourite part.

His reputation was confined to his friends and to the univerſity; till about 1703, he extended it to a wider circle by the *Splendid Shilling*, which ſtruck the publick attention with a mode of writing new and unexpected.

This performance raiſed him ſo high, that when Europe reſounded with the victory of Blenheim, he was, probably with an occult oppoſition to Addiſon, employed to deliver the acclamation of the Tories. It is ſaid that he would willingly have declined the taſk, but that his friends urged it upon him. It appears that he wrote this poem at the houſe of St. John.

Blenheim was publiſhed in 1705. The next year produced his greateſt work, the poem upon *Cider*, in two books; which was received with loud praiſes, and continued long to be read as an imitation of Virgil's *Georgick*, which needed not ſhun the preſence of the original.

He then grew probably more confident of his own abilities, and began to meditate a poem on the *Laſt Day*; a ſubject on which no mind can hope to equal expectation.

This work he did not live to finiſh: his diſeaſes, a ſlow conſumption and an aſthma, put a ſtop

a ſtop to his ſtudies; and on Feb. 15, 1708, at the beginning of his thirty-third year, put an end to his life. He was buried in the cathedral of Hereford; and Sir *Simon Harcourt*, afterwards Lord Chancellor, gave him a monument in Weſtminſter Abbey. The inſcription at Weſtminſter was written, as I have heard, by Dr. *Atterbury*, though commonly given to Dr. *Freind*.

His Epitaph at Hereford:

JOHANNES PHILIPS.

Obiit 15 die Feb. Anno { Dom. 1708. / Ætat. ſuæ 32.

Cujus
Oſſa ſi requiras, hanc Urnam inſpice,
Si Ingenium neſcias, ipſius Opera conſule;
Si Tumulum deſideras,
Templum adi *Weſtmonaſterienſe*:
Qualis quantuſque Vir fuerit,
Dicat elegans illa & præclara,
Quæ cenotaphium ibi decorat
Inſcriptio.
Quàm interim erga Cognatos pius & officioſus,
Teſtetur hoc ſaxum
A MARIA PHILIPS Matre ipſius pientiſſimâ,
Dilecti Filii Memoriæ non ſine Lacrymis dicatum.

His Epitaph at Weſtminſter:

Herefordiæ conduntur Oſſa,
Hoc in Delubro ſtatuitur Imago,
Britanniam omnem pervagatur Fama

JOHANNIS PHILIPS:

Qui Viris bonis doctiſque juxta charus,
Immortale ſuum Ingenium,
Eruditione multiplici excultum,
Miro animi candore,
Eximiâ morum ſimplicitate,
Honeſtavit.
Litterarum Amœniorum ſitim,
Quam Wintoniæ Puer ſentire cœperat
Inter Ædis Chriſti Alumnos jugiter explevit,
In illo Muſarum Domicilio
Præclaris Æmulorum ſtudiis excitatus,
Optimis ſcribendi Magiſtris ſemper intentus,
Carmina ſermone Patrio compoſuit
A Græcis Latiniſque fontibus feliciter deducta,
Atticis Romaniſque auribus omnino digna,
Verſuum quippe Harmoniam
Rythmo didicerat.
Antiquo illo, libero, multiformi
Ad res ipſas apto prorſus, & attemperato,
Non Numeris in eundem ferè orbem redeuntibus,
Non Clauſularum ſimiliter cadentium ſono
Metiri:
Uni in hoc laudis genere Miltono ſecundus,
Primoque pœne Par.
Res ſeu Tenues, ſeu Grandes, ſeu Mediocres
Ornandas ſumſerat,
Nuſquam,

Nuſquam, non quod decuit,
Et videt, & aſſecutus eſt,
Egregius, quocunque Stylum verteret,
Fandi author, & Modorum artifex.
Fas ſit Huic,
Auſo licèt à tuâ Metrorum Lege diſcedere
O Poeſis Anglicanæ Pater, atque Conditor Chaucer,
Alterum tibi latus claudere,
Vatum certe Cineres, tuos undique ſtipantium
Non dedecebit Chorum.

SIMON HARCOURT Miles,

Viri benè de ſe, de quo Litteris meriti
Quoad viveret, Fautor,
Poſt Obitum piè memor,
Hoc illi Saxum poni voluit.

J. PHILIPS, STEPHANI, S. T. P. Archidiaconi

Salop, Filius, natus eſt Bamptoniæ
in agro Oxon. Dec. 30, 1676,
Obiit Herefordiæ, Feb. 15, 1708.

Philips has been always praiſed, without contradiction, as a man modeſt, blameleſs, and pious; who bore a narrow fortune without diſcontent, and tedious and painful maladies without impatience; beloved by thoſe that knew him, but not ambitious to be known. He was probably not formed for a wide circle. His converſation is commended for its innocent gaiety, which ſeems to have flowed only

among his intimates; for I have been told, that he was in company ſilent and barren, and employed only upon the pleaſures of his pipe. His addiction to tobacco is mentioned by one of his biographers, who remarks that in all his writings, except *Blenheim*, he has found an opportunity of celebrating the fragrant fume. In common life he was probably one of thoſe who pleaſe by not offending, and whoſe perſon was loved becauſe his writings were admired. He died honoured and lamented, before any part of his reputation had withered, and before his patron St. John had diſgraced him.

His works are few. The *Splendid Shilling* has the uncommon merit of an original deſign, unleſs it may be thought precluded by the ancient *Centos*. To degrade the ſounding words and ſtately conſtruction of Milton, by an application to the loweſt and moſt trivial things, gratifies the mind with a momentary triumph over that grandeur which hitherto held its captives in admiration; the words and things are preſented with a new appearance, and novelty is always grateful where it gives no pain.

But the merit of ſuch performances begins and ends with the firſt author. He that ſhould again adapt Milton's phraſe to the groſs incidents of common life, and even adapt it with more art, which would not be difficult, muſt yet expect but a ſmall part of the praiſe which Philips has obtained; he can only hope to be conſidered as the repeater of a jeſt.

" The

"The parody on Milton," ſays Gildon, "is the only tolerable production of its au-"thor." This is a cenſure too dogmatical and violent. The poem of *Blenheim* was never denied to be tolerable, even by thoſe who do not allow it ſupreme excellence. It is indeed the poem of a ſcholar *all inexpert of war*; of a man who writes books from books, and ſtudies the world in a college. He ſeems to have formed his ideas of the field of *Blenheim* from the battles of the heroick ages, or the tales of chivalry, with very little comprehenſion of the qualities neceſſary to the compoſition of a modern hero, which Addiſon has diſplayed with ſo much propriety. He makes *Marlborough* behold at diſtance the ſlaughter made by *Tallard*, then haſte to encounter and reſtrain him, and mow his way through ranks made headleſs by his ſword.

He imitates Milton's numbers indeed, but imitates them very injudiciouſly. Deformity is eaſily copied; and whatever there is in Milton which the reader wiſhes away, all that is obſolete, peculiar, or licentious, is accumulated with great care by Philips. Milton's verſe was harmonious, in proportion to the general ſtate of our metre in Milton's age; and, if he had written after the improvements made by Dryden, it is reaſonable to believe that he would have admitted a more pleaſing modulation of numbers into his work; but Philips ſits down with a reſolution to make no more muſick than he found; to want all that his maſter wanted, though he is very far from having what his maſter had. Thoſe aſperities, therefore,

therefore, that are venerable in the *Paradiſe Loſt* are contemptible in the *Blenheim*.

There is a Latin ode written to his patron St. John, in return for a preſent of wine and tobacco, which cannot be paſſed without notice. It is gay, and elegant, and exhibits ſeveral artful accommodations of claſſick expreſſions to new purpoſes. It ſeems better turned than the odes of *Hannes**.

To the poem on *Cider*, written in imitation of the *Georgicks*, may be given this peculiar praiſe, that it is grounded in truth; that the precepts which it contains are exact and juſt; and that it is therefore, at once, a book of entertainment and of ſcience. This I was told by Miller, the great gardener and botaniſt, whoſe expreſſion was, that *there were many books written on the ſame ſubject in proſe, which do not contain ſo much truth as that poem.*

In the diſpoſition of his matter, ſo as to interſperſe precepts relating to the culture of trees, with ſentiments more generally pleaſing, and in eaſy and graceful tranſitions from one ſubject to another, he has very diligently imitated his maſter; but he unhappily pleaſed himſelf with blank verſe, and ſuppoſed that the numbers of Milton, which impreſs the mind with veneration, combined as they are with ſubjects of inconceivable grandeur, could be ſuſtained by images which at moſt can riſe

* This ode I am willing to mention, becauſe there ſeems to be an error in all the printed copies, which is, I find, retained in this. They all read;

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
O! O! labellis cui Venus inſidet.

The author probably wrote,

Quam Gratiarum cura decentium
Ornat; labellis cui Venus inſidet.

only

only to elegance. Contending angels may ſhake the regions of heaven in blank verſe; but the flow of equal meaſures, and the embelliſhment of rhyme, muſt recommend to our attention the art of engrafting, and decide the merit of the *redſtreak* and *pearmain*.

What ſtudy could confer, Philips had obtained; but natural deficience cannot be ſupplied. He ſeems not born to greatneſs and elevation. He is never loſty, nor does he often ſurpriſe with unexpected excellence; but perhaps to his laſt poem may be applied what Tully ſaid of the work of Lucretius, that *it is written with much art, though with few blazes of genius.*

The following Fragment, written by Edmund Smith, upon the works of Philips, has been tranſcribed from the Bodleian manuſcripts.

" A prefatory Diſcourſe to the Poem on Mr. Philips, with a character of his writings.

" IT is altogether as equitable ſome account ſhould be given of thoſe who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their writings, as of thoſe who are renowned for great actions. It is but reaſonable they, who contribute ſo much to the immortality of others, ſhould have ſome ſhare in it themſelves; and ſince their genius only is diſcovered by their works, it is juſt that their virtues ſhould be recorded by their friends. For no modeſt men (as the perſon I write of was in perfection) will write their own panegyricks; and it is very hard that they ſhould go without reputation, only becauſe

becauſe they the more deſerve it. The end of writing Lives is for the imitation of the readers. It will be in the power of very few to imitate the duke of Marlborough; we muſt be content with admiring his great qualities and actions, without hopes of following them. The private and ſocial virtues are more eaſily tranſcribed. The Life of Cowley is more inſtructive, as well as more fine, than any we have in our language. And it is to be wiſhed, ſince Mr. Philips had ſo many of the good qualities of that poet, that I had ſome of the abilities of his hiſtorian.

The Grecian philoſophers have had their Lives written, their morals commended, and their ſayings recorded. Mr. Philips had all the virtues to which moſt of them only pretended, and all their integrity without any of their affectation.

The French are very juſt to eminent men in this point; not a learned man nor a poet can die, but all Europe muſt be acquainted with his accompliſhments. They give praiſe and expect it in their turns: they commend their Patru's and Moliere's as well as their Conde's and Turenne's; their Pelliſons and Racines have their elogies as well as the prince whom they celebrate; and their poems, their mercuries, and orations, nay their very gazettes, are filled with the praiſes of the learned.

I am ſatisfied, had they a Philips among them, and known how to value him; had they had one of his learning, his temper, but above all of that particular turn of humour, that altogether new genius, he had been an example to their poets, and a ſubject of

of their panegyricks, and perhaps ſet in competition with the ancients, to whom only he ought to ſubmit.

I ſhall therefore endeavour to do juſtice to his memory, ſince nobody elſe undertakes it. And indeed I can aſſign no cauſe why ſo many of his acquaintance (that are as willing and more able than myſelf to give an account of him), ſhould forbear to celebrate the memory of one ſo dear to them, but only that they look upon it as a work entirely belonging to me.

I ſhall content myſelf with giving only a character of the perſon and his writings, without meddling with the tranſactions of his life, which was altogether private: I ſhall only make this known obſervation of his family, that there was ſcarce ſo many extraordinary men in any one. I have been acquainted with five of his brothers (of which three are ſtill living), all men of fine parts, yet all of a very unlike temper and genius. So that their fruitful mother, like the mother of the gods, ſeems to have produced a numerous offspring, all of different though uncommon faculties. Of the living, neither their modeſty nor the humour of the preſent age permits me to ſpeak: of the dead, I may ſay ſomething.

One of them had made the greateſt progreſs in the ſtudy of the law of nature and nations of any one I know. He had perfectly maſtered, and even improved, the notions of Grotius, and the more refined ones of Puffendorf. He could refute Hobbes with as much ſolidity as ſome of greater name, and expoſe him with as much wit as Echard. That noble ſtudy, which requires the greateſt reach of reaſon and

and nicety of diſtinction, was not at all difficult to him. 'Twas a national loſs to be deprived of one who underſtood a ſcience ſo neceſſary, and yet ſo unknown in England. I ſhall add only, he had the ſame honeſty and ſincerity as the perſon I write of, but more heat: the former was more inclined to argue, the latter to divert: one employed his reaſon more; the other his imagination: the former had been well qualified for thoſe poſts, which the modeſty of the latter made him refuſe. His other dead brother would have been an ornament to the college of which he was a member. He had a genius either for poetry or oratory; and, though very young, compoſed ſeveral very agreeable pieces. In all probability he would have wrote as finely, as his brother did nobly. He might have been the Waller, as the other was the Milton of his time. The one might celebrate Marlborough, the other his beautiful offspring. This had not been ſo fit to deſcribe the actions of heroes as the virtues of private men. In a word, he had been fitter for my place: and while his brother was writing upon the greateſt men that any age ever produced, in a ſtile equal to them, he might have ſerved as a panegyriſt on him.

This is all I think neceſſary to ſay of his family. I ſhall proceed to himſelf and his writings; which I ſhall firſt treat of, becauſe I know they are cenſured by ſome out of envy, and more out of ignorance.

The *Splendid Shilling*, which is far the leaſt conſiderable, has the more general reputation, and perhaps hinders the character of the reſt.

The

The ſtile agreed ſo well with the burleſque, that the ignorant thought it could become nothing elſe. Every body is pleaſed with that work. But to judge rightly of the other, requires a perfect maſtery of poetry and criticiſm, a juſt contempt of the little turns and witticiſms now in vogue, and, above all, a perfect underſtanding of poetical diction and deſcription.

All that have any taſte of poetry will agree, that the great burleſque is much to be preferred to the low. It is much eaſier to make a great thing appear little, than a little one great: Cotton and others of a very low genius have done the former; but Philips, Garth, and Boileau only the latter.

A picture in miniature is every painter's talent; but a piece for a cupola, where all the figures are enlarged, yet proportioned to the eye, requires a maſter's hand.

It muſt ſtill be more acceptable than the low burleſque, becauſe the images of the latter are mean and filthy, and the language itſelf entirely unknown to all men of good breeding. The ſtile of Billingſgate would not make a very agreeable figure at St. James's. A gentleman would take but little pleaſure in language, which he would think it hard to be accoſted in, or in reading words which he could not pronounce without bluſhing. The lofty burleſque is the more to be admired, becauſe, to write it, the author muſt be maſter of two of the moſt different talents in nature. A talent to find out and expoſe what is ridiculous, is very different from that which is to raiſe and elevate. We muſt read Virgil and Milton for the one, and Horace and Hudibraſs for

for the other. We know that the authors of excellent comedies have often failed in the grave ſtile, and the tragedian as often in comedy. Admiration and Laughter are of ſuch oppoſite natures, that they are ſeldom created by the ſame perſon. The man of mirth is always obſerving the follies and weakneſſes, the ſerious writer the virtues or crimes of mankind; one is pleaſed with contemplating a beau, the other a hero. Even from the ſame object they would draw different ideas: Achilles would appear in very different lights to Therſites and Alexander. The one would admire the courage and greatneſs of his ſoul; the other would ridicule the vanity and raſhneſs of his temper. As the ſatyriſt ſays to Hannibal:

—I curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas, & declamatio fias.

The contrariety of ſtile to the ſubject pleaſes the more ſtrongly, becauſe it is more ſurpriſing; the expectation of the reader is pleaſantly deceived, who expects an humble ſtile from the ſubject, or a great ſubject from the ſtile. It pleaſes the more univerſally becauſe it is agreeable to the taſte both of the grave and the merry; but more particularly ſo to thoſe who have a reliſh of the beſt writers, and the nobleſt ſort of poetry. I ſhall produce only one paſſage out of this poet, which is the misfortune of his Galligaſkins:

My Galligaſkins, which have long withſtood
The winter's fury and encroaching froſts,
By time ſubdued (what will not time ſubdue!)

This is admirably pathetical, and ſhews very well the viciſſitude of ſublunary things. The reſt

reſt goes on to a prodigious height; and a man in Greenland could hardly have made a more pathetick and terrible complaint. Is it not ſurpriſing that the ſubject ſhould be ſo mean, and the verſe ſo pompous? that the leaſt things in his poetry, as in a microſcope, ſhould grow great and formidable to the eye? eſpecially conſidering that, not underſtanding French, he had no model for his ſtile; that he ſhould have no writer to imitate, and himſelf be inimitable? that he ſhould do all this before he was twenty? at an age, which is uſually pleaſed with a glare of falſe thoughts, little turns, and unnatural fuſtian; at an age, at which Cowley, Dryden, and I had almoſt ſaid Virgil, were inconſiderable. So ſoon was his imagination at its full ſtrength, his judgement ripe, and his humour complete.

This poem was written for his own diverſion, without any deſign of publication. It was communicated but to *me*; but ſoon ſpread, and fell into the hands of pirates. It was put out, vilely mangled, by Ben. Bragge; *and impudently ſaid to be corrected by the author.* This grievance is now grown more epidemical; and no man now has a right to his own thoughts, or a title to his own writings. Xenophon anſwered the Perſian, who demanded his arms, "We have nothing now left but our arms "and our valour; if we ſurrender the one, "how ſhall we make uſe of the other?" Poets have nothing but their wits and their writings; and if they are plundered of the latter, I don't ſee what good the former can do them. To pirate, and publickly own it, to prefix their names to the works they ſteal,

to own and avow the theft, I believe, was never yet heard of but in England. It will ſound oddly to poſterity, that, in a polite nation, in an enlightened age, under the direction of the moſt wiſe, moſt learned, and moſt generous encouragers of knowledge in the world, the property of a mechanick ſhould be better ſecured than that of a ſcholar; that the pooreſt manual operations ſhould be more valued than the nobleſt product of the brain; that it ſhould be felony to rob a cobler of a pair of ſhoes, and no crime to deprive the beſt author of his whole ſubſiſtence; that nothing ſhould make a man a ſure title to his own writings but the ſtupidity of them: that the works of Dryden ſhould meet with leſs encouragement than thoſe of his own Flecnoe, or Blackmore; that Tillotſon and St. George, Tom Thumb and Temple, ſhould be ſet on an equal foot. This is the reaſon why this very paper has been ſo long delayed; and while the moſt impudent and ſcandalous libels are publickly vended by the pirates, this innocent work is forced to ſteal abroad as if it were a libel.

Our preſent writers are, by theſe wretches, reduced to the ſame condition Virgil was, when the centurion ſeized on his eſtate. But I don't doubt but I can fix upon the Mæcenas of the preſent age, that will retrieve them from it. But, whatever effect this piracy may have upon us, it contributed very much to the advantage of Mr. Philips; it helped him to a reputation, which he neither deſired nor expected, and to the honour of being put upon a work of which he did not think himſelf capable;

pable; but the event ſhewed his modeſty. And it was reaſonable to hope, that he, who could raiſe mean ſubjects ſo high, ſhould ſtill be more elevated on greater themes; that he, that could draw ſuch noble ideas from a ſhilling, could not fail upon ſuch a ſubject as the duke of Marlborough, *which is capable of heightening even the moſt low and trifling genius.* And, indeed, moſt of the great works which have been produced in the world, have been owing leſs to the poet than the patron. Men of the greateſt genius are ſometimes lazy, and want a ſpur; often modeſt, and dare not venture in publick; they certainly know their faults in the worſt things; and even their beſt things they are not fond of, becauſe the idea of what they ought to be is far above what they are. This induced me to believe that Virgil deſired his works might be burnt, had not the ſame Auguſtus that deſired him to write them, preſerved them from deſtruction. A ſcribling beau may imagine a Poet *may* be induced to write, by the very pleaſure he finds in writing; but that is ſeldom, when people are neceſſitated to it. I have known men row, and uſe very hard labour, for diverſion, which, if they had been tied to, they would have thought themſelves very unhappy.

But to return to *Blenheim*, that work ſo much admired by ſome, and cenſured by others. I have often wiſhed he had wrote it in Latin, that he might be out of the reach of the empty criticks, who would have as little underſtood his meaning in that language, as they do his beauties in his own.

Falſe criticks have been the plague of all ages; Milton himſelf, in a very polite court, has been compared to the rumbling of a wheel-barrow; he had been on the wrong ſide, and therefore could not be a good poet. *And this perhaps, may be Mr. Philips's caſe.*

But I take generally the ignorance of his readers to be the occaſion of their diſlike. People that have formed their taſte upon the French writers, can have no reliſh for Philips: they admire points and turns, and conſequently have no judgement of what is great and majeſtick: he muſt look little in their eyes when he ſoars ſo high as to be almoſt out of their view. I cannot therefore allow any admirer of the French to be a judge of Bleinheim, nor any who takes Bouhours for a compleat critick. He generally judges of the ancients by the moderns, and not the moderns by the ancients; he takes thoſe paſſages of their own authors to be really ſublime which come the neareſt to it; he often calls that a noble and great thought which is only a pretty and a fine one, and has more inſtances of the ſublime out of Ovid de Triſtibus, than he has out of all Virgil.

I ſhall allow, therefore, only thoſe to be judges of Philips, who make the antients, and particularly Virgil, their ſtandard.

But, before I enter on this ſubject, I ſhall conſider what is particular in the ſtyle of Philips, and examine what ought to be the ſtyle of heroick poetry, and next, enquire how far he is come up to that ſtyle.

His ſtyle is particular; becauſe he lays aſide rhyme, and writes in blank verſe, and uſes old

old words, and frequently poſtpones the adjective to the ſubſtantive, and the ſubſtantive to the verb; and leaves out little particles, *a*, and *the*; *her*, and *his*; and uſes frequent appoſitions. Now let us examine, whether theſe alterations of ſtile be conformable to the true ſublime, * * * * *

SMITH.

EDMUND SMITH is one of thoſe lucky writers who have, without much labour, attained high reputation, and who are mentioned with reverence rather for the poſſeſſion than the exertion of uncommon abilities.

Of his life little is known; and that little claims no praiſe but what can be given to intellectual excellence, ſeldom employed to any virtuous purpoſe. His character, as given by Mr. Oldiſworth, with all the partiality of friendſhip, which is ſaid by Dr. Burton to ſhow *what fine things one man of parts can ſay of another*; and which, however, compriſes great part of what can be known of Mr. Smith, it is better to tranſcribe at once, than to take by pieces. I ſhall ſubjoin ſuch little memorials as accident has enabled me to collect.

Mr. EDMUND SMITH was the only ſon of an eminent merchant, one Mr. Neale, by a daughter of the famous baron Lechmere. Some misfortunes of his father, which were ſoon

ſoon after followed by his death, were the occaſion of the ſon's being left very young in the hands of a near relation (one who married Mr. Neale's ſiſter) whoſe name was Smith,

This gentleman and his lady treated him as their own child, and put him to Weſtminſter-ſchool under the care of Dr. Buſby; whence after the loſs of his faithful and generous guardian (whoſe name he aſſumed and retained) he was removed to Chriſt-church in Oxford, and there by his aunt handſomely maintained till her death; after which he continued a member of that learned and ingenious ſociety, till within five years of his own; though ſome time before his leaving Chriſt-church, he was ſent for by his mother to Worceſter, and owned and acknowledged as her legitimate ſon; which had not been mentioned, but to wipe off the aſperſions that were ignorantly caſt by ſome on his birth. It is to be remembered for our author's honour, that, when at Weſtminſter election he ſtood a candidate for one of the univerſities, he ſo ſignally diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his conſpicuous performances, that there aroſe no ſmall contention between the repreſentative electors of Trinity-college in Cambridge and Chriſt-church in Oxon, which of thoſe two royal ſocieties ſhould adopt him as their own. But the electors of Trinity-college having the preference of choice that year, they reſolutely elected him; who yet, being invited at the ſame time to Chriſt-church, choſe to accept of a ſtudentſhip there. Mr. Smith's perfections, as well natural as acquired, ſeem to have been formed upon Horace's plan; who ſays in his Art of Poetry,

—Eſo

—Ego nec ſtudium ſine divite venâ,
Nec rude quid proſit video ingenium: alterius ſic
Altera poſcit opem res, & conjurat amice.

He was endowed by Nature with all thoſe excellent and neceſſary qualifications which are previous to the accompliſhment of a great man. His memory was large and tenacious, yet by a *curious felicity chiefly* ſuſceptible of the fineſt impreſſions, it received from the beſt authors he read, which it always preſerved in their primitive ſtrength and amiable order.

He had a quickneſs of apprehenſion, and vivacity of underſtanding, which eaſily took in and ſurmounted the moſt ſubtle and knotty parts of mathematicks and metaphyſicks. His wit was prompt and flowing, yet ſolid and piercing; his taſte delicate, his head clear, and his way of expreſſing his thoughts perſpicuous and engaging. I ſhall ſay nothing of his perſon, which yet was ſo well *turned*, that no neglect of himſelf in his dreſs could render it diſagreeable; inſomuch that the fair ſex, who obſerved and eſteemed him, at once commended and reproved him by the name of the *handſome* ſloven. An eager but generous and noble emulation grew up with him; which (as it were a rational ſort of inſtinct) puſhed him upon ſtriving to excel in every art and ſcience that could make him a credit to his college, and that college the ornament of the moſt learned and polite univerſity; and it was his happineſs to have ſeveral contemporaries and fellow ſtudents, who exerciſed and excited this virtue in themſelves and others, thereby becoming

becoming ſo deſervedly in favour with this age, and ſo good a proof of its nice diſcernment. His judgement, naturally good, ſoon ripened into an exquiſite fineneſs and diſtinguiſhing ſagacity, which as it was active and buſy, ſo it was vigorous and manly, keeping even paces with a rich and ſtrong imagination, always upon the wing, and never tired with aſpiring. Hence it was, that, though he writ as young as Cowley, he had no puerilities; and his earlieſt productions were ſo far from having any thing in them mean and trifling, that, like the junior compoſitions of Mr. Stepney, they may make grey authors bluſh. There are many of his firſt eſſays in oratory, in epigram, elegy, and epique, ſtill handed about the univerſity in manuſcript, which ſhew a maſterly hand; and, though maimed and injured by frequent tranſcribing, make their way into our moſt celebrated miſcellanies, where they ſhine with uncommon luſtre. Beſides thoſe verſes in the Oxford books, which he could not help ſetting his name to, ſeveral of his compoſitions came abroad under other names, which his own ſingular modeſty, and faithful ſilence, ſtrove in vain to conceal. The Encœnia and publick Collections of the Univerſity upon State Subjects were never in ſuch eſteem, either for elegy or congratulation, as when he contributed moſt largely to them; and it was natural for thoſe who knew his peculiar way of writing to turn to his ſhare in the work, as by far the moſt reliſhing part of the entertainment. As his parts were extraordinary, ſo he well knew how to improve them; and not only to poliſh the diamond, but enchaſe it in the moſt ſolid and

and durable metal. Though he was an academick the greateſt part of his life, yet he contracted no ſourneſs of temper, no ſpice of pedantry, no itch of diſputation, or obſtinate contention for the old or new philoſophy, no aſſuming way of dictating to others, which are faults (though excuſable) which ſome are inſenſibly led into, who are conſtrained to dwell long within the walls of a private college. His converſation was pleaſant and inſtructive; and what Horace ſaid of Plotius, Varius, and Virgil, might juſtly be applied to him:

Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus Amico.
Sat. v. l. 1.

As correct a writer as he was in his moſt elaborate pieces, he read the works of others with candor, and reſerved his greateſt ſeverity for his own compoſitions; being readier to cheriſh and advance, than damp or depreſs a riſing genius, and as patient of being excelled himſelf (if any could excel him) as induſtrious to excel others.

'Twere to be wiſhed he had confined himſelf to a particular profeſſion, who was capable of ſurpaſſing in any; but in this, his want of application was in a great meaſure owing to his want of due encouragement.

He paſſed through the exerciſes of the college and univerſity with unuſual applauſe; and though he often ſuffered his friends to call him off from his retirements, and to lengthen out thoſe jovial avocations, yet his return to his ſtudies was ſo much the more paſſionate, and

and his attention upon thoſe refined pleaſures of reading and thinking ſo vehement (to which his facetious and unbended intervals bore no proportion) that the habit grew upon him, and the ſeries of meditation and reflection being kept up whole weeks together, he could better ſort his ideas, and take in the ſundry parts of a ſcience at one view, without interruption or confuſion. Some indeed of his acquaintance, who were pleaſed to diſtinguiſh between the wit and the ſcholar, extolled him altogether on the account of the firſt of theſe titles; but others, who knew him better, could not forbear doing him juſtice as a prodigy in both kinds. He had ſignalized himſelf in the ſchools, as a philoſopher and polemick of extenſive knowledge and deep penetration; and went through all the courſes with a wiſe regard to the dignity and importance of each ſcience. I remember him in the Divinity-ſchool reſponding and diſputing with a perſpicuous energy, a ready exactneſs, and commanding force of argument, when Dr. Jane worthily preſided in the chair; whoſe condeſcending and diſintereſted commendation of him, gave him ſuch a reputation as ſilenced the envious malice of his enemies, who durſt not contradict the approbation of ſo profound a maſter in theology. None of thoſe ſelf-ſufficient creatures, who have either trifled with philoſophy by attempting to ridicule it, or have encumbered it with novel terms, and burdenſome explanations, underſtood its real weight and purity half ſo well as Mr. Smith. He was too diſcerning to allow of the character of unprofitable, rugged,

and

and abſtruſe, which ſome ſuperficial ſcioliſts (ſo very ſmooth and polite as to admit of no impreſſion), either out of an unthinking indolence, or an ill-grounded prejudice, had affixed to this ſort of ſtudies. He knew the thorny terms of philoſophy ſerved well to fence-in the true doctrines of religion; and looked upon ſchool-divinity as upon a rough but well-wrought armour, which might at once adorn and defend the Chriſtian hero, and equip him for the combat.

Mr. Smith had a long and perfect intimacy with all the Greek and Latin Claſſicks; with whom he had carefully compared whatever was worth peruſing in the French, Spaniſh, and Italian (to which languages he was no ſtranger), and in all the celebrated writers of his own country. But then, according to the curious obſervation of the late earl of Shaftſbury, he kept the poet in awe by regular criticiſm, and, as it were, married the two arts for their mutual ſupport and improvement. There was not a tract of credit, upon that ſubject, which he had not diligently examined, from Ariſtotle down to Hedelin and Boſſu; ſo that, having each rule conſtantly before him, he could carry the art through every poem, and at once point out the graces and deformities. By this means he ſeemed to read with a deſign to correct, as well as imitate.

Being thus prepared, he could not but taſte every little delicacy that was ſet before him; though it was impoſſible for him at the ſame time to be fed and nouriſhed with any thing but what was ſubſtantial and laſting. He conſidered the antients and moderns not as parties

or rivals for fame, but as architects upon one and the ſame plan, the Art of Poetry; according to which he judged, approved, and blamed, without flattery or detraction. If he did not always commend the compoſitions of others, it was not ill-nature (which was not in his temper), but ſtrict juſtice that would not let him call a few flowers ſet in ranks, a glib meaſure, and ſo many couplets by the name of poetry: he was of Ben Jonſon's opinion, who could not admire,

—Verſes as ſmooth and ſoft as cream,
In which there was neither depth nor ſtream.

And therefore, though his want of complaiſance for ſome mens overbearing vanity made him enemies, yet the better part of mankind were obliged by the freedom of his reflections.

His Bodleian Speech, though taken from a remote and imperfect copy, hath ſhewn the world how great a maſter he was of the Ciceronian eloquence, mixed with the conciſeneſs and force of Demoſthenes, the elegant and moving turns of Pliny, and the acute and wiſe reflections of Tacitus.

Since Temple and Roſcommon, no man underſtood Horace better, eſpecially as to his happy diction, rolling numbers, beautiful imagery, and alternate mixture of the ſoft and the ſublime. This endeared Dr. Hannes's odes to him, the fineſt genius for Latin lyrick ſince the Auguſtan age. His friend Mr. Philips's ode to Mr. St. John (late lord Bolingbroke), after the manner of Horace's Luſory or Amatorian Odes, is certainly a maſterpiece;

piece: but Mr. Smith's Pocockius is of the ſublimer kind, though, like Waller's writings upon Oliver Cromwell, it wants not the moſt delicate and ſurpriſing turns peculiar to the perſon praiſed. I do not remember to have ſeen any thing like it in Dr. Bathurſt, who had made ſome attempts this way with applauſe. He was an excellent judge of humanity; and ſo good an hiſtorian, that in familiar diſcourſe he would talk over the moſt memorable facts in antiquity, the lives, actions, and characters of celebrated men, with amazing facility and accuracy. As he had thoroughly read and digeſted Thuanus's works, ſo he was able to copy after him: and his talent in this kind was ſo well known and allowed, that he had been ſingled out by ſome great men to write a hiſtory, which it was for their intereſt to have done with the utmoſt art and dexterity. I ſhall not mention for what reaſons this deſign was dropped, tho' they are very much to Mr. Smith's honour. The truth is, and I ſpeak it before living witneſſes, whilſt an agreeable company could fix him upon a ſubject of uſeful literature, nobody ſhone to greater advantage: he ſeemed to be that Memmius whom Lucretius ſpeaks of;

—Quem tu, Dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere rebus.

His works are not many, and thoſe ſcattered up and down in Miſcellanies and Collections, being wreſted from him by his friends with great difficulty and reluctance. All of them together make but a ſmall part of that much greater body which lies diſperſed in the poſſeſſion of numerous acquaintance; and cannot

not perhaps be made entire, without great injuſtice to him, becauſe few of them had his laſt hand, and the tranſcriber was often obliged to take the liberties of a friend. His condolance for the death of Mr. Philips is full of the nobleſt beauties, and hath done juſtice to the aſhes of that ſecond Milton, whoſe writings will laſt as long as the Engliſh language, generoſity, and valour. For him Mr. Smith had contracted a perfect friendſhip; a paſſion he was moſt ſuſceptible of, and whoſe laws he looked upon as ſacred and inviolable.

Every ſubject that paſſed under his pen had all the life, proportion, and embelliſhments beſtowed on it, which an exquiſite ſkill, a warm imagination, and a cool judgement, could poſſibly beſtow on it. The epique, lyrick, elegiac, every ſort of poetry he touched upon (and he had touched upon a great variety), was raiſed to its proper height, and the differences between each of them obſerved with a judicious accuracy. We ſaw the old rules and new beauties placed in admirable order by each other; and there was a predominant fancy and ſpirit of his own infuſed, ſuperior to what ſome draw off from the ancients, or from poeſies here and there culled out of the moderns, by a painful induſtry and ſervile imitation. His contrivances were adroit and magnificent; his images lively and adequate; his ſentiments charming and majeſtick; his expreſſions natural and bold; his numbers various and ſounding; and that enameled mixture of claſſical wit, which, without redundance and affectation, ſparkled

through his writings, and was no leſs pertinent than agreeable.

His *Phædra* is a conſummate tragedy, and the ſucceſs of it was as great as the moſt ſanguine expectations of his friends could promiſe or foreſee. The number of nights, and the common method of filling the houſe, are not always the ſureſt marks of judging what encouragement a play meets with; but the generoſity of all the perſons of a refined taſte about town was remarkable on this occaſion; and it muſt not be forgotten how zealouſly Mr. Addiſon eſpouſed his intereſt, with all the elegant judgement and diffuſive good-nature for which that accompliſhed gentleman and author is ſo juſtly valued by mankind. But as to *Phædra*, ſhe has certainly made a finer figure under Mr. Smith's conduct, upon the Engliſh ſtage, than either Rome or Athens; and if ſhe excels the Greek and Latin *Phædra*, I need not ſay ſhe ſurpaſſes the French one, tho' embelliſhed with whatever regular beauties and moving ſoftneſs Racine himſelf could give her.

No man had a juſter notion of the difficulty of compoſing than Mr. Smith, and he ſometimes would create greater difficulties than he had reaſon to apprehend. Writing with eaſe, what (as Mr. Wycherley ſpeaks) may be eaſily written, moved his indignation. When he was writing upon a ſubject, he would ſeriouſly conſider what Demoſthenes, Homer, Virgil, or Horace, if alive, would ſay upon that occaſion, which whetted him to exceed himſelf as well as others. Nevertheleſs he could not, or would not, finiſh ſeveral ſubjects he undertook;

took; which may be imputed either to the briſkneſs of his fancy, ſtill hunting after new matter, or to an occaſional indolence, which ſpleen and laſſitude brought upon him, which, of all his foibles, the world was leaſt inclined to forgive. That this was not owing to conceit and vanity, or a fulneſs of himſelf (a frailty which has been imputed to no leſs men than Shakeſpeare and Jonſon), is clear from hence; becauſe he left his works to the entire diſpoſal of his friends, whoſe moſt rigorous cenſuers he even courted and ſolicited; ſubmitting to their animadverſions, and the freedom they took with them, with an unreſerved and prudent reſignation.

I have ſeen ſketches and rough draughts of ſome poems he deſigned, ſet out analytically; wherein the fable, ſtructure, and connexion, the images, incidents, moral, epiſodes, and a great variety of ornaments, were ſo finely laid out, ſo well fitted to the rules of art, and ſquared ſo exactly to the precedents of the antients, that I have often looked on theſe poetical elements with the ſame concern, with which curious men are affected at the ſight of the moſt entertaining remains and ruins of an antique figure or building. Thoſe fragments of the learned, which ſome men have been ſo proud of their pains in collecting, are uſeleſs rarities, without form and without life, when compared with theſe embryo's, which wanted not ſpirit enough to preſerve them; ſo that I cannot help thinking, that, if ſome of them were to come abroad, they would be as highly valued by the poets, as the ſketches of Julio and Titian are by the painters; though

though there is nothing in them but a few out-lines, as to the deſign and proportion.

It muſt be confeſſed, that Mr. Smith had ſome defects in his conduct, which thoſe are moſt apt to remember who could imitate him in nothing elſe. His freedom with himſelf drew ſeverer acknowledgements from him than all the malice he ever provoked was capable of advancing, and he did not ſcruple to give even his misfortunes the hard name of faults; but if the world had half his good-nature, all the ſhady parts would be entirely ſtruck out of his character.

A man, who, under poverty, calamities, and diſappointments, could make ſo many friends, and thoſe ſo truly valuable, muſt have juſt and noble ideas of the paſſion of friendſhip, in the ſucceſs of which conſiſted the greateſt, if not the only, happineſs of his life. He knew very well what was due to his birth, though Fortune threw him ſhort of it in every other circumſtance of life. He avoided making any, though perhaps reaſonable, complaints of her diſpenſations, under which he had honour enough to be eaſy, without touching the favours ſhe flung in his way when offered to him at the price of a more durable reputation. He took care to have no dealings with mankind, in which he could not be juſt; and he deſired to be at no other expence in his pretenſions than that of intrinſick merit, which was the only burthen and reproach he ever brought upon his friends. He could ſay, as Horace did of himſelf, what I never yet ſaw tranſlated;

—*Meo ſum pauper in ære.*

At his coming to town, no man was more ſurrounded by all thoſe who really had or pretended to wit, or more courted by the great men, who had then a power and opportunity of encouraging arts and ſciences, and gave proofs of their fondneſs for the name of Patron in many inſtances, which will ever be remembered to their glory. Mr. Smith's character grew upon his friends by intimacy, and outwent the ſtrongeſt prepoſſeſſions, which had been conceived in his favour. Whatever quarrel a few ſour creatures, whoſe obſcurity is their happineſs, may poſſibly have to the age; yet amidſt a ſtudied neglect, and total diſuſe of all thoſe ceremonial attendances, faſhionable equipments, and external recommendations, which are thought neceſſary introductions into the *grande monde*, this gentleman was ſo happy as ſtill to pleaſe; and whilſt the rich, the gay, the noble, and honourable, ſaw how much he excelled in wit and learning, they eaſily forgave him all other differences. Hence it was that both his acquaintance and retirements were his own free choice. What Mr. Prior obſerves upon a very great character, was true of him; *that moſt of his faults brought their excuſe with them.*

Thoſe who blamed him moſt underſtood him leaſt; it being the cuſtom of the vulgar to charge an exceſs upon the moſt complaiſant, and to form a character by the morals of a few, who have ſometimes ſpoiled an hour or two in good company. Where only fortune is wanting to make a great name, that ſingle exception can never paſs upon the beſt judges and moſt equitable obſervers of mankind; and when

when the time comes for the world to ſpare their pity, we may juſtly enlarge our demands upon them for their admiration.

Some few years before his death, he had engaged himſelf in ſeveral conſiderable undertakings; in all which he had prepared the world to expect mighty things from him. I have ſeen about ten ſheets of his *Engliſh Pindar*, which exceeded any thing of that kind I could ever hope for in our own language. He had drawn out the plan of a tragedy of the *Lady Jane Grey*, and had gone through ſeveral ſcenes of it. But he could not well have bequeathed that work to better hands than where, I hear, it is at preſent lodged; and the bare mention of two ſuch names may juſtify the largeſt expectations, and is ſufficient to make the town an agreeable invitation.

His greateſt and nobleſt undertaking was *Longinus*. He had finiſhed an entire tranſlation of the *Sublime*, which he ſent to the reverend Mr. Richard Parker, a friend of his, late of Merton College, an exact critick in the Greek tongue, from whom it came to my hands. The French verſion of Monſieur Boileau, though truly valuable, was far ſhort of it. He propoſed a large addition to this work, of notes and obſervations of his own, with an entire ſyſtem of the Art of Poetry, in three books, under the titles of *Thought*, *Diction*, and *Figure*. I ſaw the laſt of theſe perfect, and in a fair copy, in which he ſhewed prodigious judgement and reading; and particularly had reformed the Art of Rhetorick, by reducing that vaſt and confuſed heap

of terms, with which a long ſucceſſion of pedants had encumbered the world, to a very narrow compaſs, comprehending all that was uſeful and ornamental in poetry. Under each head and chapter, he intended to make remarks upon all the ancients and moderns, the Greek, Latin, Engliſh, Spaniſh, and Italian poets, and to note their ſeveral beauties and defects.

What remains of his works is left, as I am informed, in the hands of men of worth and judgement, who loved him. It cannot be ſuppoſed they would ſuppreſs any thing that was his, but out of reſpect to his memory, and for want of proper hands to finiſh what ſo great a genius had begun.

SUCH is the declamation of Oldiſworth, written while his admiration was yet freſh, and his kindneſs warm; and therefore ſuch as, without any criminal purpoſe of deceiving, ſhews a ſtrong deſire to make the moſt of all favourable truth. I cannot much commend the performance. The praiſe is often indiſtinct, and the ſentences are loaded with words of more pomp than uſe. There is little however that can be contradicted, even when a plainer tale comes to be told.

ED-

EDMUND NEAL, known by the name of Smith, was born at Handley, the ſeat of the Lechmeres in Worceſterſhire. The year of his birth is uncertain.

He was educated at Weſtminſter. It is known to have been the practice of Dr. Buſby to detain thoſe youths long at ſchool, of whom he had formed the higheſt expectations. Smith took his Maſter's degree on the 8th of July 1696; he therefore was probably admitted into the univerſity in 1689, when we may ſuppoſe him twenty years old.

His reputation for literature in his college was ſuch as has been told; but the indecency and licentiouſneſs of his behaviour drew upon him, Dec. 24, 1694, while he was yet only Batchelor, a publick admonition, entered upon record, in order to his expulſion. Of this reproof the effect is not known. He was probably leſs notorious. At Oxford, as we all know, much will be forgiven to literary merit; and of that he had given ſufficient evidence by his excellent ode on the death of the great Orientaliſt, Dr. Pocock, who died in 1691, and whoſe praiſe muſt have been written by Smith when he had been yet but two years in the univerſity.

This ode, which cloſed the ſecond volume of the *Muſæ Anglicanæ*, though perhaps ſome objections may be made to its Latinity, is by far the beſt Lyrick compoſition in that collection; nor do I know where to find it equalled among the modern writers. It expreſſes, with great felicity, images not claſſical in claſſical diction: its digreſſions and returns have been deſervedly recommended by Trapp as models for imitation.

He has ſeveral imitations of Cowley:

Veſtitur hinc tot ſermo coloribus
Quot tu, Pococki, diſſimilis tui
Orator effers, quot viciſſim
Te memores celebrare gaudent.

I will not commend the figure which makes the orator *pronounce colours*, or give to *colours memory* and *delight*. I quote it, however, as an imitation of theſe lines;

So many languages he had in ſtore,
That only Fame ſhall ſpeak of him in more.

The ſimile, by which an old man, retaining the fire of his youth, is compared to Ætna flaming through the ſnow, which Smith has uſed with great pomp, is ſtolen from Cowley, however little worth the labour of conveyance.

He proceeded to take his degree of Maſter of Arts July 8, 1696. Of the exerciſes which he performed on that occaſion, I have not heard any thing memorable.

As his years advanced, he advanced in reputation; for he continued to cultivate his mind; but he did not amend his irregularities, by which he gave ſo much offence, that, April 24, 1700, the Dean and Chapter declared "the place of Mr. Smith void, he having "been convicted of riotous miſbehaviour in "the houſe of Mr. Cole an apothecary; but "it was referred to the Dean when and upon "what occaſion the ſentence ſhould be put in "execution."

Thus

Thus tenderly was he treated: the governors of his college could hardly keep him, and yet wiſhed that he would not force them to drive him away.

Some time afterwards he aſſumed an appearance of decency; in his own phraſe, he *whitened* himſelf, having a deſire to obtain the cenſorſhip, an office of honour and ſome profit in the college; but when the election came, the preference was given to Mr. *Foulkes*, his junior; the ſame, I ſuppoſe, that joined with *Freind* in an edition of part of Demoſthenes; it not being thought proper to truſt the ſuperintendance of others to a man who took ſo little care of himſelf.

From this time Smith employed his malice and his wit againſt the Dean, Dr. Aldrich, whom he conſidered as the opponent of his claim. Of his lampoon upon him, I once heard a ſingle line too groſs to be repeated.

But he was ſtill a genius and a ſcholar, and Oxford was unwilling to loſe him: he was endured, with all his pranks and his vices, two years longer; but on Dec. 20, 1705, at the inſtance of all the canons, the ſentence declared five years before was put in execution.

The execution was, I believe, ſilent and tender; for one of his friends, from whom I learned much of his life, appeared not to know it.

He was now driven to London, where he aſſociated himſelf with the Whigs, whether becauſe they were in power, or becauſe the Tories had expelled him, or becauſe he was a Whig by principle, may perhaps be doubted. He was however

however careſſed by men of great abilities, whatever were their party, and was ſupported by the liberality of thoſe who delighted in his converſation.

There was once a deſign hinted at by Oldiſworth to have made him uſeful. One evening, as he was ſitting with a friend at a tavern, he was called down by the waiter; and, having ſtaid ſome time below, came up thoughtful. After a pauſe, ſaid he to his friend, "He that "wanted me below was Addiſon, whoſe buſi- "neſs was to tell me that a Hiſtory of the "Revolution was intended, and to propoſe "that I ſhould undertake it. I ſaid, what "ſhall I do with the character of lord Sunder- "land? and Addiſon immediately returned, "When Rag, were you drunk laſt? and went "away."

Captain *Rag* was a name which he got at Oxford by his negligence of dreſs.

This ſtory I heard from the late Mr. Clark of Lincoln's Inn, to whom it was told by the friend of Smith.

Such ſcruples might debar him from ſome profitable emplyments; but as they could not deprive him of any real eſteem, they left him many friends; and no man was ever better introduced to the theatre than he, who, in that violent conflict of parties, had a Prologue and Epilogue from the firſt wits on either ſide.

But learning and nature will now and then take different courſes. His play pleaſed the criticks, and the criticks only. It was, as Addiſon has recorded, hardly heard the third night. Smith had indeed truſted entirely to his

his merit; had enſured no band of applauders, nor uſed any artifice to force ſucceſs, and found that naked excellence was not ſufficient for its own ſupport.

The play, however, was bought by Lintot, who advanced the price from fifty guineas, the current rate, to ſixty; and Halifax, the general patron, accepted the dedication. Smith's indolence kept him from writing the dedication, till Lintot, after fruitleſs importunity, gave notice that he would publiſh the play without it. Now therefore it was written; and Halifax expected the author with his book, and had prepared to reward him with a place of three hundred pounds a year. Smith by pride, or caprice, or indolence, or baſhfulneſs, neglected to attend him, though doubtleſs warned and preſſed by his friends, and at laſt miſſed his reward by not going to ſolicit it.

Addiſon has, in the *Spectator*, mentioned the neglect of Smith's tragedy as diſgraceful to the nation, and imputes it to the fondneſs for operas then prevailing. The authority of Addiſon is great; yet the voice of the people, when to pleaſe the people is the purpoſe, deſerves regard. In this queſtion, I cannot but think the people in the right. The fable is mythological, a ſtory which we are accuſtomed to reject as falſe, and the manners are ſo diſtant from our own, that we know them not by ſympathy but by ſtudy: the ignorant do not underſtand the action, the learned reject it as a ſchool-boy's tale; *incredulus odi*. What I cannot for a moment believe, I cannot for a moment behold with intereſt or anxiety. The ſentiments thus remote from life,

life, are removed yet further by the diction, which is too luxuriant and ſplendid for dialogue, and envelopes the thoughts rather than diſplays them. It is a ſcholar's play, ſuch as may pleaſe the reader rather than the ſpectator; the work of a vigorous and elegant mind, accuſtomed to pleaſe itſelf with its own conceptions, but of little acquaintance with the courſe of life.

Dennis tells, in one of his pieces, that he had once a deſign to have written the tragedy of *Phædra*; but was convinced that the action was too mythological.

In 1109, a year after the exhibition of *Phædra*, died John Philips, the friend and fellow-collegian of Smith, who, on that occaſion, wrote a poem, which juſtice muſt place among the beſt elegies which our language can ſhew, an elegant mixture of fondneſs and admiration, of dignity and ſoftneſs. There are ſome paſſages too ludicrous; but every human performance has its faults.

This elegy it was the mode among his friends to purchaſe for a guinea; and, as his acquaintance was numerous, it was a very profitable poem.

Of his *Pindar*, mentioned by Oldiſworth, I have never otherwiſe heard. His *Longinus* he intended to accompany with ſome illuſtrations, and had ſelected his inſtances of the falſe *Sublime* from the works of Blackmore.

He reſolved to try again the fortune of the Stage, with the ſtory of Lady Jane Grey. It is not unlikely that his experience of the inefficacy and incredibility of a mythological

tale, might, determine him to chooſe an action from Engliſh Hiſtory, at no great diſtance from our own times, which was to end in a real event, produced by the operation of known characters.

A ſubject will not eaſily occur that can give more opportunities of informing the underſtanding, for which Smith was unqueſtionably qualified, or for moving the paſſions, in which I ſuſpect him to have had leſs power.

Having formed his plan, and collected materials, he declared that a few months would complete his deſign; and, that he might purſue his work with fewer avocations, he was, in June 1710, invited by Mr. George Ducket to his houſe at Hartham in Wiltſhire. Here he found ſuch opportunities of indulgence as did not much forward his ſtudies, and particularly ſome ſtrong ale, too delicious to be reſiſted. He eat and drank till he found himſelf plethorick: and then, reſolving to eaſe himſelf by evacuation, he wrote to an apothecary in the neighbourhood a preſcription of a purge ſo forcible, that the apothecary thought it his duty to delay it till he had given notice of its danger. Smith, not pleaſed with the contradiction of a ſhopman, and boaſtful of his own knowledge, treated the notice with rude contempt, and ſwallowed his own medicine, which, in July 1710, brought him to the grave. He was buried at Hartham.

Many years afterwards, Ducket communicated to Oldmixon the hiſtorian an account, pretended to have been received from Smith, that Clarendon's Hiſtory was, in its publication,

tion, corrupted by Aldrich, Smalridge, and Atterbury; and that Smith was employed to forge and inſert the alterations.

This ſtory was publiſhed triumphantly by Oldmixon, and may be ſuppoſed to have been eagerly received: but its progreſs was ſoon checked; for finding its way into the Journal of Trevoux, it fell under the eye of Atterbury, then an exile in France, who immediately denied the charge, with this remarkable particular, that he never in his whole life had once ſpoken to Smith; his company being, as muſt be inferred, not accepted by thoſe who attended to their characters.

The charge was afterwards very diligently refuted by Dr. Burton of Eton; a man eminent for literature, and, though not of the ſame party with Aldrich and Atterbury, too ſtudious of truth to leave them burthened with a falſe charge. The teſtimonies which he has collected, have convinced mankind that either Smith or Ducket were guilty of wilful and malicious falſehood.

This controverſy brought into view thoſe parts of Smith's life, which with more honour to his name might have been concealed.

Of Smith I can yet ſay a little more. He was a man of ſuch eſtimation among his companions, that the caſual cenſures or praiſes which he dropped in converſation were conſidered, like thoſe of Scaliger, as worthy of preſervation.

He had great readineſs and exactneſs of criticiſm, and by a curſory glance over a new compoſition

compoſition would exactly tell all its faults and beauties.

He was remarkable for the power of reading with great rapidity, and of retaining with great fidelity what he ſo eaſily collected.

He therefore always knew what the preſent queſtion required; and when his friends expreſſed their wonder at his acquiſitions, made in a ſtate of apparent negligence and drunkenneſs, he never diſcovered his hours of reading or method of ſtudy, but involved himſelf in affected ſilence, and fed his own vanity with their admiration and conjectures.

One practice he had, which was eaſily obſerved: if any thought or image was preſented to his mind, that he could uſe or improve, he did not ſuffer it to be loſt; but, amidſt the jollity of a tavern, or in the warmth of converſation, very diligently committed it to paper.

Thus it was that he had gathered two quires of hints for his new tragedy; of which Rowe, when they were put into his hands, could make, as he ſays, very little uſe, but which the collector conſidered as a valuable ſtock of materials.

When he came to London, his way of life connected him with the licentious and diſſolute; and he affected the airs and gaiety of a man of pleaſure; but his dreſs was always deficient: ſcholaſtick cloudineſs ſtill hung about him, and his merriment was ſure to produce the ſcorn of his companions.

With all his careleſſneſs, and all his vices, he was one of the murmurers at Fortune; and wondered

wondered why he was ſuffered to be poor, when Addiſon was careſſed and preferred: nor would a very little have contented him; for he eſtimated his wants at ſix hundred pounds a year.

In his courſe of reading it was particular, that he had diligently peruſed, and accurately remembered, the old romances of knight errantry.

He had a high opinion of his own merit, and ſomething contemptuous in his treatment of thoſe whom he conſidered as not qualified to oppoſe or contradict him. He had many frailties; yet it cannot but be ſuppoſed that he had great merit, who could obtain to the ſame play a prologue from Addiſon, and an epilogue from Prior; and who could have at once the patronage of Halifax, and the praiſe of Oldiſworth.

For the power of communicating theſe minute memorials, I am indebted to my converſation with Gilbert Walmſley, late regiſter of the eccleſiaſtical court of Litchfield, who was acquainted both with Smith and Ducket; and declared, that, if the tale concerning Clarendon were forged, he ſhould ſuſpect Ducket of the falſehood; *for Rag was a man of great veracity.*

Of Gilbert Walmſley, thus preſented to my mind, let me indulge myſelf in the remembrance. I knew him very early; he was one of the firſt friends that literature procured me, and I hope that at leaſt my gratitude made me worthy of his notice.

He was of an advanced age, and I was only not a boy; yet he never received my notions with

with contempt. He was a Whig, with all the virulence and malevolence of his party; yet difference of opinion did not keep us apart. I honoured him, and he endured me.

He had mingled with the gay world, without exemption from its vices or its follies, but had never neglected the cultivation of his mind; his belief of Revelation was unſhaken; his learning preſerved his principles; he grew firſt regular, and then pious.

His ſtudies had been ſo various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at leaſt tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learning, and ſuch his copiouſneſs of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now paſſes in which I have not ſome advantage from his friendſhip.

At this man's table I enjoyed many chearful and inſtructive hours, with companions ſuch as are not often found; with one who has lengthened, and one who has gladdened life; with Dr. James, whoſe ſkill in phyſick will be long remembered; and with David Garrick, whom I hoped to have gratified with this character of our common friend: but what are the hopes of man! I am diſappointed by that ſtroke of death, which has eclipſed the gaiety of nations, and impoveriſhed the publick ſtock of harmleſs pleaſure.

In

In the Library at Oxford is the following ludicrous Analyſis of *Pocockius:*

Ex Autographo.

Written by the Author.

OPUSCULUM hoc, Halberdarie ampliſſime, in lucem proferre hactenus diſtuli, judicii tui acumen ſubveritus magis quam bipennis. Tandem aliquando Oden hanc ad te mitto ſublimem, teneram, flebilem, ſuavem, qualem demum divinus (ſi muſis vacaret) ſcripſiſſet Gaſtrellus. Adeo ſcilicet ſublimem ut inter legendum dormire, adeo flebilem ut ridere velis. Cujus elegantiam ut melius inſpicias, verſum, ordinem & materiam breviter referam. 1mus verſus de duobus præliis decantatis. 2dus & 3us de Lotharingio, cuniculis ſubterraneis, ſaxis, ponto, hoſtibus, & Aſia. 4tus & 5us de catenis, ſudibus, uncis, draconibus, tigribus & crocodilis. 6us, 7us, 8us, 9us, de Gomorrha, de Babylone, Babele, & quodam domi ſuæ peregrino. 10us aliquid de quodam Pocockio. 11us, 12us, de Syriâ, Solymâ. 13us, 14us, Hoſeâ & quercu & de juvene quodam valde ſene. 15us, 16us, de Ætnâ & quomodo Pocockio ſit valde ſimilis. 17us, 18us, de tubâ, aſtro, umbrâ, flammis, rotis, Pocockio non neglecto. Cætera de Chriſtianis. Ottomanno, Babyloniis, Arabibus, & graviſſimâ agrorum melancholiâ, de Cæſare, Flacco, Neſtore, & miſerando juvenis cujuſdam florentiſſimi fato, anno ætatis ſuæ centeſimo

ſimo præmaturè abrepto. Quæ omnia cum accuratè expenderis, neceſſe eſt ut Oden hanc meam admirandä planè varietati conſtare fatearis. Subito ad Batavos proficiſcor lauro ab illis donandus. Prius vero Pembrochienſes voco ad certamen Poeticum. Vale.

Illuſtriſſima tua deoſculor crura.

E. SMITH.

POMFRET.

OF Mr. JOHN POMFRET, nothing is known but from a ſlight and confuſed account prefixed to his poems by a nameleſs friend; who relates, that he was the ſon of the Rev. Mr. Pomfret, rector of Luton in Bedfordſhire; that he was bred at Cambridge, entered into orders, and was rector of Malden in Bedfordſhire, and might have riſen in the Church; but that, when he applied to Dr. Compton, biſhop of London, for inſtitution to a living of conſiderable value, to which he had been preſented, he found a troubleſome obſtruction raiſed by a malicious interpretation of ſome paſſage in his *Choice*; from which it was inferred, that he conſidered happineſs as more likely to be found in the company of a miſtreſs than of a wife.

This reproach was eaſily obliterated: for it had happened to Pomfret as to almoſt all other men who plan ſchemes of life; he had departed from his purpoſe, and was then married.

The malice of his enemies had however a very fatal conſequence: the delay conſtrained

his attendance in London, where he caught the ſmall-pox, and died in 1703, in the thirty-ſixth year of his age.

He publiſhed his poems in 1699; and has been always the favourite of that claſs of readers, who, without vanity or criticiſm, ſeek only their own amuſement.

His *Choice* exhibits a ſyſtem of life adapted to common notions, and equal to common expectations; ſuch a ſtate as affords plenty and tranquility, without excluſion of intellectual pleaſures. Perhaps no compoſition in our language has been oftener peruſed than Pomfret's *Choice*.

In his other poems there is an eaſy volubility; the pleaſure of ſmooth metre is afforded to the ear, and the mind is not oppreſſed with ponderous or entangled with intricate ſentiment. He pleaſes many, and he who pleaſes many muſt have merit.

HUGHES.

HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES, the ſon of a citizen of London, and of Anne Burgeſs, of an ancient family in Wiltſhire, was born at Marlborough, July 29, 1677. He was educated at a private ſchool; and though his advances in literature are in the *Biographia* very oſtentatiouſly diſplayed, the name of his maſter is ſomewhat ungratefully concealed.

At nineteen he drew the plan of a tragedy; and paraphraſed, rather too diffuſely, the ode of Horace which begins *Integer Vitæ*. To poetry he added the ſcience of muſick, in which he ſeems to have attained conſiderable ſkill, together with the practice of deſign, or rudiments of painting.

His ſtudies did not withdraw him wholly from buſineſs, nor did buſineſs hinder him from ſtudy. He had a place in the office of ordnance, and was ſecretary to ſeveral commiſſions for purchaſing lands neceſſary to ſecure the royal docks at Chatham and Portſmouth; yet found time to acquaint himſelf with modern languages.

In

In 1697 he publiſhed a poem on the *Peace of Ryſwick*; and in 1699 another piece, called the *Court of Neptune*, on the return of king William, which he addreſſed to Mr. Montague, the general patron of the followers of the Muſes. The ſame year he produced a ſong on the duke of Glouceſter's birth-day.

He did not confine himſelf to poetry, but cultivated other kinds of writing with great ſucceſs; and about this time ſhewed his knowledge of human nature by an *Eſſay on the pleaſure of being deceived.* In 1702 he publiſhed, on the death of king William, a Pindarick ode called the *Houſe of Naſſau*; and wrote another paraphraſe on the *Otium Divos* of Horace.

In 1703 his ode on Muſick was performed at Stationer's Hall; and he wrote afterwards ſix cantatas, which were ſet to muſick by the greateſt maſter of that time, and ſeem intended to oppoſe or exclude the Italian opera, an exotick and irrational entertainment, which has been always combated, and always has prevailed.

His reputation was now ſo far advanced, that the publick began to pay reverence to his name; and he was ſolicited to prefix a preface to the tranſlation of *Boccalini*, a writer whoſe ſatirical vein coſt him his life in Italy; but who never, I believe, found many readers in this country, even though introduced by ſuch powerful recommendation.

He tranſlated Fontanelle's *Dialogues of the Dead*; and his verſion was perhaps read at that time, but is now neglected; for by a book not neceſſary,

neceſſary, and owing its reputation wholly to its turn or diction, little notice can be gained but from thoſe who can enjoy the graces of the original. To the dialogues of Fontanelle he added two compoſed by himſelf; and, though not only an honeſt but a pious man, dedicated his works to the earl of Wharton. He judged ſkilfully enough of his own intereſt; for Wharton, when he went lord lieutenant to Ireland, offered to take Hughes with him, and eſtabliſh him; but Hughes, having hopes or promiſes from another man in power, of ſome proviſion more ſuitable to his inclination, declined Wharton's offer, and obtained nothing from the other.

He tranſlated the *Miſer* of Moliere; but never offered it to the Stage; and occaſionally amuſed himſelf with making verſions of favourite ſcenes in other plays.

Being now received as a wit among the wits, he paid his contributions to literary undertakings, and aſſiſted both the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. In 1712 he tranſlated Vertot's Hiſtory of the *Revolution of Portugal*; produced an *Ode to the Creator of the World, from the Fragments of Orpheus*; and brought upon the Stage an opera called *Calypſo and Telemachus*, intended to ſhew that the Engliſh language might be very happily adapted to muſick. This was impudently oppoſed by thoſe who were employed in the Italian opera; and, what cannot be told without indignation, the intruders had ſuch intereſt with the duke of Shrewſbury, then lord chamberlain, who had married an Italian, as to obtain an obſtruction of

of the profits, though not an inhibition of the performance.

There was at this time a project formed by Tonſon for a tranſlation of the *Pharſalia*, by ſeveral hands; and Hughes engliſhed the tenth book. But this deſign, as muſt often happen where the concurrence of many is neceſſary, fell to the ground; and the whole work was afterwards performed by Rowe.

His acquaintance with the great writers of his time appears to have been very general; but of his intimacy with Addiſon there is a remarkable proof. It is told, on good authority, that *Cato* was finiſhed and played by his perſuaſion. It had long wanted the laſt act, which he was deſired by Addiſon to ſupply. If the requeſt was ſincere, it proceeded from an opinion, whatever it was, that did not laſt long; for when Hughes came in a week to ſhew him his firſt attempt, he found half the act written by Addiſon himſelf.

He afterwards publiſhed the works of *Spenſer*, with his Life, a Gloſſary, and a Diſcourſe on Allegorical Poetry; a work for which he was well qualified, as a judge of the beauties of writing, but perhaps wanted an antiquary's knowledge of the obſolete words. He did not much revive the curioſity of the publick; for near thirty years elapſed before his edition was reprinted. The ſame year produced his *Apollo and Daphne*, of which the ſucceſs was very earneſtly promoted by Steele, who, when the rage of party did not miſguide him, ſeems to been a man of boundleſs benevolence.

Hughes

Hughes had hitherto ſuffered the mortifications of a narrow fortune; but in 1717, the lord chancellor Cowper ſet him at eaſe, by making him ſecretary to the Commiſſions of the Peace; in which he afterwards, by a particular requeſt, deſired his ſucceſſor lord Parker to continue him. He had now affluence; but ſuch is human life, that he had it when his declining health could neither allow him long poſſeſſion nor quick enjoyment.

His laſt work was his tragedy, *The Siege of Damaſcus*; after which *a Siege* became a popular title. This play, which ſtill continues on the Stage, and of which it is unneceſſary to add a private voice to ſuch continuance of approbation, is not acted or printed according to the author's original draught, or his ſettled intention. He had made *Phocyas* apoſtatize from his religion; after which the abhorrence of *Eudocia* would have been reaſonable, his miſery would have been juſt, and the horrours of his repentance exemplary. The players, however, required that the guilt of *Phocyas* ſhould terminate in deſertion to the enemy; and Hughes, unwilling that his relations ſhould loſe the benefit of his work, complied with the alteration.

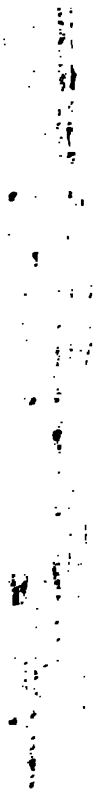
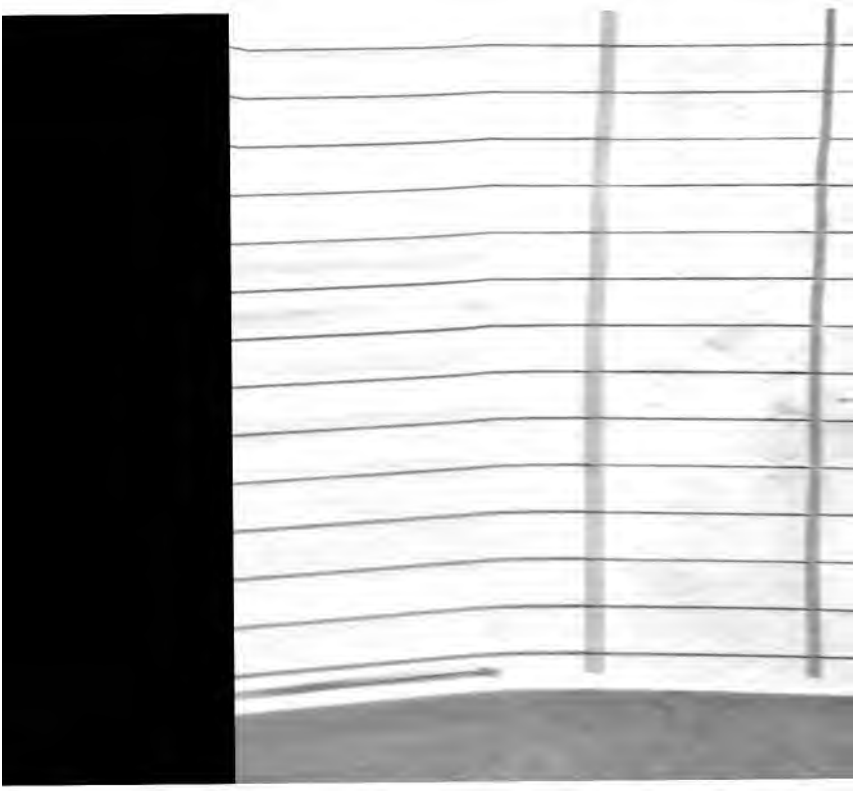
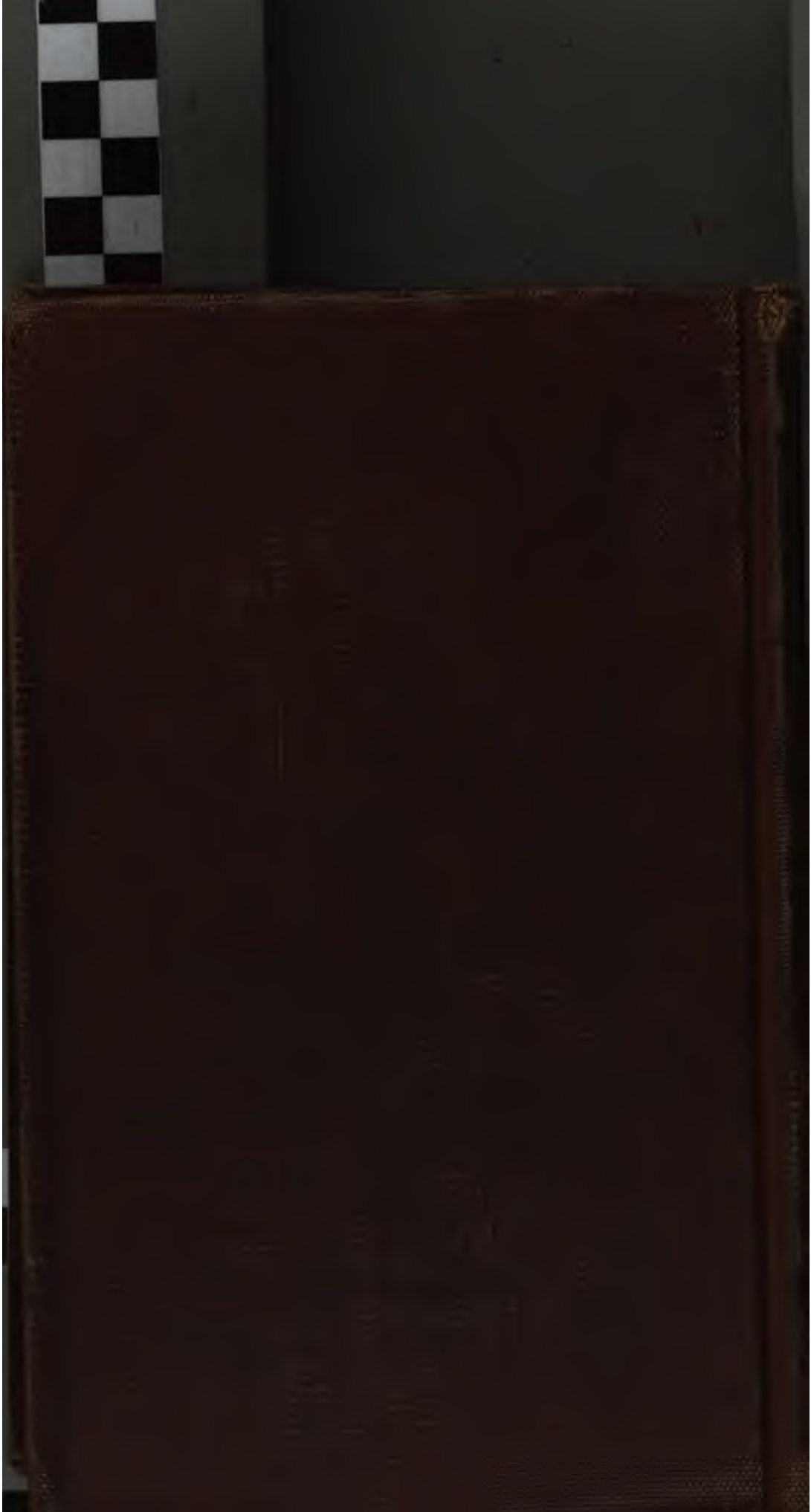
He was now weak with a lingering conſumption, and not able to attend the rehearſal; yet was ſo vigorous in his faculties, that only ten days before his death he wrote the dedication to his patron lord Cooper. On February 17, 1719-20, the play was repreſented,

ſented, and the author died. He lived to hear that it was well received; but paid no regard to the intelligence, being then wholly employed in the meditations of a departing Chriſtian.

A man of his character was undoubtedly regretted; and Steele devoted an eſſay, in the paper called *The Theatre*, to the memory of his virtues. His Life is written in the Biographia with ſome degree of favourable partiality; and an account of him is prefixed to his works, by his relation the late Mr. Duncombe, a man whoſe blameleſs elegance deſerved the ſame reſpect.

The character of his genius I ſhall tranſcribe from the correſpondence of *Swift* and *Pope*.

" A month ago," ſays Swift, " *was* ſent " me over, by a friend of mine, the works " of *John Hughes*, Eſquire. They are in proſe " and verſe. I never heard of the man in my " life, yet I find your name as a ſubſcriber. " He is too great a poet for me; and I think " among the *mediocriſts*, in proſe as well as " verſe."

To this Pope returns: " To anſwer your " queſtion as to Mr. *Hughes*; what he " wanted in genius, he made up as an ho- " neſt man; but he was of the claſs you " think him."

THE END.